THE SATURDAY EVENING ST

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April 30, '27

Struthers Burt—Austin Parker—Sam Hellman
Beatrix Demarest Lloyd—James Warner Bellah
Hal G. Evarts—Mary Roberts Rinehart—Garet Garrett

This month's
Health Interest Poster

Watch for new one next month

She runs as fast as any boy! The right food does wonders! Eat a hot cereal breakfast — *Cream of Wheat.*

MY RECORD					
1st Week					
2nd Week					
3rd Week					
4th Week					

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Here is a plan which mothers all over the country are using with great success. It is a plan that gets the enthusiasm and co-operation of your child in eating the hot cereal breakfast school authorities say is necessary for her best mental and physical progress. It is a *personal* plan, based on *her* interests, set forth in *her* language. Cut out the above poster as indicated and hang it on the wall where she can use it as her own record. Send to us for free package of gold stars and every school morning she eats a hot cereal breakfast, let her paste a star in her record. We will also send sample box of Cream of Wheat and helpful booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children." All free. Write to Dept. A-13, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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HERE is a new way to give smart socks far greater wear. It lies in a new feature that covers one small inch of space. A well-known maker has discovered it. Now by a different scientific knitting principle socks are given 3 to 4 times longer life.

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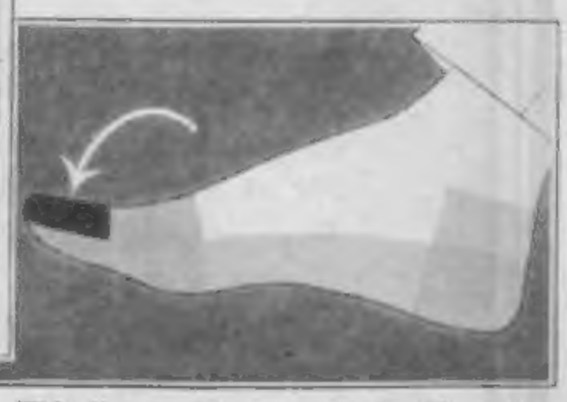

This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves.

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THE EUROPEAN COMPLEX

By Struthers Burt

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

HE SAID—he was talking to a lady only a few feet away and I could not help but overhear him—"Leprechauns? Certainly I believe in leprechauns. I never happen to have seen one meself, but lots of my friends have." And then, a couple of minutes afterward, he said, "Of course, ye're the most childish people in the world and we Europeans are simply amazed at you." Although he added, as they all did a year ago and as a few lonely liberals still do, "But you are, none the less, the one hope of the world."

And so there you are. I cannot imagine a more accurate description of the European mind and the European attitude toward us than is contained in this ready-made parable, nor a better example of international logic. How can we be the one hope of the world if we are so childish, unless a little child shall lead them?—a refined simplicity in which no European believes.

But this is not the point; or rather, it is not the main discrepancy. To understand the main discrepancy you must understand that all Europeans believe in leprechauns, whether it be, to pick a few instances of many, the English belief in the caricature of Uncle Sam, the French belief in the perfection of France or the German belief in the mysterious Teutonic overman. Every European is born into a world of class stratification and presupposition, and no matter how intelligent or cultivated or clever he is, beyond a certain point he believes in fairies, and of all these fairies the international ones are the most powerful and the most malignant. Also, still further to understand the main discrepancy, you must understand that although the European believes in leprechauns, and is proud of his belief, he will allow no one else an equal privilege. Whatever the American or Canadian or Australian thinks or does is *ipso facto* immature; whatever the European does is *ipso facto* adult. And this will continue even when America and Canada and Australia are a thousand years old.

If an American believes in Bryanism, it is a sign of youth; if an Irishman believes in leprechauns, as my hero did, it is a sign of age. Mussolini in Italy is splendid, or, at least, dignified; the Ku Klux Klan in America is absurd; but no one seems to stop long enough to reflect that the only reason why, in America, the Ku Klux Klan is absurd is because, childish as America may be, it is at least sufficiently adolescent not to need the infantile cures of castor oil and unrestrained force. No wonder it is impossible for the American or the Canadian or the Australian ever to make himself clear to his various cousins. He is caught on the horns of a dilemma; he is predestined; he is damned if he will and damned if he won't.

The English boy is told at Eton or Harrow, or where you will, that Americans and Canadians and Australians are creatures of a certain kind, and he never gets over it. No European ever accepts a wise and pleasant American as partially representative of his race. A wise and pleasant American is always accepted as a sport, a freak, a survival of something European or a development toward something European. I, for instance, being an American, can tell at a glance an English gentleman from an Englishman who is not a gentleman, or a French gentleman from a bargee, or, usually, a German gentleman from a *Kellner;* but I have never yet met an Englishman or a Frenchman or a German who could reverse the process. Indeed, to make another international generalization—and I am going to indulge in a good many—I should say that one of the distinguishing marks between a European and an inhabitant of the Western continents is that, although both are taught to believe in fairies, occasionally some Westerner grows up.

Within the circle of his limitations, there is no end to what a European may imagine, predict or understand;

OF COURSE YOU ARE THE MOST CHILDISH PEOPLE IN THE WORLD AND WE EUROPEANS ARE SIMPLY AMAZED AT YOU!
WAR
INTRIGUE
TRADITIONS
AMERICAN PEOPLE
HOW TO MAKE IDEALS WORK
Herbert Johnson

but, internationally, that circle is bounded by Asia to the east, the Mediterranean to the south, Archangel to the north and Dingle Bay to the west. And if this seems preposterous, I call your attention to the latest utterances of those brilliant English minds, Gilbert Chesterton, Israel Zangwill—now dead—John Galsworthy, Aldous Huxley, St. John Ervine, and even H. G. Wells. For example, there is at present a most popular book, although I hesitate to place its author in juxtaposition to the above list, for he clearly is not brilliant; in which apparently it is only necessary to say that a thing is American to condemn it, or to say that a thing is un-American to praise it. We have become, in other words, a derogatory adjective.

I have known Englishmen who have lived in America twenty years and who are American citizens, who still have as egregious ideas concerning their adopted land as if they had never left the Scilly Islands behind.

But all this is relatively unimportant. No American can make understandable either himself or his country to the European mind, and every day more Americans are beginning to realize this lamentable fact and to cease trying. When they all cease trying much time will be saved. The latest attempt en masse, and probably the last, was the Great War. We all know how successful that was. The future hope of the world lies not in mutual understanding, that lost ideal of a decade ago, for that is impossible, but in mutual respect and toleration. When the European regards the American, the Canadian, the Australian and the New Zealander as aliens but equals, as the best Europeans today regard, let us say, the best Mohammedans, all will be well. This paper is addressed not to the European, for to convince the European of its context would be like trying to salt the tail of the wariest bird; to the contrary, it is addressed to a large class of Americans.

Mental Astigmatism

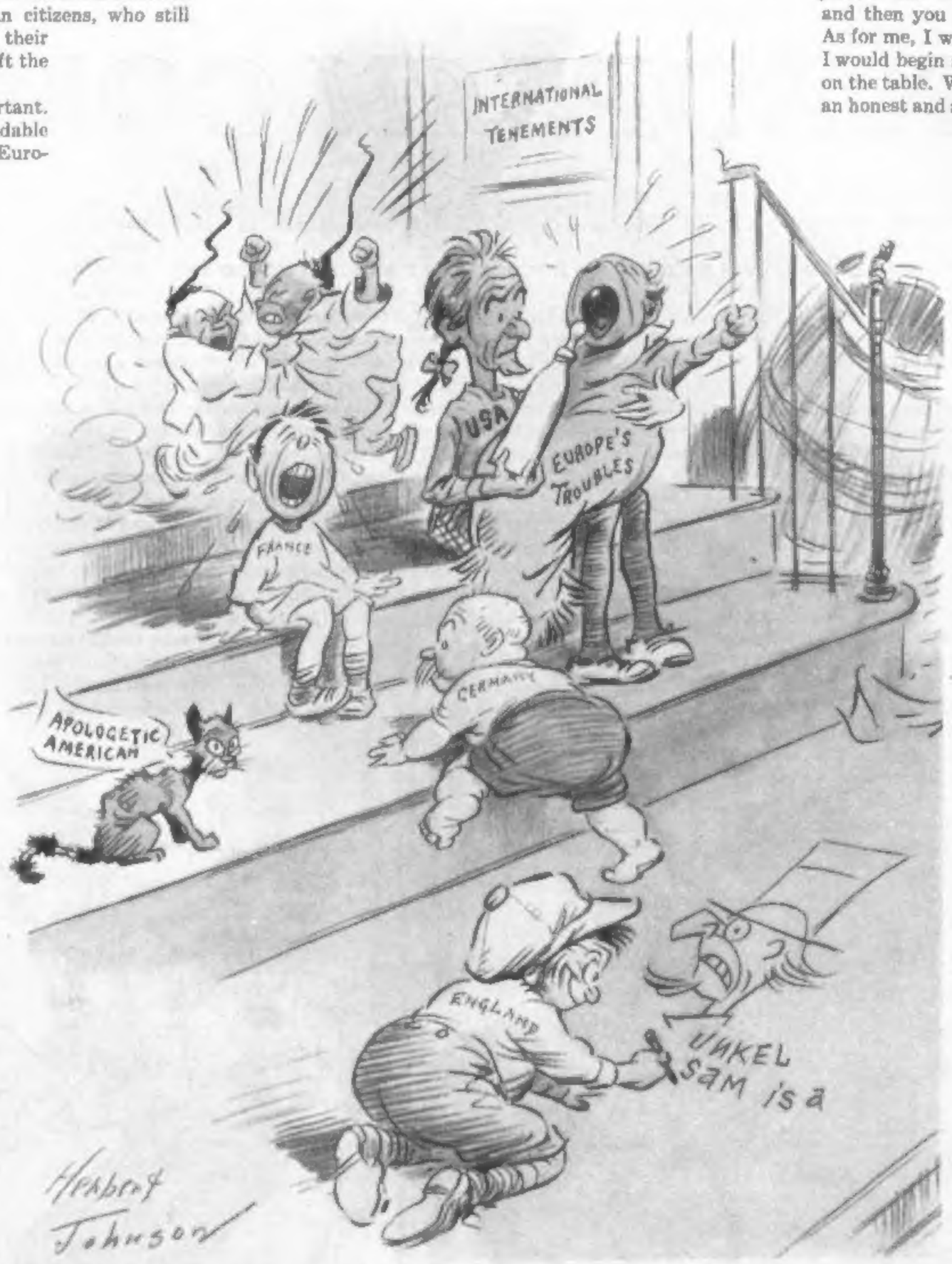
NOT the expatriated Americans. They too are hopeless. Lurking in a myriad *pensions* or castellated, to suggest a subtle pun, as the richer are, they are beyond discussion. But within the confines of America, except when they pour eastward during the summer, are thousands of fairly amenable Americans who might be prevailed upon to take a more rational point of view. It is very necessary that they should take this more rational point of view, for until they do, every steamer sailing to Europe will continue to be a focal point for the spreading of international disease.

It is very necessary that they should take a more rational point of view, for, with the possible exception of England, there is no country that contains among its intelligent classes more persistent criticism of itself and, as is not the case with England, greater misunderstanding of itself than America. The Englishman criticizes his own country persistently, but he is also well aware of the virtues of his breed—perhaps too well aware; the American is all too likely to criticize America with no sense of the universal dullness of mankind.

It is easy to see why the latter is true, and hence my choice of a title. Europe is the mother of practically all of us. As history is counted, we have not been so very long away from her breasts. We are still caught in a nexus of maternal glamour; but if we are in any way immature as compared to this mother of ours, the immaturity has its source in this idea that necessarily she is more mature. We cannot grow up until the nexus is unraveled.

Self-criticism is excellent, and it is perhaps the main reason why, intellectually, neither England nor America has stopped growing, and why Germany is beginning to grow again. But it must be rational self-criticism. The attitude of the publican is a beautiful and touching and wise one, but it is not altogether wise; nor is the publican altogether a sensible fellow until he sees out of the corner of his eye that the pharisee is an equal sinner. Maturity is a quiet appreciation of your own faults and virtues, and a quiet but equal appreciation of the faults and virtues of your neighbor.

I do not mention the boastful American, and for this, no doubt, will earn the smiles of many foreign readers; but, to begin with, the boastful American is outside the argument, which is addressed to the apologetic American; and in the second place, the boastful American is to a great extent another European leprechaun. If he ever existed in any great quantities, he is rapidly disappearing. For one boastful American I have met in many years of traveling about Europe I have met a hundred apologetic ones. I think Mr. Tarkington's Plutocrat a charming book, but essentially a work of fiction. Nor are the boastful Americans, when come across by a European, always understood. There is a certain type of boasting that is the result of an exaggerated humility; there is another type of boasting that comes from a just anger.



"But You are, None the Less, the One Hope of the World"

The Englishman says to the Frenchman or American, "You have a filthy country filled with filthy people," and so on, and so on, for the English adjectives are nothing if not final; and when, at the end of half an hour or so, the Frenchman or American mildly objects, stating what he thinks are a few facts in rebuttal, the Englishman goes away convinced that he has met another flag-waving Gaul or another braggart Yankee. If he is a very nice and broad-minded Englishman, he merely raises his eyebrows and smiles and says, "How extraordinarily sensitive you people are!" But let someone try the same thing with him. Furthermore, the boastful American is usually an American of not more than twenty years' standing; and finally, he is no more boastful than any other half-idiotic national—simply more numerous.

We come back again, then, to the apologetic American and a more rational point of view.

What is this more rational point of view? Simply this: That there is nothing altogether perfect and nothing altogether imperfect, that distance not only lends enchantment but frequently induces a sort of romantic insanity; and that a common trait of the human mind is to magnify a spot on the drawing-room carpet and overlook a puddle in the highroad.

How many men are married to beautiful women with not the slightest appreciation of their good fortune? The sensible attitude, of course, is to look at both spot and puddle and so arrange your vision that every now and then you obtain a perspective upon your wife. As for me, I would take the very starkest premises, I would begin at the beginning, I would lay my cards on the table. What the world needs even more than an honest and sensible Geneva Conference, which at present it hasn't got, is a conference in humility, a pooling of its common moronism. When all nations admit their faults and insist that these faults be recognized, then, for the first time, it will be possible really to admire their virtues.

The Pot and the Kettle

I WILL begin at the beginning. I will admit without hesitation or reservation that we are a young, crude, barbaric, folly-ridden, uncomfortable people. I will admit that we are of mongrel breed; that we have a mania for speed, size, mass and money; and that the thoughtful, gentle and intelligent are in the proportion of about ten to every thousand. I will admit that we are grasping, imperialistic, selfish, bombastic and swept by passion and sentimentality. I will admit anything derogatory that anyone can say, and having admitted all this, what have I done? Why, I have described America and every other country in the world.

Let us examine this statement. Roughly speaking, a man can be judged by three factors—what he thinks, what he does, and what, outside of his thinking and doing, he is; what he was born—in other words, what he looks like. Let us take this last and possibly least important factor first.

One of the commonest charges hurled at our heads by Europeans and certain Americans, and the cause, so they believe, of many of our sins, is that we are a mongrel nation. Are we?—that is, always bearing in mind that the comparison is simply with other nations. Laying aside the facts that the charge may be a compliment as far as we know, and that the last census showed a vast preponderance of Celtic and Teutonic blood, a preponderance even of blood from the British Isles—laying aside these facts as irrelevant to the present discussion, are we actually a mongrel nation as compared to any other great nation?

We are not. We are mongrel as compared to the Eskimo, but not as compared to the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, or even the Englishman. We are not mongrel enough.

The effects of standardization are becoming all too apparent. We should begin to fear not diversity but homogeneity. In the last war the American Army was the only cohesive army there was, and this despite the German-speaking regiments from the Middle West and the draft division from New York.

France is usually considered the most homogeneous of the great nations of Europe, although, as a matter of fact, England is more so. Can either claim to be anything but a mongrel nation? To anyone who knows France or England, and who is in the habit of examining statements, such claims are wildly absurd. Furthermore, pure blood, so-called, has until recently been a matter of class and not

of nation. Now, with the increase of facilities for communication, pure blood has become not even a matter of class but of stupidity. The workingman and even the peasant are beginning to marry out of their own pariahes, but the aristocrat has always married out of his own parish. I defy anyone to find a greater mongrel than the average English peer, save it be the French or German noble. And of them all, royalty is the most confused.

Here is the paradox. So long as communication was difficult and expensive, the lower classes were pure-blooded, the upper classes mongrel. But the very isolation of the peasant and mechanic, although it made them in their particular locality homogeneous, produced, when all these localities were lumped together into a nation, a welter of dissimilarity ruled by people invariably mongrel. Now all are going to be mongrel together.

Nor was immigration ever lacking. Beginning, although it is a late date, with the ebb and flow of the Romans and the Barbarians, and not forgetting Attila and the Moors, and the crusades, and a hundred other migrations large and small—one can come down to the present day and the amusing but little-known truths that France has a negro problem and a problem of undigested Italian labor. The present-day newspaper headings in France are sardonically similar to ours of a decade ago.

Europe is the Mother of Practically All of Us. We are Still Caught in a Nexus of Maternal Glamour

A Fable of Sociologists

IN SHORT, in many instances France is entering upon a stage from which we are emerging. And yet, for some reason, whenever a foreigner lands upon our shores he becomes to the European and certain Americans a frightening potential factor toward heterogeneity, while, for the same obscure reason, vast armies and all the merchants and mechanics of Christendom have been going up and down the face of Europe for centuries in a state of virtue that would be unbelievable were one not assured, by implication, that it was so.

Do the French imagine that their occupied territories, already largely Teutonic, will become any the more Gallic because of the occupation? The truth of the matter is that pure blood, save for the peasant, has always been a fable, popular only with sociologists, and has never been a claim of the aristocrat.

The apologetic American is making a historical and social blunder.

It is unbelievable that anyone knowing France, with its Basque, its Provençal, its Breton, its Norman, its Alsatian, its Burgundian, and so on indefinitely, people many of whom until recently could not speak the common language of their nation, and some of whom do not speak it even now—it is unbelievable that such a person could speak of America as hybrid and France as homogeneous. It is equally unbelievable that anyone knowing England, with its Scotchman, its Saxon, its Welshman, its North and South Irishmen, its Yorkshireman, Cornishman, Jersey man, Norfolk and Suffolk men, could do the same. But nevertheless it is done. It is one of the most frequent absurdities you hear, and an absurdity becoming more and more popular, especially on the lips of Americans.

Not long ago I had tea at a French country club with three pure-bred Englishmen. All of them were university men, two of them wore monocles. Their names were Captain Strumpelfeck—I am not giving the exact names, but names very much like the original ones—Mr. Sforza and Mr. McComas.

Law, speech, custom, preponderance of blood, the mysterious blending of stronger or weaker races give a nation its tone; these when added to climate and environment in other respects. We are a nation in the English tradition and will never escape from that fact; but we are, I am glad to say, like every other great nation, a nation of mixed blood.

The Effect of Mongrelism

SO MUCH, then, for mongrelism. But granting that it is an international and not a national attribute, what has it done to us physically? Again, only in comparison with other like nations. To judge by observation and statistics, it has done us no great harm. We are still a blondish tall nation, becoming more so. We are not ugly when compared

(Continued on Page 162)

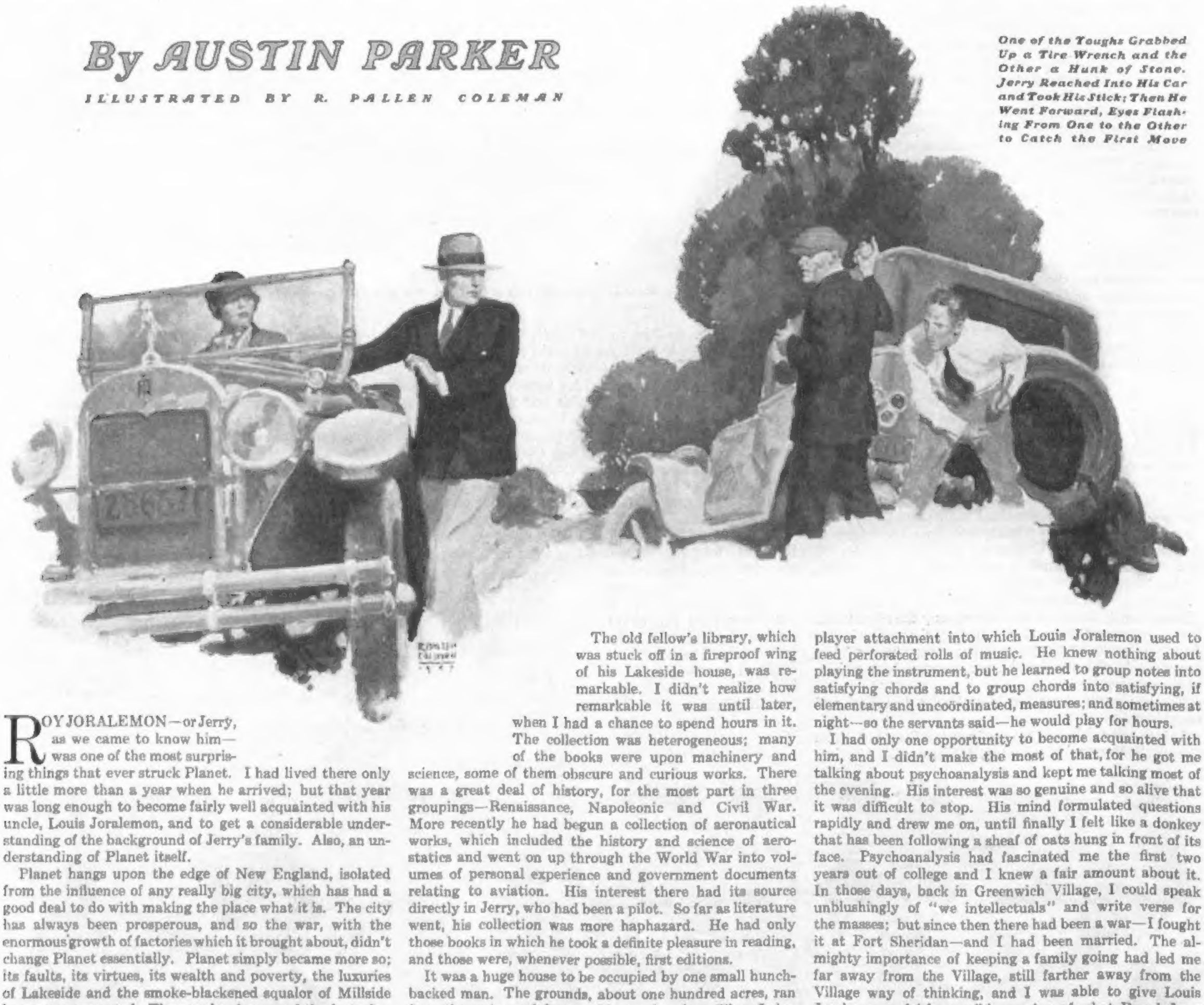
'IM EXPECTS WE T' BELIEVE THAT!
DOT'S RICH!
OO! LA-LA!
WHY, I ONLY SAID THAT MOST AMERICANS HAVE ELECTRIC LIGHTS, BATH ROOMS, RUNNING WATER, HEATED HOUSES, AUTOMOBILES, TELEPHONES, MEAT EVERY DAY IF THEY WANT IT—— WHAT OF IT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
BRAGGER!
AMERICAN TRAVELLER
Herbert Johnson

Nor are the Boastful Americans Always Understood

THE MAP OF THE WORLD

By AUSTIN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY R. ALLEN COLEMAN



One of the Toughs Grabbed Up a Tire Wrench and the Other a Hunk of Stone. Jerry Reached Into His Car and Took His Stick; Then He Went Forward, Eyes Flashing From One to the Other to Catch the First Move

ROY JORALEMON—or Jerry, as we came to know him—was one of the most surprising things that ever struck Planet. I had lived there only a little more than a year when he arrived; but that year was long enough to become fairly well acquainted with his uncle, Louis Joralemon, and to get a considerable understanding of the background of Jerry's family. Also, an understanding of Planet itself.

Planet hangs upon the edge of New England, isolated from the influence of any really big city, which has had a good deal to do with making the place what it is. The city has always been prosperous, and so the war, with the enormous growth of factories which it brought about, didn't change Planet essentially. Planet simply became more so; its faults, its virtues, its wealth and poverty, the luxuries of Lakeside and the smoke-blackened squalor of Millside became exaggerated. The people who owned the factories, which turned out machinery of various kinds for the most part, became more sure of the divine ordering of things; the skilled laborers went in for more of the noisy manifestations of prosperity—from phonographs and flivvers to silk shirts and radios—and the unskilled laborers had more shovels to swing.

I came to the city because the youngster had been sick, and the doctor advised us to get out of New York. Until the Bishley murder case popped up, I had scarcely ever heard of Planet. My paper sent me out to do the yarn and I became acquainted with old Murchinson, who was managing editor of the Record. Then, simply on a hunch, when the doctor gave us orders to move, I went to Murchinson and nailed down the job—and what a job it was at first!—of city editor of the paper.

Jerry's uncle owned the Record. He, in his own fashion, was as extraordinary a person as Jerry was in his, and they had a good deal in common. Louis Joralemon was a hunchback—pretty much of a recluse except for a small group of intimates, a lover of books and of music, an inventor and a genius in business. He was a refined sybarite; his meals were delicate feasts and he had in his cellars long racks of wines that no one else in Planet—except the inevitable town esthete, Lacey Howard—could appreciate. He used to have Lacey for dinner quite often and be bored by his maunderings simply because Lacey actually did know the difference between a Chambertin and a California red.

The old fellow's library, which was stuck off in a fireproof wing of his Lakeside house, was remarkable. I didn't realize how remarkable it was until later, when I had a chance to spend hours in it. The collection was heterogeneous; many of the books were upon machinery and science, some of them obscure and curious works. There was a great deal of history, for the most part in three groupings—Renaissance, Napoleonic and Civil War. More recently he had begun a collection of aeronautical works, which included the history and science of aerostatics and went on up through the World War into volumes of personal experience and government documents relating to aviation. His interest there had its source directly in Jerry, who had been a pilot. So far as literature went, his collection was more haphazard. He had only those books in which he took a definite pleasure in reading, and those were, whenever possible, first editions.

It was a huge house to be occupied by one small hunchbacked man. The grounds, about one hundred acres, ran from the main road down to his own beach on Silver Lake, where, until the last year of his life, he used to bathe every pleasant day. He enjoyed loitering in the water for an hour or so, even though his doctor warned him against staying in too long. His deformity made swimming difficult, but he would go out with a cork bag and lie there, motionless, relaxed and happy.

Louis Joralemon's interest in Early American furniture went back to the time when other people in Planet, doing over their houses in Mission style, said he was crazy to buy such junk. He actually bought things out of the attics and barn lofts of people who, fifteen years later, would have mortgaged their eyeballs to have them back again. More than one perfect dinner party was spoiled for the Poynters because they were sitting upon their own delicately fashioned Windsor chairs.

Because he loved music, he financed a string quartet, which failed dismally to fill the Opera House on its first two public performances in Planet. Louis Joralemon said that when people who had money didn't want a beautiful thing enough to pay for it they could do so-and-so. He could, by the way, curse with sonorous majesty. Thereafter the quartet played in public only to packed houses in the high-school auditorium and Labor Union Hall over in Millside, ten cents admission.

Soon after the war was over he had the central part of his house remodeled so that a pipe organ could be put in, and that brought about an intimacy with the Davenys—but I will tell you more of them later. The organ had a player attachment into which Louis Joralemon used to feed perforated rolls of music. He knew nothing about playing the instrument, but he learned to group notes into satisfying chords and to group chords into satisfying, if elementary and uncoördinated, measures; and sometimes at night—so the servants said—he would play for hours.

I had only one opportunity to become acquainted with him, and I didn't make the most of that, for he got me talking about psychoanalysis and kept me talking most of the evening. His interest was so genuine and so alive that it was difficult to stop. His mind formulated questions rapidly and drew me on, until finally I felt like a donkey that has been following a sheaf of oats hung in front of its face. Psychoanalysis had fascinated me the first two years out of college and I knew a fair amount about it. In those days, back in Greenwich Village, I could speak unblushingly of "we intellectuals" and write verse for the masses; but since then there had been a war—I fought it at Fort Sheridan—and I had been married. The almighty importance of keeping a family going had led me far away from the Village, still farther away from the Village way of thinking, and I was able to give Louis Joralemon a fairly sensible version of what Freud, Jung and the rest of them had been doing.

"Isn't it a little like trying to fix a watch with a hatchet?" he asked.

"Not unlike it," I admitted.

"But stop in Connor's tomorrow and order some books for me—whatever you think I should read." He shuffled his misshapen body over to the table, where the butler had left a large tray with bottles and glasses. "I have a *fin champagne*, '49, I'd like you to try. It's very woody." He paused. "If you like a woody *fin?*"

"I do—very much. There was a '49 at Foyot's that you'd go a long way to beat, even with Napoleon."

He took two huge thin *ballons*, poured our drinks and we commenced to warm the glasses with our hands. Louis Joralemon's face glowed with pleasure simply because, I suppose, I didn't toss the *fin* off as if it had been a couple of fingers of whisky. "Were you in France long?" he asked.

We sniffed at our drinks, tested the viscosity by slopping them in our glasses and holding them to the light.

"Just the summer vacation before my senior year. Mother and I lived at Foyot's and the old waiter who had the corner table and looked like Napoleon taught me quite a bit about eating and drinking. He was an old tyrant. If you lighted a cigarette between courses, he'd throw the food down on the table. But if you were interested in eating, there wasn't enough he could do for you. He'd raise the devil in the kitchen if the food wasn't perfect. Did he ever wait on you?"

Louis Joralemon sipped his drink. "No; I was never in Europe. I've avoided stirring out of Planet very much." That was his hypersensitiveness about his deformity, of course. He added: "My nephew, Roy Joralemon, has lived there most of his life. Since he was five."

Such conversation as this, mind you, when I had been invited for dinner so that we could talk about the Record. The newspaper may have been mentioned, but I don't remember it.

"Roy is a wonderful man," he said with the utmost conviction. Then: "I'm glad you like my wine and my *fin*. You must come to dinner again."

I dined with him several times, but there were always other guests. Many times, even though he employed me and could command the hours between noon and midnight as his own, I had to beg off. I didn't feel that the men under me were competent to see the paper to press, and Murchinson, who was managing editor, was so old and tired that I didn't like to ask him to take over my work for the evening. More often than not I was doing the work that was rightfully his. Murchinson was a nice old codger, and perpetually in a stew at the thought of being fired and left derelict. Newspaper men don't save much—God knows they have little enough to save!—and he probably didn't have more than a couple of hundred in the bank. Once when Joralemon and I were together alone for a few minutes I went so far as to say that Murchinson was worried.

"He has nothing to worry about," replied Louis Joralemon. He turned and looked up at me. "I am not an unkind man," he said, as though it were his entire declaration of faith and principle.

It was from Murchinson that I got the story of the Joralemon family. There is no need of going back farther than Louis and his brother, Arthur, who was Roy's father. They divided between them the accumulated fortune of their father and their grandfather, and promptly quarreled. The most amiable characterization of Arthur I have ever heard was that of "skunk"; and so, considering what I knew of Louis Joralemon and all that happened to Arthur, I can't imagine that there is much doubt where the fault lay. At any rate, Louis fell hopelessly in love with a girl—hopelessly, because he was malformed and hideous to any girl whose dreams of love and the future are as glamorous as normal dreams are. But it was Arthur who won her and married her. Not long after Roy was born, Arthur commenced misbehaving himself in about as many ways as a man can, and the battle between the brothers was fought in sheer hatred. Louis Joralemon, using all of his acute instinct for business, cut the ground from under Arthur's feet. The battle ended when Arthur's stenographer shot him.

Arthur's widow left Planet with Roy, who was nearly five years old, and went to Europe to live. The remains of the fortune were ample to keep them in good style and she never returned to America. They lived in London, Berlin, Munich, Paris, Florence, and finally in Rome, where, shortly before her death, she joined the church. That was in 1913.

Jerry later told me that religion came as a benign influence in that last year. She wrote to Louis, for the first time, giving him her forgiveness—though no one knows quite what she had to forgive in him, except that he loved her—and spent a good amount of money trying to locate the girl who had shot her husband. She wanted to forgive her, too, and help her. But the girl had disappeared after her acquittal and was never heard of again. At all events, Mrs. Joralemon forgot her bitterness and found some tranquillity of spirit.

It was only a year after I had come to Planet that Louis Joralemon had a cerebral hemorrhage and died. In his will, after stipulating that his personal servants, all of whom had been with him for years, should be provided for during their lives and that their children should be educated, he ordered that the balance of the estate should go "to Roy Cornwall Byrne Joralemon, my beloved nephew, whose life has been the projection of my own dreams of life."

It was a curious phrase, and illuminating when you consider what his nephew's life had been. I had never understood how desperately the old man's spirit had struggled to get out of that ugly gnomelike body.

II

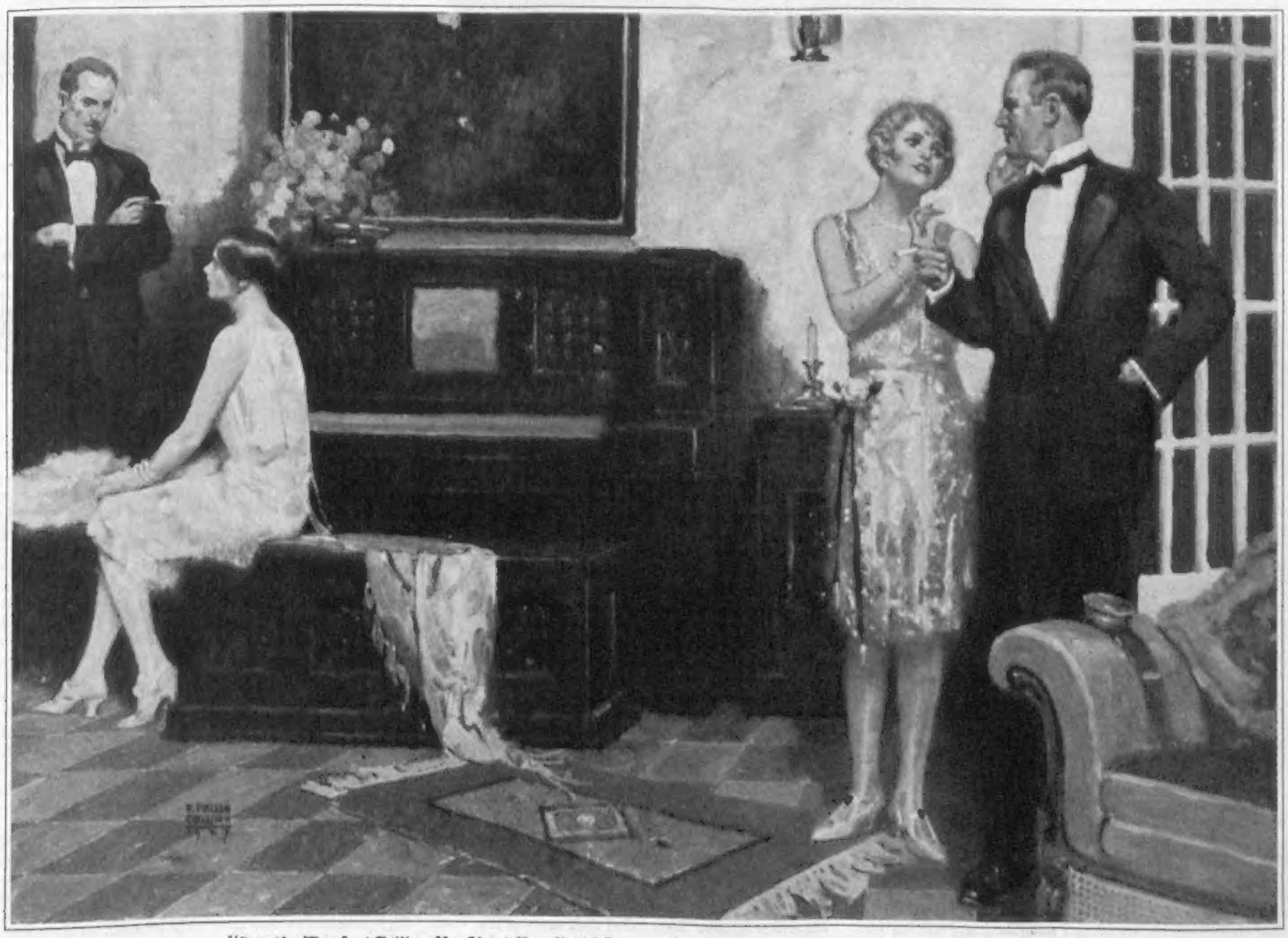
WEEKS went by before any word came from Roy Joralemon; then Mr. Covell, the attorney of the estate, received a telegram that had been forwarded from some place in the interior of Africa, near Nairobi. The heir to Louis Joralemon's estate appeared to be in no hurry to claim his inheritance. Nearly two months passed before we heard from him again. Cable messages to his bankers in London brought no information. Finally Covell received a telegram from New York:

Arriving tomorrow two-forty. ROY JORALEMON.

It is difficult to describe the apprehension there was in Planet about his coming. For one thing, Planet is a stolid, inbred little city, and the good burghers of Lakeside naturally resented the intrusion of a person so utterly strange to them and so vastly powerful. Louis Joralemon had had a finger in almost every pie that contained a plum; there had been scarcely a directors' meeting in which the last word was not Louis'. Now all that power—and nearly ten million dollars' worth of power is a good deal in a place like Planet—rested in the hands of a man they had never so much as seen. If he were obtuse, stupid or stubborn, he could throw the entire city into turmoil. I happened to know that there was the tacit formation of a syndicate that stood ready to buy him out if he appeared to be a menace; and when I say "buy him out," I don't mean that they were merely willing to listen to any bargain-counter offer he might make. They were willing to go the whole hog, give him every cent he had coming to him and a couple of pennies more to boot.

There was another aspect to the situation, equally interesting. Jerry had become a romantic, dramatic figure.

(Continued on Page 165)



"Dorothy Was Just Telling Me About How You'd Planned to Have a Surgeon Change the Map of the World"

THE GODS OF YESTERDAY

The Assembly Trenches Were Filled Now With Hard-Breathing Humanity, Humanity Pressed Elbow to Elbow to Still the Fear That Crawls at Loneliness

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THE night was as heavy and as soundless as a black fog, and the threat of the morning to come dripped upon men's souls and spread in a clammy stain that would never again quite leave them. Operation Orders gone up at 10:15 to each unit. Every inch of the advance was laid out and covered by minute instructions. Every fragment of enemy trench was included, every shell hole to be passed over in the attack, every sap head and traverse and crater. Another two hours and the runners would take up the last word—the zero—and the thing would be ready.

It had been rehearsed now for weeks, red flags and blue flags and white tapes pegged out to represent trenches. It had been talked of and planned and plotted. The detail was graven on men's minds with the starkness of a frightful dream. In the years to come—on just such a night again—men would suddenly remember fragments of it as long as they lived—"the battalion will march on 54 magnetic." The guttering candle stuck in a benedictine bottle on Bethune's table. *Deo optimo maximo.* "The Stokes barrage will commence at minus nine minutes." A page from La Vie tacked to the dirt wall with its bottom left-hand corner torn off for a spill. "The first and second waves will take the German first line." The nervous synchronizing of watches, Collins looking up suddenly when Bethune says, "C Company will occupy ——" Collins' sickly grin as he pushes back the stem of his watch after setting it, the watch itself dangling redly on a fragment of wire six hours later. And remembering, those men, as long as they live, will stiffen slightly at the backs of their knees and shrug uncomfortably at the reminiscent tracing of chill that etches their spines.

It was to be a good job. G. H. Q. swore to it. The ultimate had been done to make it so. Not like the spring before. This time there were to be no hitches. New quirks for everything, the weight of experience to help. No ghastly misrouting. No holdups. The vast fabric of it trembled to be off and about its work. Transport and railways and supplies, guns and men and beasts—everything was plotted and ordained.

The beds were empty and ready at the base. Thousands of crisp white beds waiting in long rows—waiting ghoulishly for the mud and the pulp and the death sweat that would wilt them before the morrow's sun sank in the west. A tremendous murderous machine, crouching for the spring, licking its fanged metallic jaws, waiting for dawn and the attack.

The general pulled at the lobe of his ear and stared absently at his finger tips. It was after one by his wrist watch. He raised his cup and sipped at the cold filmy coffee. It surprised him mildly that it should be cold, for it seemed that the orderly had brought it but a moment before.

There was a quick tap upon the panel of his door. He turned in his chair. "Yes?"

The door opened, and Jardine stood upon the threshold. "Zero has gone up, sir."

The general nodded slightly. "Yes, of course."

The two gray-haired men looked at each other for several seconds without speaking. Jardine felt absurdly like shrugging his shoulders. Later, in the hallway, he knew why. It was not his fault. Shrug it off. Nothing to do with him. It was war, and he did what he was told. But because he was quite a bit more of a man than a staff officer, he was shocked at his thought. If it was war—and no one's fault—why was it necessary to cast off the blame from his own shoulders, throw it on someone else's?

The general nodded again. "Good night." And the door closed. Again he raised his hand and pulled at the lobe of his ear, slowly and carefully, as if he were alone upon a stage and people were watching his movements.

The general was sixty-one. For a moment he thought about that fact. Men of sixty-one were old. They sat in club lounges and watched the world move by their windows. They reclined upon shaded verandas with rugs tucked about their knees. He leaned forward in his chair and looked down at his booted legs. Slim legs they were, and hard. He looked at the tanned flesh of his wrists—wrists that were strong with years of riding and swinging of polo mallets. He had said many times that he would never let himself rot out, that he would go on riding for the one crashing fall that would do for him at once. It had been his religion. Forty-three years in the saddle with the red coat on his back!

He smiled faintly. Men called that waste of life, waste of opportunity. They called it laziness and sloth and sneered at the pomp and tinsel beneath which the sinews of Regular Army tradition lay waiting for a night such as this.

He stood up suddenly. He was too old to his business to be annoyed at the people who reviled professional soldiers and caviled at taxes. His family worshiped different gods; the gods of Crécy and Agincourt and Blenheim and—tonight. The gods that come forth on the horizon once every thirty years and feast horridly on the flesh of men. He had spent forty-three years learning the ritual of his cult, and because he had learned it better than the next man, better than the best civilian ever could learn it; because he had followed his gods to the ends of the earth that he might learn their ways, an empire stood breathlessly behind him to live or die in him. He was rather amused at the thought: The newspapers that had called him a liar five years before; the statesmen who had humored him and the three other men who had seen it—humored them and smiled and pushed them away—the business men who would only sanction investment when they could see immediate profits ahead. All of them tonight would live or die on a turn of the coin; and he, an army officer, a wasting idler who ate up the people's money, would flip that coin. Of all the men in Christendom, he was the only one who could take one hundred yards of rotten crumped mud! But he was a soldier.

Below him, in the courtyard, a hobnailed boot scraped upon the *pavé* and a motorcycle back-fired. The dark cloak of his thoughts dropped from him. Pacifists, politicians and civilians. He was a soldier and he loved soldiers—the man in the courtyard below, the thousands up there ahead, waiting for dawn. Quite miserably, his mind came back to them crouching in filthy holes, writing in the flickering, sputtering candlelight, letters that other people would mail; tossing restlessly in a nervous half doze; living their last four hours of life; sure of neither their souls nor their minds, but worrying about nothing except the heritage of their blood. Would they die face to the front? That was all. Would they be able to keep up or would they break and run miserably? Would they die as a man dies—or as a dog?

His fists clenched suddenly in remembered anguish and he saw a sun-blinded plain. The white light of it cut his eyeballs like blown sand. His handful of men lay flat before him. In a moment a bugle would blow and his knees would melt like water. Only somehow they must not. Eight hundred yards of open plain, with knives at the other side—cruel, three-bladed knives that skipped a head ten

feet from the shoulders of the man who owned it, that spooned out abdomens as clean as oyster shells. If a shot would only stop him as it had that chap with the blue wet hole between his eyes—a shot to stop him before he broke and ran.

But a shot hadn't. He had run on, leading the men who still lived, yelling to them with the strength his gods had poured into his blood for six hundred years, and the knives had been wiped from the face of the earth.

The pacifists said soldiers liked that, gloried in it, lived for it! Vain mouthing fools. Soldiers did it because no one else could. Shopkeepers kept shop for the same reason.

He picked up his tin hat from the table and went below. The air of the courtyard was cool and damp on his face. Men up there ahead were breathing that air for the last time. He would lose thousands of them by noon, but for himself he would go on living as he always had. It would be rather clean, though, to go down as a man, as they were going. Everything was ready now. Jardine—anyone could do the rest of the job. He might go up there afoot, in the darkness, and just wait for the storm to break—just wait close enough to be caught in it and snuffed out as an old soldier should be. But sixty-one years had made him too valuable, and his duty demanded that he live. Years ago, on that sun-white plain, he could have fallen with slight loss, for he was only nineteen and new to his job. Tonight he was sixty-one. Years ago he had cursed through his tears because twenty-two of his men had gone down screaming in a welter of their own blood. Tomorrow thousands would go down and their blood would be atomized to the four winds. There were schools on that plain now, and a hospital, and clean little houses. Tomorrow there would still be the rotten strip of crumped mud, but it would belong to his division.

He pulled at his collar and walked slowly across to the gateway. Motives—objectives—costs. Not a soldier's job. People reviled soldiers for just that reason, reviled them because they saw no further than the immediate fight in hand. Damn people! For years they had shaped their affairs until they had converged on that one fight, until they centered on the ownership of one hundred yards of mud. Then the people had stepped out to let the soldier do the dirty work, and their affairs would live or die on the work that he did. Well, he saw further. He had always seen further. They had never fooled him with their talk of humanity and pacifism. For forty-two years he had been learning to see further, little by little. He had seen big knives in little knives, bigger guns in big guns, one hundred yards of mud in eight hundred yards of sun-bleached plain, thousands of dead men in twenty-two.

Always back to the men. "See here"—he checked himself—"you're sweating." And then presently: "Damn it, I'm going up! I'm part of that up there. I was bred in it. It's my heart and blood, and they're my kind. Men will lose legs stronger than mine, legs they will need more than I'll need mine—younger legs. I'll go."

He called softly across the courtyard and the transport sergeant came up through the darkness on the run.

"Someone will come out of that fight up there with the seeds of knowledge planted in his brain—seeds that will grow and flower forty years from now on just such another night."

He climbed into the side car and nodded to the driver.

"I'm a silly old fool, but I can't help it. They're my men. Poor helpless fellows like me, doing a job they have to do, because the man in the street demands it. Doing a job that their sons will have to do again after them, in spite of the talk." He braced his arm against the dasher of the side car and for a moment he hesitated. Off to the right somewhere, three miles, was the airdrome. He could run over easily and see the boy—sit on his cot edge for a brief moment, grip his hand in the darkness.

The side car jolted past the crossroads and went on. No. Hundreds of men would be better for seeing their sons and their pals tonight. But they couldn't, and he wouldn't. The boy would be asleep and his arrival would cause a row. Play it as dealt. For a moment he saw his son in the darkness of the road ahead. Chubby little fellow with curly blond ringlets of hair. Saw him again, straight and tall, with all the illusions of nineteen shining deeply and eagerly in his eyes. Other men would have taken their sons away, other men who were generals would have used their power. Not himself. Here was a chance to learn, and you can't learn to fight on the staff or in a recruiting office.

"I want to go in behind Hill 3-1," he said. "Go on up the slope as far as you can."

Twenty-five minutes later he was crouched in an angle of old trench, with his face to the east and the division before him in the valley below. The sergeant, some ten feet behind, squatted in the traverse, smoking into his cupped hands. Down there in the valley they would be standing-to shortly, filing into the assembly trenches, sleep-groggy and sweating under their eyes, wiping at the rum and coffee that streaked their chins, holding their rifles so tightly that their arms would ache presently to the shoulders.

It was desperately dark, but he saw it all as if he were down there himself, so starkly was the whole thing graven on his mind. He was down there with them grasping his own rifle, wiping his own mouth with the back of his hand, looking nervously left and right, clicking his bayonet home. No longer sixty-one and too old for anything but a desk and a red hatband. He was a soldier of soldiers tonight. Dying himself the thousands of ghastly deaths, instead of living helplessly to face the widows and sweethearts and the speeches and cheers and decorations. A lesser man would have laid those deaths on his own doorstep. Not the general. He knew where the blame lay, but he wasn't interested in laying it tonight.

The greatest sin that a soldier commits against himself is to live through too many fights. It had been a mistake to grow so old.

He was trembling violently now, with the cold and his last three nights of sleeplessness. He steadied himself and turned around. Down the slope behind him, and miles up the road he had come, was the airdrome and his son, his own flesh and blood—himself with forty-three years rolled back from the calendars of yesterday, carefree and young and eager, at the start of his career, knowing nothing of the disappointments and the reviling and the blame that would come as the years went on. Thirty—forty years from now, the boy would stand in his boots, in an angle of an old deserted trench, waiting to throw thousands of men into the breach for a dirty strip of mud. He'd be an old man then, broken with disappointment, owning nothing but his soldier's brain and his blood heritage and his knowledge of the cult of the God of War—and it wasn't worth it!

Dirty rotten people with dirty rotten tangled affairs that could be straightened only by fighting for mud. Why should a man have to live to see it twice? Why should a man have to do their filthy jobs?

He turned to the valley again and clasped his hands tightly together. His forehead touched his crossed thumbs and he pressed his face against his arms. His lips moved silently.

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Sheets of White-Splashed Flame. Hours of It. Screaming, Gasping, Hideous Hours. Burning, Cursing, Aching Hours

A TANGLED WEB

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Twyning, as the Last Trick Was Taken, Laughed Bitterly, Under His Breath; and Cost Caught His Eye, and Twyning Said, "Even at Cards, Barry!"

BARRY COST, when he was free to do so, played bridge every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at the club, and Twyning knew this. The knowledge dictated his movements on this Wednesday in mid-December.

Cost sometimes reached the club as early as three o'clock; but this was not always the case, and Twyning meant to make sure to arrive after the other man. So when he first approached the place—he was driving his closed coupé—he slowed down to scan the cars parked along the curb to discover whether Cost's were there. Since it was not, Twyning drove away, returning at intervals thereafter till, about five o'clock, he saw the other's car at the curb. It was a coupé of the same manufacture as his own. Cost had bought his a year before; Twyning's was new within the week, and its purchase was a part of his plan.

Immediately behind Cost's car there was an empty space, and Twyning remarked this with satisfaction. He backed his own machine into the opening, locked the gears, turned on the parking lights and went into the club.

In the bridge room three tables were in progress. The players looked up to greet Twyning in the tones of long acquaintance, and he acknowledged their salutations. He rapped upon the table at which Barry was sitting to indicate his intention to cut in there, and pulled a chair up at Cost's elbow.

A moment later, when the other was dummy, Twyning said to him quietly, "This is the first chance I've had, Barry, to congratulate you."

Cost flushed with faint pleasure. "Thank you, old man," he said. "Louise has told you then?"

Twyning nodded. "I had a letter from her while I was away," he confessed. "I think I was perhaps the first one whom she told." His eyes were at the moment curiously grim, but when Cost looked toward him their expression changed and he managed a smile. "I'm glad on your account, Barry," he said.

Cost hesitated. "I'm sorry if it's hard for you."

Twyning laughed frankly. "Why, I'm used to being beaten out by you, Barry," he confessed. "You've been doing it for a good many years."

"It has just happened so," Cost protested. "I've had all the luck, Twyning."

"Oh, don't call it luck," Twyning retorted in a tone of conventional good humor. "It might be luck once or twice, but you've put the boots to me too many times."

The play of the hand was finished and Cost had to give his attention once more to the game. While he sorted his cards, he said sympathetically, "You've a cold, haven't you?"

Twyning nodded. "Head's stopped up," he agreed. "But I'm used to it. Every winter's the same."

"Must be uncomfortable," Cost suggested, and bid three spades. Twyning sat silently by his shoulder while he played his cards. Twyning was a stoutly built man with a heavy grave face and eyes faintly protuberant; and there were moments when his cheeks became suffused with a dark color which suggested that he had a fierce temper, difficult to control. Yet his outward aspect was always very much the same, still and inoffensive. He sat now watching Cost's profile, his eyes intent upon the other man as though they measured him.

He was, in fact, wondering what quality it was in Barry which had made him so consistently the victor in the long series of encounters chance had brought about between them. It was that series of victories which had bred and nurtured in Twyning the hatred which was come at last to its fruition. The plan was formed and perfect; and the still man thought, as he watched Barry, that after tonight he need not fear him again.

When the rubber was concluded and he cut in, he and Cost were on opposing sides; and Cost held and bid and played two overpowering hands, ending the rubber swiftly. Twyning, as the last trick was taken, laughed bitterly, under his breath; and Cost caught his eye, and Twyning said, "Even at cards, Barry!"

There was a jest in his tone, but the jest had an edge, and Barry—it was his turn to sit out a rubber—asked in a tone for Twyning's ears alone, "You're not taking it seriously, old man?"

Twyning shook his head, laughed quietly. "No, no," he said. "Don't give it a thought."

Cost nodded, strolled across to watch the play at one of the other tables till his turn came to reënter the game. When he returned, he and Twyning cut high cards, would have been partners; but after the cut, Twyning looked at his watch and with an ejaculation of surprise pushed back his chair.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "I didn't realize it was that late. I've got to beat it."

"Not staying for the evening?" Cost inquired.

"I've got a dinner engagement," Twyning confessed.

"Be back?"

Twyning was settling his losses. "I don't know," he replied. "Are you going to stay?"

"I'll be leaving about nine," Cost told him.

Twyning repeated the words to himself with a cold satisfaction. "About nine." But aloud he only said, "I'll get back if I can." And with a word to the others in the game, he left the room.

Below stairs, he got his hat and coat from the check room; and the old man on duty there asked, with the familiarity of long acquaintance, "Coming back, Mr. Twyning?"

Twyning shook his head. "Not tonight, Joe," he replied. "Got tied up with a dinner date. . . . Good night."

He spoke for a moment with an acquaintance, and a house boy opened the outer door for him. When he emerged, the early winter night had come, and he paused on the top step to button his overcoat more closely and to look about him. A few cars passed, and there were scattering pedestrians, muffled to the eyes.

Satisfied with what he saw, Twyning turned back and spoke to the boy at the door. "Go up and tell Mr. Cost I won't be back tonight," he directed.

The boy nodded and departed to do the errand. Twyning watched him out of sight, then went quickly down the steps and crossed the sidewalk and got into Barry Cost's coupé.

He knew what must be done there. Cost, in the course of business, was sometimes the bearer of valuable securities. As a protective measure he kept a revolver in the car, and Twyning knew that it would be in the pocket on the left-hand door. He withdrew the weapon, and in a matter of seconds he had shifted it from its usual place to the pocket on the right. Instantly thereafter he stepped out of Cost's car and into his own, just behind; and a moment later he had started the engine, meshed the gears and was backing along the curb to get clear of the other machine. Before the boy at the door had returned to his post, Twyning drove away.

He drove directly downtown till he came near a chain drug store on the edge of the business district. Taking care to leave his car at some distance, he approached this store and went in. It was apparent from his movements that he was familiar with the place, for he advanced directly to a counter on the right-hand side and near the door. In an effort to appeal to Christmas buyers, there was displayed on this counter an array of inexpensive

objects calculated to attract a certain class of feminine shoppers.

The clerk on duty here was a girl, and as Twyning approached she was attending another customer, a young woman with whom she appeared on equal and familiar terms. They were both chewing gum, and they talked together drawlingly. Twyning's head cold was at this hour of the day more distressing than at any other time, and the irritating congestion between his eyes made him morose and angry. The customer seemed to be interested in perfumes, and the clerk behind the counter lifted a small atomizer and directed a spray from it into the other girl's face, and they laughed together.

Twyning said impatiently, "I beg your pardon. I'm in a hurry, and I know just what I want. Can you serve me?"

The clerk looked at him languidly. "Have to wait your turn," she retorted with slow insolence.

Twyning uttered an irritated exclamation. On the counter before him there were arranged little piles of cheaply embroidered handkerchiefs. A legend on a card stated their price as sixty-three cents. He picked up one of them, under the suddenly suspicious eye of the clerk, and from a stand at the end of the counter he took at random a little vial of perfume.

"How much is this scent?" he demanded.

"Price marked on the bottle," she told him.

He turned it in his fingers. A bit of parchment covered the glass stopper. He noticed that this parchment was torn, as though the bottle had been jammed in packing; but the price was marked upon it, in pencil, and he tossed a bill to the girl and said in a sardonic tone, "Keep the change—for your courtesy."

She was entirely unmoved. "Merry Christmas!" she retorted; and the words so exasperated him that he hesitated for a moment, seeking some rejoinder that would blast her where she stood. But none occurred to him and, in a futile rage, he jammed the handkerchief and the little scent bottle into the pocket of his overcoat and left the store.

A moment later he came to where he had parked his car, and with an instinct to get clear of the neighborhood, he drove rapidly away. But after he had gone a few blocks, the clock on the dash warned him that it was not yet half after six o'clock, reminded him that he had two hours and a half of time upon his hands, and he was uncertain what to do.

There was nothing to prevent his going anywhere he chose. No one—yet—had any right to watch or to question him. He was a bachelor, living in the house that had belonged to his father, in one of the better suburbs. He had his meals in town, and his only servant was a woman who came day by day to put the place in order. So he might now have gone home to wait in the empty house; but his thoughts were distracting companions, and he did not wish to be alone with them.

Twyning Sat Rigid, His Thoughts Spurred Desperately On

The lighted entrance of a moving-picture theater solved the immediate problem. He parked the car in the alley behind the theater and went inside, and the play of images before his eyes held him at least outwardly attentive. Only now and then his glance turned to the illuminated dial of a clock beside the screen. It was important that he should attend the time.

At a little after eight o'clock he left the theater and began the movements he had planned so carefully. He drove out of the city in the direction of his home some half a dozen miles, until he came to where two reservoirs lay, with a reservation around them and a winding drive between. When Twyning turned into this drive he saw ahead of him, as was usually the case, three or four automobiles parked along the waterside. The police, Twyning knew, seldom disturbed them here.

"I Beg Your Pardon. I'm in a Hurry, and I Know Just What I Want. Can You Serve Me?"

He drew his own car to a halt at a point as remote as possible from these machines. There was no car nearer the spot than a hundred yards, and the etiquette of the locality would render unlikely any encroachment upon his isolation. He drew down the rear curtain of the coupé—this also was custom—and a moment later he had locked the gear shift and alighted and turned to walk away.

His movements now were swift and all concerted. He emerged from the reservation and walked for a block or two along the avenue which bordered it, till he came to a public garage where there was a taxi stand. The drivers were inside the garage to escape the cold, and Twyning entered and beckoned one of them.

"Take me in town, will you?" he requested, and named as his destination a hotel two blocks from the club.

The other opened the taxi door and Twyning stepped past the driver to enter the car. He saw something suggestive of a quickened and amused attention in the man's eyes, but the impression was so faint that he had forgotten it a moment later when they got under way.

Twyning approached the club on foot at about ten minutes before nine o'clock, but he did not enter. Instead he lingered a little way off, obviously waiting. That for which he waited became apparent when presently Barry Cost emerged from the door; for at sight of him Twyning advanced and met the other at the foot of the steps, and he said in a tone of disappointment, "Oh, leaving, are you, Barry?"

"Yes," Cost assented; "yes; it's nine o'clock."

"I hurried back," Twyning explained. "Hoped I might get here before you left, at least for a rubber or two. Better come back in."

"The game's breaking up," Cost assured him. "I don't think I'll stay."

Twyning looked toward the door of the club. The door boy, he knew, went off duty at eight o'clock. Cost had come out alone, but at any moment now some one of the members might appear. If they did so, it would mean the delay, perhaps the frustration, of his plans. He spoke, therefore, somewhat hurriedly.

"Well, I'll go along too then," he decided. "Give me a lift, will you?"

"Certainly," Cost agreed, and opened the door of his coupé. "Your car not in town?"

"I left it out at the reservoir," Twyning told him. "I'm sick of driving in traffic. Often leave it there and take a street car in. You can drop me there, if you will."

"All right," Cost agreed.

"It's not too much out of your way," Twyning said apologetically.

"No," Cost assented; "no, I can cut across from there. It's only a couple of miles longer than the straight road." And as they started, he asked, "Don't the police bother you, parking there all day?"

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The Fourth Age of Agriculture

By GARET GARRETT

A Combination Reaper and Thresher at Work in Washington

WHERE there is economic distress, you may know there is change. If the distress is great the change is deep. It may be change for better or for worse. Which it is will be a sore question. But there is one infallible sign. Distress notwithstanding, if at the same time the production of actual wealth is increasing, particularly if the cause which is commonly believed to be working the distress is overproduction, then you may be sure it is change for the better

This is to be demonstrated. It will be proved as to agriculture by the experience of industry, by analogy and by fact.

Plowing, Disking and Seeding Wheat in One Operation in Southern New Jersey

Beginning about 1875, industry came into very hard times. There had been a disastrous panic in 1873, caused, as everyone knew, by a mad international speculation in things and futurities. But the recovery that might naturally have been expected did not occur. The depression continued, growing worse and worse, until the sound of distress was world-wide. It became the chief anxiety of governments, the enigma of political economy and a universal topic of prayer. Royal commissions, committees of the United States Congress and bodies of experts were appointed to investigate the evil of falling prices. Among the causes solemnly discovered were sun spots, tariffs, intemperance, trade-unionism, immigration and the value of money. There was plenty of time to imagine causes.

Production in the Face of Overproduction

WITH only now and then a false interruption, prices fell for more than twenty years, and the world thought itself sinking into misery, though never before in the history of the human race had food been so abundant and things of all kinds so plentiful.

In 1886 the director of the United States Bureau of Labor reported that in relative severity of experience the nations stood in this order: Great Britain first, the United States second, then Germany, France and Belgium. He made also this singular and important observation—that the maximum of economic disturbance had occurred in countries of high civilization; that was to say, countries in which the use of machinery, the wages of labor, the standards of living and the degree of education were all very high.

The visible phenomenon always present was that of overproduction. There was the first riddle. Hard times, distress, the ruin of great bodies of venerable capital, while at the same time people obviously were multiplying their wealth in material things. Some economists got so far as to say there could be no such absurdity as too many useful and desirable things all tending to satisfy human wants; it was only that the production of things exceeded the demand at remunerative prices. That was merely to say in a high manner what everybody was saying there was no profit. The distress of industry was from the absence of profit. It could be demonstrated, and was in ten thousand ways, that things sold for less than the cost of producing them.

Nevertheless, production went on increasing at a prodigious rate. Why did people insist upon producing goods at a loss? If they had produced only the same quantity right along you might have said it was to employ their capacity, even though at a loss; but they enormously increased the capacity. Old plants were scrapped and new ones built in a frenzy of haste to enlarge the output of things of which the overproduction was already so great that industry as a whole was unable to make a profit. Why did they do it? That was the second riddle. Nobody had the answer.

A Change From High-Cost to Low-Cost Methods

WELL, now it is all clear. Industry as a whole was not producing goods at a loss. If that had been true its capital would have disappeared and production would have stopped. A profound change was taking place—a change from high-cost to low-cost methods. Old capital, representing obsolete method—that was perishing. New capital, founding the principles of modern industry, was being created in its place faster than capital had ever before been created And for this reason the world was growing each day richer without knowing it.

What hindered understanding for so long was the fact that for new phenomena there was no visible new cause. Engines were not new. Labor-saving machinery was not new. The ocean steamship, the railroad, the telegraph—these were no new things. Only the intensive use of them was new, and from such use of them proceeded change which, beginning as change in degree, became change in a radical sense, effect in itself acting as the cause of an endless series of new events.

A Sidehill Tractor Which Makes Cultivation of Steep Land Possible

For two generations machines had been increasing man's power over materials in a remarkable manner. Then without warning the increase was cataclysmic. The steam engine had been long in use before anybody realized that in its procreative function it could so multiply itself as in effect suddenly to add the power of a billion men to the working population of the earth. Nobody could have imagined it until it had happened. And this increase of power was nearly all in six competitive countries.

Every process of manufacture was incredibly cheapened. The Bessemer steel process, whereby the output per man increased fourfold all at once, caused the price of steel to fall from eighty to fifteen dollars a ton. Yet the steel industry was not ruined. It was made over new. The cheapness of steel enormously stimulated railroad building; it cost less per mile to build a railroad than it had cost a few years before to build a good wagon road. But there was no profit in railroads. The first one was no sooner built than another appeared with heavier rails on which to run bigger engines and larger cars in order to reduce the cost of transportation. Freight rates steadily fell. The first road had to go bankrupt. Having lost its capital, it was obliged to rebuild itself with new capital; in doing so it increased its capacity to a new degree in order to cheapen the cost much more. Then it was the other's turn to go bankrupt and do likewise.

Profit was to him who could halve the cost. He kept it only until someone else had halved it again.

Out of such turmoil modern industry emerged, with its amazing power progressively to satisfy human wants. Its permanent capital is imponderable, in two ideas—namely, first, that human wanting is insatiable, wherefore demand is limited only by the rate at which you can cheapen its satisfactions; second, that change is a catastrophe you must run to meet. And because these two ideas are more widely implanted here than anywhere else, American industry is the most prosperous in the world.

As Industry

NOW as to agriculture, what are the analogies?

There was the postwar panic in which the value of farm land declined one quarter or more and the average exchange value of agricultural commodities declined one-third. Some recovery has taken place, but not so much as might reasonably have been expected from any rule of rhythm. The depression continues. Distress is acute. It becomes a burning political issue. Committees of Congress and bodies of experts are appointed, or appoint themselves, to find and examine the causes. Why is agriculture in distress? Why has the relative buying power of the farmer declined? There is the same bewilderment as to causes. Some say it is the tariff; some say it is a conspiracy on the part of industry and organized labor together to exploit the farmer. There is the same aspect of disaster in overproduction More than 18,000,000 bales of cotton in one crop, where the normal want of the world had been for only 14,000,000 or 15,000,000 bales.

There is the same way of discussing what overproduction means. The economist may say there is not too much cotton; it is only that the production exceeds the demand at remunerative prices. But that is all the farmer complains of—that prices are unremunerative. The distress of agriculture, he says, is owing to the simple fact that prices do not yield a profit. It can be demonstrated that commodities such as cotton, wheat and corn are sold at prices below the cost of production. Nevertheless, these commodities continue to be produced in surplus quantities It is the surplus that keeps the

Egyptian Staple Cotton in San Joaquin Valley, California. In Dry Seasons the Crop Draws on Subsoil Moisture

American market on the world price level in spite of the tariff. If it were not for the surplus, if production were no greater than the domestic demand, then the tariff would become effective and the American price would be higher than the world price by the amount of the tariff.

Yet agriculture goes on producing that surplus producing it at a loss Why does it do this? Why, as notably in cotton, do the farmers increase the output though the product sells for less than the cost of producing it? Why was last year's cotton crop larger by 2,000,000 bales than any previous crop in the history of American cotton culture? These questions are the same in kind as tormented industry during a quarter of a century of depression and change.

The Combine is Reducing Costs of Wheat Growing. A Tippecanoe County, Indiana, Farm

What the director of the United States Bureau of Labor said of distressed industry in 1886 now applies to distressed agriculture. The experience is most severe where the standards of living are highest. In the fertile Hwai-ho River Basin of China nine-tenths of the people live by agriculture. The average farm is four acres; the average family is 5.5 persons—less than three-quarters of an acre per person. Their exportable surplus is of wheat and soy beans, which they trade for cigarettes, kerosene, sugar and cheap hardware. Trade is by barter. There in that valley is no agricultural problem. The people have no way of knowing whether the relative exchange value of farm products is high or low. They have never heard of such an abstract thing as relative exchange value. They do not know whether the exchange they get from the traders who come up the river to swap them out of their surplus is fair or unfair.

The Swiftest Change at the Highest Level

THE agricultural problem is here, touching the richest farm population in the world; and taking it comparatively in this country, the problem is most acute—politically, at any rate—in the richest agricultural state of all. That is Iowa, with an automobile to every farm.

The meaning of this in agriculture is the same as the meaning was in industry Change begins on the high levels and runs swiftly there. The economic disturbances are of corresponding severity.

No more is it true now of agriculture as a whole than it was true of industry as a whole, in the 70's and 80's of the past century, that it is producing and selling

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A Modern Wheat Threshing and Sacking Machine in Action

VILLA BEATA

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT IS doubtful if Jeremy Dana would really have gone to sleep, lying there in the water with his hands clasped behind his head and his toes pointing upward at the roof of the cave, if only because the intense and unearthly color in which he seemed to float was anything but soporific. The Bay of Naples outside was putting to shame all such words as sapphire, azure; but in the grotto under the overarching cliff this little cupful of the Mediterranean took on an incredible pale fire. He had only to move to start ripples of dazzling electric blue, as if he lay in a magic bath of molten jewels. He wondered if one could describe it in its, so to speak, native idiom—his Italian was none too fluent—for certainly he, as an American, could find no words of his own tongue for the effect of aquamarines lit by the living flame of liquid silver.

It was a narrow link of the chain of little caves, unsung and not famous, as was its counterpart at Capri. He liked it better. The sunlight did not enter. On the contrary, the very original idea of light might have begun there, but the place held this ensorcelled radiance of its own; the sunlight did not enter, yet the water was not cold. And one did not sink in it. Perhaps in this vault of faërie the law of gravitation was suspended.

One simply lay extended, relaxed; a little, perhaps—yes, a little drowsy. Because, certainly, the idea that a white arm clothed in samite might quite naturally rise out of these depths bordered on the fantasy of dreams. Because, certainly, the words, "All the same, I wish it was a griffin!" spoken quite near by, did not seem to be the expression of an unreasonable wish. The voice was clear, if regretful, taking on a hollow sound in the cupped space. A faint echo repeated "griffin," as if in agreement.

"It can't be a griffin this time. It's a little mouse-colored donkey with wings."

Jeremy Dana was thoroughly awake now. He had a great fondness for the little *asini* of Sorrento, with their long furry ears and their expressions of philosophic patience. But wings—those legendary superlimbs of Pegasus—were they appropriate to the more meager proportions of the donkey? Besides, would he like them?

"It strikes me," he said aloud quietly, "that the addition of wings, deserved though they undoubtedly are, might be considered an impertinence."

"There's somebody here," said the first voice—"somebody that talks English."

"I don't go by that." This was the other. "It's somebody that talks sense."

Dana's eyes opened wider. Was it an apt description? But perhaps where one is utterly magicked, one's nonsense fits in.

"Have you got a griffin?" he asked composedly. "He could tell you about wings."

"We're coming in," said either both voices or a voice and an echo. There was a vague scrape and a bump. Dana turned over in the water, thereby producing a ten-thousand-candle-power effect in the pale blue luminosity, in which he moved a languid arm or leg occasionally to keep his balance.

A sliver of a boat, intended for a single passenger if for a double paddle, slipped through a low passageway in the soft rock, sending its lightning backward from its pencil-shaped prow. There were two small boys in the boxlike opening amidships of the long narrow deck, very brown of body and very gloriously red of hair.

Dana almost caught his breath at the sight of them against that eerie blue. But he was well enough brought up to remember that one does not begin an acquaintance with remarks about color or previous condition of servitude.

"If you have not got a griffin," he said instead, "perhaps I could be one. It might not be difficult. I can blow smoke through my nose—or was that only dragons?"

Two pairs of gray eyes, ashine with that crystalline pellucidity of childhood, smiled straight into his. He guessed one of the boys to be no more than six or seven; the other about nine. They were very much alike at first glance; with a second and third, one saw vast differences. The younger was not quite so slenderly made, not quite so spiritual, not quite so dreamy. There was a more purposeful jut to his little jaw; a more humorous curve to his mouth; a much more mischievous elf behind his eyes.

The needle of a boat slid across the cave apparently by its own wish, and Dana caught its friendly nose lightly in one hand.

He Loosed His Clasp From the Nose of the Boat, Lifted His Hand in Salutation, and Suddenly Doubled Over, Disappearing Into the Depths With a Boiling Up of a Myriad Starry Bubbles

"We've always got a griffin or so, thank you," said the younger boy politely. "I never saw you before."

"You should say how-do-you-do," the other whispered gravely.

Dana made a gesture with his legs. "One gets away from those forms in a grotto," he said. "Because obviously one is doing very well, and exactly as one pleases. No need to ask."

"I hope you are staying in Sorrent'," said the nine-year-old. It was not a continuation of polite conversation. It was a sincere wish.

"Are you quite sure this is Sorrento?" mused Dana. "I think it is the cave of the last enchantment."

"Well, of course, we think so too. That is, not the last. There's a deeper one in there—bluer."

"The home, possibly, of the mouse-colored donkey with wings?"

"No," said the younger, speaking suddenly in a practical tone. "He was making it up."

"The donkey?"

"No," with a splutter of laughter. "Donald!"

This infraction of every-day was regrettable, but it had its uses. "And what is your name?"

"Jarvis Adair. What's yours?"

"Well, I haven't got one. Not in here. When I get outside the grotto I have a name. Begins with a J, I think, like yours. Only not so much so." He moved an arm through blue flame. "What is this stuff?"

"Water," said Jarvis promptly.

"Oh, I think it can't be water," protested Dana, frowning at it. "I drink water, I am sure, but it's not at all like this."

A chime of laughter answered him. "It's animal, vegetable and mineral, and not useful, but beautiful," said Donald, in the manner of twenty questions.

"It is not useful," affirmed Jarvis aggrievedly. "If you take it out of here in a pail it's only salt water like all the rest."

"I see you have tried," said Dana. It was an important light on the difference between the two boys: for Donald there was beauty, for Jarvis there was the fault of inutility.

At this moment the voice of the outer world became audible. A strong musical cry, "*Signorini! Signorini!*" penetrated the windings of the chain of caves. Jarvis broke into shrill and rapid Italian:

"*Sta tranquillo*, we are coming! We are all right. There is a gentleman bathing here. We are holding a conversation." As the confused echoes of this reassurance died away, he explained courteously in his normal tone, "That is Salvatore."

"Our *marinaio*," said Donald. "My mother does not permit us to go bathing without him."

"I see," said Dana. "Well, for the sake of the tranquillity you prescribe for him, don't you think perhaps you should go out where it is warmer, and where he can see that he has no cause for anxiety? You must say 'abracadabra' or the cave will not let you go."

He loosed his clasp from the nose of the boat, lifted his hand in salutation, and suddenly doubled over, disappearing into the depths with a boiling up of a myriad starry bubbles.

The boys sat motionless, silent, in the tiny cockpit, which was so close a fit for even their slenderness, but they were quite certain this agreeable acquaintance was too much an artist to spoil his effect by a reappearance. He would not come to the surface till he was well outside. Nobody knew better than they the approximate time to wait. It was very shortly over, and they sighed with an appreciative content. Not a sign of the departing stranger had he vouchsafed them, save his now vanished trail of light.

Jarvis gave a little chuckle and looked at his brother "He was nice, wasn't he?"

"The nicest man," said Donald gravely. He picked up his paddle and dipped it in molten silver. "Back out the way we came."

Very skillfully they withdrew, moving backward through the narrow corridor into another cave. This was large enough to turn about in, and they sent the shell skipping under the low-spreading arch of the entrance out into the major blue of the unshadowed water.

Salvatore, tanned to an Ethiopian shade that contrasted sharply with his white-canvas cap and trousers—his torso was sketchily covered by a thin gauze shirt—beamed a smiling welcome. Not too arduous were his duties in attendance on his young *signorini*. He sat at ease in his rowboat, his bare feet crossed, his great hairy arms at rest on his oars, a cigarette between his lips smoking lazily up into one eye.

With a toss of the head and hand, he indicated that the gentleman had come up out of the sea close beside him and was making off toward the hotel float. Neither Donald nor Jarvis turned to look. They were not the boys to spoil a splendid exit by a call before the curtain. They made a good-natured race of it with Salvatore back to their own beach.

The sheer hundred and fifty feet of cliff showed here a fragment of shore, caught in the ruins of an ancient Roman bath, from which ascended the zigzag path cut, with occasional flights of steps, back and forth across the face of the rock to the limits of their terrain. There was a small wooden landing -a substantially constructed affair—with stepladder stairs reaching down into the water The scarp, rising for the most part in massive perpendicular planes as if shaped by a titanic chisel and mallet, had still an infinity of small detail; vegetation clung in nooks and crannies, and in a continuous line marked the rising angles of the path.

There were bits of wall, unaccountable shallow arches in the solid stone, crumbling fragments of rooms with gaping small square windows. In these ruins were to be found pirates, Saracens, Sicilian bandits, Roman legionaries, Greek sorcerers, Numidian slaves, and what not—a colorful crew invisible to some pitiable pragmatists

On the flat top of the world lay the garden and the villa; and in an archway of its loggia, invariably at this time of day, was framed the waiting figure of Mrs. Adair, watching for the boys' bright heads to appear in the green tangle over the rectangular edge of Italy.

She had never, even at first, worn the black of widowhood, shrinking from it herself and fearing its depressant effect upon the children. Today she was dressed in filmy chiffon, one gauzy layer upon another, one breath of color upon another, a miraculous frock that defied one to say which tint lay uppermost. It floated back from her lovely arms, and swirled in points about her corn-colored stockings and gilt slippers. It was not a costume calculated to alienate the sons Adair

Her hair, almost as red as their own perhaps two tones more like her slippers was braided close and bound round and round her head. She had a fair skin that flushed and paled easily, and quite remarkably fine eyes any number of eyes, old Libbie, the boys' nurse, used to think, who had seen her with green, blue and gray. Her nose tipped up a little, as did her upper lip and chin, for all the world like an invitation to kiss her. Her brows had a trick of independence, and one often went up or down without the other. This always happened when she talked with Jarvis.

At the first sound of their voices, before even Libbie, who sat near by with her sewing, could distinguish their excited chatter from the chirping of the birds in the cypress, Mrs Adair pursed her lips and whistled a distinctive call, like an oriole's. It was answered *en duo* from far below.

"The boys are coming, Libbie," said Mrs. Adair happily, and the staid middle-aged woman contentedly began to roll up her work. She was always on hand to give them a merciless rubbing with great fleecy towels after their morning in the sea.

Presently, scrambling, and dripping from their last plunge, they got into the garden like small savages swarming the side of a vessel, and came running with flinching bare feet over the gravel of the paths. The climb had cost them some breath, but not enough to still the babble of news they were crying out to her

Margaret Adair laughed down at them "I can't make out what they are talking about," she said.

"They've seen a griffin," said Libbie in a matter-of-fact voice

"Yes, I heard that," assented Mrs. Adair: "but that's not such a novelty!"

The boys paused for a moment beneath her, looking up at her, but not of an age to see the wonder of her in that slender archway, her glowing dress and hair full in the sunlight. They were voluble, incomprehensible.

"You'll have to come up!" she cried.

They disappeared into the lower catacombs of the villa. Libbie went off to their room and Mrs. Adair drifted, in her fiery smoky draperies, into the house to meet them

"The nicest man," Donald kept saying like a sort of refrain to Jarvis' more impassioned song when they stood before her, making negligible wet marks on the majolica floor. Their bare brown bodies gleamed and danced. "The nicest man!"

"He can blow smoke through his nose. Mother, he didn't think a donkey would like wings. He's a pukka griffin and disappeared beautifully."

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On This First Day They Gathered Seven Basketfuls of Crumbs of Information About One Another

THE BLUE BEAR OF YAKUTAT

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

TAKU gazed upon the vastness of the world about him. It was a white world, for the spring drifts lay deep on the mountain. A green world, too, for the forests of mighty spruce that clothed the slopes rose above that dead white blanket of snow. For the most part there was silence. The cry of a raven seemed startlingly loud by contrast. However, from far below, drifting faintly to Taku's ears, there sounded a steady drone, a distant all-pervading chant—the roar of the surf as it pounded in futile passion on the barren beaches of Yakutat.

Taku himself turned to look at the big black form that was sprawled upon the snow at the mouth of a yawning cavity beneath the trunk of a mighty windfall. This was his sleeping mother, who, only two days before, had broken through the deep crust of snow that had sealed the bear family snugly in winter quarters. There was a stir of life and a small figure detached itself—Taku's twin sister, Atak, her pelt of the same raven hue as her mother's.

Taku growled deep in his tiny throat in mock warning, struck a pose suggestive of battle and rushed his sister. Atak met his advance with a sound cuff that knocked him sprawling. They clinched and rolled upon the snow, a tangle of threshing legs, then drew apart to spar tentatively. Atak rose upon her hind feet and dared her brother to attack. Taku, likewise drawing himself erect, advanced upon her. They cuffed each other soundly before rolling into another clinch. As usually happens among brothers and sisters, this playful tussle developed into a display of temper. Atak bit her brother's tender ear and Taku, with a squall of rage, retaliated by raking her jaw with unsheathed claws, then sank his sharp little teeth in her flank. Atak's answering snarl of rage matched Taku's own, and they fought with real purpose.

Roused by these fighting squalls, the old bear opened her eyes and growled. The hostile demonstrations on the part of the twins ceased on the instant. The old bear rose to her feet and took a few steps on the hard-packed snow, stood motionless for a full minute, then took a few more aimless steps, only to turn and move back to the mouth of the den. As if the exertion had proved all too strenuous, she reclined once more on the snow and slept for ten hours without a break.

Taku and Atak curled up close to her for warmth when they slept, nursed when hungry and spent the intervening periods in short excursions of exploration in the immediate vicinity of the den. The old bear was unable to shake off at once the lethargy remaining from the long sleep of hibernation. But on each ensuing day she remained awake for longer periods and occasionally roamed aimlessly round the mountainside. Eventually she started off down the steep slopes.

That droning chant grew ever louder in Taku's ears as they descended. Sometimes it receded as the bear family dipped into some narrow valley, but always it increased in volume when the next rise had been crossed and the descent resumed. The old bear led her babes out at last into an open flat that was flanked on either hand by abrupt spruce-clad slopes. Snow still lay in the open, save for a bare expanse in the center. At the edge of the snow tiny green blades of grass thrust up through the brown mass of last year's growth. The old bear nibbled a pint of these tender shoots, her example emulated by Taku and Atak, then retired to the drifts of the timbered slopes and slept. When next she repaired to the flat the bare expanse in its center was flooded. The tide had come in from the sea to submerge the flats at the head of this deep inlet.

For several days Taku devoured increasing quantities of tender grass to supplement the diet furnished by his mother. The snow was rapidly disappearing in the open flats but still lay deep in the timber. The tips of willows and alder swelled with promise that they would soon be budding out, and the old bear nipped off the tender shoots of willow. Her appetite, so slight at first that she ate less than a pound of green grass a day, increased with amazing rapidity and she indulged in a ceaseless hunt for willow twigs and patches of tender grass, devouring bushels of these delicacies daily.

Taku—whose appetite was to become a thing at which to marvel, his menu later to embrace a greater variety than that of any other creature of the wild—seemed to be but a grazing and browsing animal for the first three weeks of his existence in the open. Grass and tender twigs constituted his sole diet for a considerable period, and he found this fare to his liking.

He soon learned that his own immediate family did not constitute all the life that prowled the forests, the beaches and the tide flats of Yakutat. There came an occasion when he strayed some forty yards from his mother's side in his search for food. A strange scent assailed his nostrils—a scent very similar to that of his mother, but which he knew was not hers. A great creature, resembling his mother, except that the pelt worn by the stranger was brown instead of black, lurched from the timber, followed by two smaller animals one brown, one black—of perhaps twice Taku's size.

Taku returned to his mother in swift panic. Then, emboldened by her presence, he turned and growled his tiny defiance at these intruders. The old bear elevated her muzzle and sampled the wind. The breeze informed her accurately that there was a she-bear of her own kind, accompanied by two yearlings, immediately upwind. She peered nearsightedly in that direction, then resumed her feeding. Even if she recognized the brown bear as her own twin sister, born with her a dozen years before, and with whom she had romped and quarreled throughout the first two years of her existence, Taku's mother had lost interest in her long since, and now the two bear families merely avoided too close contact as they fed on the tide flat.

The following day the old bear led Taku and his sister across a high mountain ridge and descended to a low point above the ocean. The swelling waves of the Pacific charged the shores in never-ending procession, to roar ominously and dissipate their forces in battering on the rocks.

The bears descended to a narrow strip of gravel beach, crossed a rocky promontory and dropped into a broad tide flat. It was ebb tide and the receding water line left a variety of delicacies stranded on the flat. Small fish flopped there, and there were certain seaweeds that were edible, also thousands of shellfish. Taku and Atak scurried about in search of food, but they were not to enjoy the feast alone. Hordes of birds followed the receding tide in search of these same titbits. Gulls whirled in screaming thousands. Scores of great bald eagles gathered there, and swarms of crows. These jolly black pirates resorted to unique methods to open such shellfish as resisted the efforts of their bills. Seizing one, a crow would mount to some high point and drop the prize upon the rocks, shattering the shell, then descend and devour it. Out in the shallow water, drifting with the tide, there were scaups, guillemots, harlequins and others, also great ricks of scoters that fed upon barnacles.

It was in this flat that Taku made the acquaintance of another animal. A great brown beast lurched out into the open and swayed toward the black she-bear and her offspring. This monster moved with a rolling gait, swaggeringly, as if to announce to all the world that he was the monarch of the wild. This was one of the great Alaskan brown bears, the largest carnivorous animals in the world. The subspecies that inhabited this

The Salmon Run Increased, Fish Coming in Flashing Swarms to Run Upstream, Spawn and Die

Yakutat region, near the southern extremity of the big brown bear's range, did not attain to the size of those monsters of Kodiak and the Alaska Peninsula, but it was not unusual for them to reach a weight of a thousand pounds or more, even here. And the big brownie that moved toward Taku's family was a giant of his kind, capable of killing the black she-bear with a single sweep of his mighty paw.

He was downwind, and the black she-bear, being thus handicapped, did not observe his leisurely approach until he had drawn within forty yards. Then, looking up from her feeding, she saw a huge dark shape where formerly there had been only a flat expanse. For a space she peered nearsightedly, unable quite to determine whether or not this object was merely a great stump that had been carried in and left stranded by the tide. Then the thing moved and the old bear moved likewise, moved hurriedly and with a grunt of apprehension that caused Taku and his sister to follow close upon her heels. A rumbling growl came from the monster, but he made no move to pursue.

The black bear, unable to identify accurately by sight, circled swiftly downwind to pick up the creature's scent. One whiff was sufficient to inform her infallible nose that this was one of the big brown fellows that shared the Yakutat range with her own clan. These big browns were not particularly inclined to wage war on their smaller relatives, merely insisting that the latter give trail and keep out of their way when feeding, so Taku's mother contented herself with moving a few hundred yards and resuming her meal.

Later that same day Taku, ranging ahead of his mother in the timber, came face to face with still another creature This waddling animal squatted in the trail before him and gave vent to a whining chatter. It was about Taku's own size and did not appear to be dangerous. On the contrary, its whining notes seemed uttered more by way of entreaty than in threat. Taku advanced to investigate it. He was on the point of extending a tentative forepaw to cuff this intruder, when his mother, coming upon him from behind, grunted in sudden apprehension and knocked him sprawling with a sidewise sweep of her own forepaw, thus forestalling his purpose.

Within the week, however, and after encountering a score of these stupid creatures, Taku met one of them when some little distance removed from his mother's watchful eye. He circled the beast, growling valiantly but exercising considerable caution nevertheless, for his mother's warnings had seemed to indicate that porcupines had best be left unmolested by small bears. He made tentative rushes at the squatting creature, but always stopped short. It did not seem nearly so active or so formidable an antagonist as his sister Atak. Surely it could inflict no greater damage. Working himself into a tiny rage and gaining in confidence from the creature's evident disinclination to fight, Taku at last rushed in and gave the hedgehog one hearty cuff. The next instant he was bouncing about the timber squalling lustily with pain and rage.

A dozen porcupine quills had become solidly embedded in the pad of his forepaw from the force of his own blow. At the instant of impact, too, the creature's spine-equipped tail had flashed jerkily, planting a score of quills in his foreleg clear to the shoulder. The old bear, summoned by his outcry, rushed to the spot, bristling with rage. She calmed, however, upon seeing the porcupine. This same thing had occurred with each of her many offspring in the past. She growled menacingly at the quillpig, licked tentatively at Taku's uplifted paw and resumed her placid way.

Taku squalled again as he set his foot down upon the snow. He soon learned, however, to travel upon his three sound legs while keeping the injured member suspended. He made frequent halts to pluck at some protruding quill with his teeth, then hastened on with his three-legged gallop to overtake his family. Some of the quills he managed to extract, others were broken off and the points, as is the habit of porcupine quills, worked on into his flesh to fester and to irritate. During the next two days he answered Atak's playful rushes and invitations to scuffle with ill-natured snarls of warning. He was in no physical shape or frame of mind to indulge in cuffing affrays. Soon Atak desisted in her efforts to lure Taku into playful brawls, for Atak, too, had acquired a severe dose of porcupine quills. Thereafter the two young bears refrained from molesting the inoffensive porcupines.

Taku's diet, still almost exclusively vegetarian, now came to include a greater variety to supplement his fare of grass. The snow was disappearing in patches, and in such places the old bear, her nose pressed close to the leaf mold, detected the tender asparagus like shoots of the skunk cabbage before they were thrust above the surface. A single scooping movement of her forepaw was sufficient to unearth such a prize. Taku and Atak soon became proficient at this art. Mushrooms, too, were now sprouting

The First Flakes of a Storm Filtered Down on the Hills and the Two Cubs Followed Their Mother Into the Lair

and the three bears ate quantities of them. Out above the timber on the open moss-grown slopes the ground squirrels appeared in thousands as the snow disappeared. The old bear dug out nest after nest of these rodents and Taku soon learned to excavate on his own account, thus acquiring his first taste of red meat. Also, he devoured quantities of insects.

The forest floor was no longer a smooth expanse of white packed snow. It had been transformed into a veritable jungle that was almost impenetrable. Great windfalls were piled about in wild confusion, and through it all grew dense underbrush and seas of the fiendish thorned devil's-club. The openings on the sidehills were clogged with dense thickets of alders that had now leafed out. Bear trails, well beaten from much travel, threaded this tangled maze. Taku and his family sometimes spent the heat of the day in the cool shaded depths of the forest. A primeval silence reigned there, except for the occasional notes of the varying thrush in the underbrush or the fluted melody of some feathered songster high in the tree tops.

At other times they spent the day far up in the ice fields. Great glaciers spread themselves across mountain tops and flowed imperceptibly through the gorges. Some were dead, their feet gradually receding. Others still lived and pressed on down to the sea, to break off in tremendous pieces, consigning their age-old freight to the ocean. The dull reverberating booms of falling ice resounded daily as the heat of summer descended upon the country. Taku loved the ice fields, enjoyed bedding upon the cool surface when the sun was hot. Also his chief delight, aside from eating, was to play about the hummocks of the glaciers. He and Atak chased each other over the rough uneven surface and tobogganned down long steep slopes of ice. Here on those fields of perpetual ice, where one might suppose there was absolutely no food whatever, Taku and Atak found insects that had become chilled while migrating across the glaciers and had fallen to the surface of the ice.

Up in these high meadows Taku met many mountain goats, shaggy white creatures that were unbelievably surefooted among the cliffs.

Occasionally he heard the long-drawn howl of a wolf, but not often, for there was but little game here and, of natural consequence, there were few of the big gray hunters of the north. Foxes were more abundant and he met them frequently in his rambles. Also he encountered an occasional wolverine

Taku learned new things daily. He came to know that his ears and his eyes told him things that were not true. He might hear a sound that his ears informed him was merely a piece of falling ice, when in reality it was caused by a mountain goat clattering across a rock slide, or the reverse of that equation. He might sight a great brown bear asleep in the moss, and so long as the creature made no movement his eyes sometimes mistook the object for a hummock of reddish moss. Or he might sight a stump and imagine that it was a bear. But his nose was infallible. Never did it trick him. When the wind was right he could catch the scent of porcupine, goat, bear or other creature in heavy timber or even on the opposite side of a rise of ground at a far greater distance than his eyes were of use in the open. So he soon accustomed himself to verifying everything with his nose—to feed upwind whenever it was feasible. If he had had more enemies this trait would have become even more pronounced.

After a period spent in the high country, the old bear set forth one day and traveled steadily down country over the bear trails that threaded the forested slope, leading her offspring on another pilgrimage to sea level. Wild strawberries were ripening in great profusion and the tribe of bruin, timing it accurately, proceeded to go on a berry spree. It was while engaged in this delightful pastime that Taku first learned of the only real menace to his kind that existed in the Yakutat region.

He had come to believe that life was all one joyous round, consisting of an ever-present appetite and the pleasant search for delicious food with which to satisfy it. There seemed little for him to fear. By giving reasonable distance to the big browns and by refraining from conflict with porcupines he had been able to avoid all trouble. There had been instances when his nose had been assailed by the rank scent of some creatures that were strange to him, and on such occasions his mother had exhibited

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TENNIS—PRO AND COIN

Miss Browne in Action at Wimbledon

By Mary K. Browne

ALTHOUGH I am not the first woman tennis player in America whose name has been stricken from the amateur roll, I probably am the first frankly to accept payment for playing the game. Mrs. Violet Sutton Doeg and Miss Florence Sutton preceded me by several years along the path of professionalism by teaching tennis and accepting fees.

The offer to become a member of Mr. C. C. Pyle's tennis troupe and tour the United States as an opponent of Suzanne Lenglen came to me the evening before the semifinal matches in the last National Women's Championships at Forest Hills. It was not a definite offer of so many thousand dollars in exchange for my amateur standing; just a feeler to learn whether I would entertain the thought.

I was surprised, for I had never considered the possibility of earning money at the game I had played for nearly twenty years. I was also worried, and said to Mr. Pyle's emissary: "Oh, you shouldn't have come to me while I am playing in this tournament. Why couldn't you have waited two more days? I feel like a professional already."

I actually felt contaminated, and though I tried to put the thought of professionalism from my mind, I did not sleep that night. When I went on the courts the next afternoon for my semifinal match with Elizabeth Ryan, I had a fearful feeling that the spectators were pointing me out to one another and saying, "There's Mary Browne; she's considering turning professional. Isn't it shocking what some people will do for money?"

But I did not have to sail under false colors long—if the feeler from Mr. Pyle had sullied my amateurism—for Miss Ryan defeated me, and for once I was really glad to lose an important match. "Now," I said to myself, "they will not want me to play with Suzanne." Unaccountably I was happy.

But a few days later I received another visit from the representative of Mr. Pyle and soon discovered that he was making me a proposition. I was offered what seemed to me a huge sum to play forty exhibition matches on the professional tour. The newspapers later said I was to receive $30,000 and 5 per cent of the gate receipts. As I look at my income-tax return, I can assure you that the newspapers exaggerated.

For the Sake of the Game

HOWEVER, I did not immediately say yes; and I didn't say no. The opportunity to make a great deal of money quickly by pleasant work, if you could call it work, appealed to me, naturally. But, as I say, I had played tennis—amateur tennis—for twenty years. I was uncertain what the effect of accepting the Pyle offer would be on my own position, as well as on the name of tennis.

I really had always been an amateur. I know that there is a widespread feeling that the better-known tennis players receive money for playing in tournaments. In fact, the public—or a large majority of the public—feels that if the stars are not getting paid, in one way or another, they are not alert.

It is permissible for an amateur to receive traveling expenses in tennis, but not in golf. But—and you can believe it or not, for it doesn't matter now—I was never paid for playing tennis, either directly or indirectly, in the twenty years of my career as an amateur. Frequently my expenses were paid by tennis associations or clubs, but not always by any means. And on the occasions when my expenses were paid, the sum allowed never covered the expenditures I had to make for the sake of playing tennis.

My limited means have not been sufficient to permit me to play through a season of several months' tournament competition without accepting transportation and hotel accommodations when they were offered. Many players, of course, have been able to meet their own expenses, but not all of us are so fortunate. Still, I have paid my own expenses often, and in the twenty-odd years that I have played the game, it has cost me several times what Mr. Pyle paid me for the professional tour with Lenglen.

I do not regret that I made the tour with Mademoiselle Lenglen. When the opportunity first came to me there were many things to consider. The money was one. I am still Miss Browne and therefore obliged to take a husbandly view of opportunities.

Miss Helen Wills, Former National Women's Champion

A Veteran of Veterans

IF YOU date my tennis history from the year I won my first title, in 1912—and I had devoted myself to the game several years before—it appears that I have a record eight years longer than William T. Tilden, who won his first national championship in 1920, and three years longer than William M. Johnston, who reached the top of the American ranking list in 1915.

Why, I was a veteran, almost, when the newspapers referred to Johnston as William instead of Little Bill; and I played in the mixed doubles of the national tournament with Tilden when the critics could see "streaks of promise in him if he could develop control and learn something of tactics."

In other words, I have been playing tennis for quite some time. Tilden and Johnston are considered veterans of the sport; and so, when the suggestion was made that I leave the amateur ranks, I felt that tennis could spare me and let me, without hard feeling, earn some money. The game has done much for me in the way of creating friendships, besides making it possible for me to travel about this fascinating country of ours, and even abroad.

I love sports. Next to playing tennis, I love to play golf; and with a tennis past, I hoped for a golf future. Now things are frightfully confused. Though I have the time and money to indulge myself in golf, I understand I shall not be permitted to compete in the Women's National Championship because I am a professional in tennis.

Strangely enough, I am playing better tennis than I have ever played in my life, due to the constant practice against Suzanne Lenglen and to the knowledge I have gained from competing against her. In all the years I have played the game, I realize now that I had overlooked the simplest rudiments of tennis, which are the foundation of Suzanne's game.

She is not, as nearly everyone supposes, a prodigy at all. She is a product of intelligent coaching, persistent practice and keen observation. Of course, she has unusual speed of foot and a rare tennis mind, but I have known many women players who had such qualities but never scaled the heights that Suzanne has. In natural ability May Sutton Bundy was the equal

of Suzanne, but like the rest of us, she did not have the same quality of coaching and systematic training in technic.

Lenglen has a purpose in every move she makes. Her accuracy can hardly be improved on. Having the necessary control of her shots, she can play a crafty game which allows her to conserve her energy while forcing her opponent to wear herself out.

Although she can, if she wishes, drive with as much power as most men, she rarely does so, for, as she explains, power is gained at the sacrifice of accuracy, and her game is based on perfect control. Most players try to win on placements. Suzanne rarely tries a placement until she has maneuvered you out of position or forced a weak return. But an examination of the point score of most of her matches, particularly important matches, shows that she usually relies on the simple process of keeping the ball in play until her opponent makes an error.

She can volley better than any woman I have seen, but she seldom goes to the net unless drawn there. Lenglen, in fact, has perfected every stroke. There is not, in my opinion, any woman who compares with her in any way, with the possible exception that Helen Wills strokes with greater severity.

Ninety-nine players out of a hundred, including the men, drive as closely as possible to the top of the net, but Suzanne invariably clears the net by a good foot. A hard-driven ball that clears the net by a scant inch is no more effective than Suzanne's ball that clears it well. It is the destination of the ball that is important, and the player who tries to skin the net on most of his returns will send a large portion of them into the net.

Covering Ground

"WHAT good is a brilliant thought behind the ball which ends in the net?" asks Suzanne. Obviously the answer is: "No good." She rarely loses points by netting, and in many of her hardest matches the point score will show not more than half a dozen nets, compared with twenty or thirty for nearly any capable player you can mention.

"If I clear the net it gives me one more opportunity to score the point, for my opponent may drive out of bounds or into the net, or give me a weak return that I can smash to end the rally." So reasons Suzanne. "If I drive into the net I do not even give her an opportunity to make an error. So my main purpose in a match is always to clear the net."

Next to clearing the net, Suzanne's basic strategy is to conserve her energy and at the same time to wear out her opponent. In a sense, every return she makes is to the point farthest removed from the previous one, so that you cover the maximum distance. With many players, the execution of this strategy finds expression in drives first to the right-hand corner of the court, then to the left, or backhand, corner. They keep an opponent running back and forth with the monotonous regularity of a pendulum.

Mrs. Mallory, the present American champion, uses simple tactics—to drive to alternate corners of her opponent's back court, either cross court or straight down the line, to get her opponent running back and forth so rapidly that she can suddenly shift and place two in succession down one side. If one particular stroke of her opponent is weaker than the others, Mrs. Mallory bombards that weakness until she has caused her opponent to make errors with a regularity that insures victory for Molla.

Miss Wills in Action

But Suzanne is not so naïve. She does not rely upon making you merely run across the back line, but she can shorten her drives and place them at acute angles to the sidelines. Thus you are forced to advance to the net and retreat again to the base line, which means that one is forced to cover a maximum of court, both up and back, as well as from side to side.

The up-and-back running is the most exhausting, for one does not usually turn one's back to the opponent, but retreats backward.

Suzanne can effectively carry on a campaign of wearing down her opponent, because she can not only keep the ball in play but has the accuracy to place the ball constantly to the proper portion of her opponent's court to force her to do the running

She makes most players run rapidly and incessantly to reach her returns, while she appears to be waiting for their returns when the ball arrives. This is due to her having been drilled in what the logical return will be from her opponent's racket, plus her own keen observation of the tendency of her opponent to make certain fixed replies.

The Opponent's Game Under Control

TENNIS critics are apt to dismiss Suzanne's marvelous ability always to be in position, waiting, by calling it uncanny anticipation and marvelous speed of foot. It is more than that. I maintain that other players have those qualities. I may say, I hope with modesty, that I myself have possessed anticipation and a good deal of fleetness, but I was never drilled from childhood in what the logical and almost invariable results of certain definite plays will be.

No player in the world, except Norman Brookes, of Australia, in my opinion, has had such control of his opponent's game as has Suzanne. She can make you play into her hands. She can play you out of position in spite of any and every thing you may try to do to avoid it. She can make three or four plays and tell you where she will end her point. Just as Willie Hoppe can tell you in advance of three or four plays the exact relative position in which the three billiard balls will stand, or just as McGraw can tell you in advance the position of his men on bases as the result of, say, a single, a sacrifice and a two-bagger.

Suzanne has been drilled in these sequences of plays, in a schedule of shots, and she has several combinations at her command. She is not a genius born but a genius made. It is the hard work she has done to perfect her technic, the research and systematic study of every type of player

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Miss Mary K. Browne, Madame Lenglen, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen After the International Tournament at the Racing Club of France in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. In Oval—Miss Browne Congratulating Mlle. Lenglen After the Finals

THE LOVE LOT

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THOUGH he greets me with a smile, I can see right off that things are not hitting so hot for Bannister. I've met that smile before; the sort that bats for worry and runs bases for the blues and makes a sorry mess of the chore. It's just a scowl putting on company manners.

"How's business, boy?" I asks, draping my slim figure over the corner of the office desk.

"Can't tell," returns Rufe. "I haven't seen any lately."

"Well," says I cheerfully, "you know how it is—business stays bad for a long time, and suddenly ——"

"—— it gets worse," finishes Bannister. "What's the use?" he explodes. "I'm no salesman. I couldn't sell votes to a gang politician."

"Been working hard?" I inquires.

"I'll tell me I have," barks Rufe. "Ten-twelve hours on a stretch for ——"

"What you need," I interrupts, "is fewer and better hours. You could sweat even twenty-six hours a day," I goes on, "and still not be able to sell many diamond-studded ice boxes to an Eskimo poor farm."

"Who'd try?" grunts Rufe.

"You're showing symptoms," I goes on. "Answer me these—who've you been steering out to Lawnview to look at the property? Friends of yours? People you used to know?"

"Sure," answers Bannister. "What do you expect me to do—kidnap strange come-ons out of the street and hold their heads under the sand until they Hancock on the dotted line?"

"It's K. O.," says I, "to take folks that you know out there, but the trouble is the only folks you know are Eskimo paupers, and Lawnview is diamond-studded ice boxes as far as they're concerned."

"They've got dough," argues Rufe.

"So has your old mint," I replies; "but you've got to have more than dough to get a kick out of Lawnview. You've got to have taste and vision—and who do you know that can even spell the words?"

"Nobody," admits Bannister absently.

"Thanks." I bows.

"I didn't mean that," splutters Rufe. "I wasn't thinking of you, Glove. I was thinking of myself—what a bust I am at business. You should have let me rot in the ring."

"Want to put on the gloves again?" I asks coldly.

"I want you," returns Bannister; "but I'm such a flat of a salesman I can't even put that deal over."

"And yet," says I softly, "I'm a good prospect."

"Aces," he agrees; "but I'm a punk prospector."

"Stick to it, boy," I encourages. "There's gold in them thar mountings. Tell me," I continues, "haven't you sold even one lot?"

"Not a foot," glooms Rufe. "In fact the lots are one up on me. Three weeks ago there were seventy plots in Lawnview. Yesterday, when I got the new blue print, there were seventy-one. They found that a piece next to the property really belonged on our side. That's the kind of rip-roaring real-estater I am. I start out with seventy plots and in less than a month I've got 'em all sold except seventy-one."

"How big is the new piece?" I asks.

"About a quarter of an acre," returns Bannister, "and all I'll get out of it, probably, is trouble. This bird Allen, who owns the next tract, isn't likely to stand for a slice being cut out of his pie without stirring up a fuss."

"He's the type," says I.

"Oh," exclaims Rufe, "you know him?"

"He's a neighbor of the boss," I returns, "and I see him around the office occasionally. He looks like an egg that might do a lot of scrambling. If your title's clear, though, what do you care?"

"All I know so far," says Bannister, "is what the blue print tells me. I suppose I should have asked some questions, but I haven't. I'm too disgusted with the whole thing. What did you let me get into this game for anyhow?"

"You wanted to be a business man, didn't you?" I snaps.

"I wanted to be," he comes back, "what you wanted me to be; but it's sure some hop, skip and jump from knocking down pork-and-beaners in the prize ring to knocking down lots in a spiffy subdivision. Now if I was selling sporting goods or ——"

"—— rubber trees," I interjects maliciously.

"Aw," flushes Rufe, "don't rub it in. Even if I did get gypped in that deal, it doesn't prove that I'd be a sucker for everything, does it?"

"I don't know," says I. "Everything hasn't had a chance at you yet."

"No," returns Bannister; "and it looks like it never will. By the time Lawnview gets done shaking me down, I won't ——"

"As a matter of fact," I interrupts, "you never sat any prettier in your life than you're sitting now."

"And nothing prettier," says Rufe, "ever sat on my desk than is sitting there now. By the way, Glove, have you anything particular to do around noon tomorrow?"

"Why?" I asks.

"Could you give me an hour or so?" he goes on.

"I suppose so," says I. "Anything important?"

"How's Business, Boy?" I Asks, Draping My Slim Figure Over the Corner of the Office Desk

"Not very," replies Bannister. "I thought we'd take a stroll, get married, have lunch ——"

"Open your parachute, boy," I suggests, "and come down to earth. You're mussing up the clouds. I came here today to talk turkey to you."

"All right," sighs Rufe, "gobble on."

"In the first place," I begins, "I want you to know why I got you to sink your money into Lawnview."

"And in the second place," growls Bannister, "you might tell me how to get it out."

"I'll come to that," I assures him. "The big idea of the land deal was to take your cash away from you, bury it and then set you to work digging it up."

"Swing again," frowns Rufe. "That one was wild."

"As long," I continues, "as you had all that money you retired from the ring with lying around in reach, you were just a mark for the sharpshooters, and the Number One Baby on the sucker list of every bank-roll barber in New York."

"I'm not such a fool," growls Bannister resentfully.

"Everybody," says I, "is one of those things when he draws cards in another man's game. In your line, boy, you were the slickest of 'em all; but when it comes to business, you're just a bucket toter and a towel swinger."

"Then what," demands Rufe, "is the sense of my being in it?"

"The sense," I retorts, "is not so much in being in it as in being out of the fight game. You'll learn. I wish," I goes on, "my father had been coaxed into quitting the ring for a decent job. If he had, I might not have had to go to work at thirteen, and Dave Marberry might have left me something to remember him by besides the name of Glove."

"It's a pretty name," says Bannister, reaching.

"Maybe," I comes back; "but it doesn't remind me of pretty things."

"Would Mrs. Rufus A. Bannister," asks the boy friend, "remind you of prettier ones?"

I Finds Him in the Living Room Surrounded by Girls, With Ethel by His Side

"It would," I smiles, "if, when and as you are Rufus A. Bannister."

"Ain't I him now?" he frowns

"That sentence," says I, "is the answer. There's still a lot of Rough-'Em-Rufe Bannister about you."

"H'm!" scowls Rufe. "Guess I never will be good enough for you."

"That's a foul," says I quietly.

"I know it," he comes back, contrite. "I'm sorry, Glove. You're helping me and I'm biting the hand that lays the golden eggs. I'm so grouched up over the Lawnview ——"

"Ungrouch yourself, lad," I cuts in. "That piece of land is the best buy on Long Island."

"It may be a Republican buy," grunts Bannister, "but it's a Democratic sell."

"Mason," says I, "insists the tract is worth twice what you paid for it and, believe me, the boss knows his delicatessen when it comes to that section. He lives there."

"Was Lawnview his tip?" asks Rufe.

"In a way," I returns. "I heard him talking about the place, and right away I figured it was just the thing that was looking for you. You weren't happy working for that Kenyon Realty crowd, and ——"

"I never will be happy," interrupts Bannister, "working for anybody."

"That," says I, "makes the prospect of my marrying you brilliant."

"Aw," protests Rufe, "I didn't ——"

"I don't blame you," I continues, "for wanting to hit out for yourself, but you had to have some experience. Six months don't make you a postgraduate in plot peddling, but at any rate you've learned the difference between a second mortgage and a fifty-foot frontage. Now here you are, your own boss, your money invested safe and sound. The land won't run away. It's yours. There are profits to be made in selling it. They're yours. What more do you want?"

"Somebody to sell to," snaps Bannister.

"Correct," says I, "and that brings us to the next step in the career of that rising young business man, Rufus A. Bannister the social step."

"Meaning?" he inquires.

"Meaning," I explains, "you've got to meet and mix with the right kind of people. You can't sell ermine to vermin. That job of tin ears you used to know could no more be interested in Lawnview than a deaf-mute Sioux could be in Swedish chamber music. It's a classy place and calls to class."

"I hear it," says Rufe; "but how do I hitch myself to the high hats? Run an ad in the paper—'Ex-prize fighter wants to meet tony folks with detachable dough; object, real-estate sales'?"

"Wonderful," I remarks, "how effective advertising has become. You get your answers now even before the ad's printed."

"How's that?" puzzles Bannister.

"I came over today," I returns, "to tell you that the Masons want us to spend the holidays—Friday to Monday—at their country home. You'll meet some nice people ——"

"Did you ask 'em to invite me?" cuts in Rufe.

"No," I replies. "Mrs. Mason asked me to come and bring along that charming young man her husband had spoken of as being a friend of mine. At first I couldn't think what charming young man she meant, so I began with the *A*'s, and when I got to the *B*'s ——"

"I'm sure lucky," grunts the boy, "that Bannister isn't spelled with an *X*. You certainly are in good with your boss," he adds.

"It's all in knowing how to treat employers," says I. "Most of them are overworked by their hired hands. When I came to J. W. five years ago, he hustled long hours every day in the week. Now I've got him on a six-hour, four-day basis. Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday he gets for golf. If it wasn't for me he'd have gone through life without breaking a hundred."

"A hundred whats?" asks Rufe.

"Sold!" Shouts Bannister, Writing the Word Across the Wedge on the Blue Print

"That," I answers, "is the tip-off on what's the matter with you. How do you expect to do business these days, especially on Long Island, without being able to gargle in golf. Maybe," I suggests, "the boss'll show you how to play. Got any knickers?"

"No," snaps Bannister; "and that isn't ——"

"Merry murder!" I gasps. "A real-estate dealer on Long Island without knickers!"

"What," demands Rufe, "have my pants got to do with the sale of home sites?"

"You haven't sold any home sites, have you?" I inquires sweetly.

"You know I haven't," he growls.

"And," I pursues, "you've been wearing long pants all the time, haven't you?"

"Proving what?" rasps Bannister.

"Proving obviously," I comes back, "that long pants are no help in selling Long Island real estate."

"All right," grins Rufe, "I'll try short ones, but I'll be in a swell fix if they don't help either."

"Joking aside," says I hastily, "you'll find, my dear there is a great deal of connection between business and what you wear, what your pastimes are, your social affiliations, and so on. The big plums don't go to the nose-to-the-grindstone workers any more. Nowadays it's your personality that shakes the tree and your friendships that help you gather in the fruit. More big deals are put over on golf courses and at lunch clubs than are put over in banks. J. W. was telling me only last week about selling a man a thousand bales of cotton while they were both waiting in a sand trap for a foursome ahead of them to get off the green."

"You've given me an idea," remarks Bannister. "I know just what to do now."

"What?" I asks.

"Put on knickers," returns Rufe, "and start a lunch club in a sand trap."

II

"REMEMBER," I warns Bannister, as we're driving from New York, "you're not going to the Masons' to sell lots or even talk real estate. It's a social gathering. You may make some friendships that later on will be valuable to you, but ——"

"All right, honey," interrupts Rufe, "I'll air the acreage."

"And," I adds, "soft pedal on the pug stuff. This isn't a gang of fist fanciers or ring roustabouts you're going to meet, and they don't give one hurrah in Hattiesburg what you did to Wild Pat Ginsberg or what Slug Spellacy did to you."

"Gosh! If I can't talk fight or front feet, what can I talk about?"

"Good listeners, preferred," says I, "have never passed a dividend; bum talkers, common, have never declared one."

"Won't they think I'm a Dumb Dan," asks Rufe, "if I don't open my trap?"

"Maybe," I returns; "but why give them the benefit of the doubt? Don't worry. Your tongue'll get plenty of workouts. From what I know of them, week-end conversations aren't pitched so high that you can't tune in on the chorus."

"Well," says Bannister, "I got one prime subject anyways."

"Yourself?" I inquires.

"And yourself combined," he comes back.

"Listen, big boy," says I. "I like you around me—keep your hands on the wheel, all of them—but don't pay so much attention to me out there. In the first place, it's bad form on Long Island to park your affections in your own space. In the second place, it's the other folks I want you to sell your pretty self to."

"Meaning," concludes Rufe eagerly, "that I've already sold myself to you?"

"I'm interested in the rough model," I replies, "but I want to see how it takes a polish before calling it a deal. Isn't that Lawnview over there?" I points.

"Yep," says Bannister, "that's my sand trap. Let's drive in for a minute. I want to take a look at that extra lot they've rung in on me."

Continued on Page 158

PEOPLE AGAINST VAN TEEL

"You Don't Know Where Ramepercker Is, Hey? I Don't Cut In on This, Do I?"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JAUL TEPPER

THE following advertisement appeared in the New York Star and Express of Wednesday, March 1, 1910

ARE YOU THE MAN

Who wants a big salary, vastly bigger prospects, not a free hand but a wrench out his ideas?

Nation-wide organization now forming to merchandise new invention of undreamt possibilities wishes driving executive to organize and completely service New York market. Youth, drive initiative, good reputation above all. Have you these for sale?

Full credentials—copies, preferably—to Prominent Financier, Box A82, N. Y. S. & E.

This advertisement was answered by George Van Teel, a clerk in the employ of Finck & Woodman, an insurance firm on William Street. George's credentials were plentiful and good, and his letter of application had pulling power; George seems to have been quite capable, almost brilliant, but erratic. He could keep a job, but would not; when he threw up a job for a better one, he invariably got a good letter from his boss to add to his stack. And he could write a bang-up application for a job, having written them by the basket. He must have written one of his best this time, for the advertiser did not merely send for him, but called on him in his four-room flat on Audubon Avenue. That's on Washington Heights, a high-class residential section. George Van Teel, thirty-three years old, married, and with one child, was paying thirty-one dollars a month in this smart new apartment house, and was making eighty a week with Finck & Woodman, and was still casting around to improve himself.

"You know, Martha," he said to his wife that night in their bright little kitchen, "I told you when I went with Finck & Woodman that I wasn't going to get into a rut there."

"Oh, you did not," she said positively. "You said it was a wonderful chance to get in with people who were the biggest in their line. You did; you know you did." She uttered a laugh in which was vexation. She was a doll-like blonde, hardly more than a girl, with large and widely opened blue eyes that made her seem more credulous than she was after six happy-go-lucky years with George Van Teel.

George's brown eyes were bright with good humor; if George was in any way irritating, it was because of his unfailing good humor. "All right," he accepted, shooting a lean forefinger at her. "It was a wonderful chance, and how did I get it? By being always on the look-out, that's how. Believe me, Martha, there's nothing in being a worthy numskull and hanging onto one job all your life. That's been tried."

"I think I'm going to leave you," she flared, resolving to be angry.

"That's an offer. Where will you go?"

"I'll go to my mother's."

"We'll both go," he agreed, putting an arm about her "You're tired of married life, are you? Well, so am I. Let's go live with your ma. By the way, Martha, I brought home that new dance record. Let's go in and turn on the gramophone and give it a whirl."

She thrust him away.

"I heard the front door. If it's anybody, tell them I'm out."

"And if it's nobody," supplemented George, going, "I'll ask them to step in the parlor, eh?"

He said to the stranger who stood on the doormat in the public hall, "Who wishes to see him, and about what?" He didn't like the man's full round voice and confident delivery, nor the fact that he had not been announced from the hall below. The man spoke like a publicist, like a big politician or university president, or house-to-house peddler of some trash that George didn't want.

"I am John R. Watkin," said the stranger. He was buttoned into a long overcoat whose collar was turned up about his ears. "Mr. Van Teel answered an advertisement in the New York Star and Express."

"Oh, yes; yes," said George affably. "Come right in, Mr. Watkin. Let me have your hat and coat. Are you the prominent financier who ran that insertion?"

"I'll keep it on, thanks," said Mr. Watkin, hugging his coat about him. He sat down in the tight little parlor with his back to the electric table lamp, and looked at George with eyes that swam behind thick lenses. "When can you go to work for us, Mr. Van Teel?" he said with a directness that had not been exceeded in George's experience. "You have been thoroughly investigated, and have been decided on."

"I could take hold for you on three days' notice, Mr. Watkin, if everything else is agreeable. Finck & Woodman know I'm looking."

"I dare say you wish to know something about our business," said Mr. Watkin after a weighing pause. "I am obliged to ask you to give me your word to respect any confidence that I may repose in you. The circumstances, Mr. Van Teel, are special."

"I do that."

"You have been selected to organize and direct the New York City outlet for the United States Fireless Heat Corporation."

"Fireless heat, Mr. Watkin?"

"A chemical," said Mr. Watkin, lowering his voice. "When inclosed in a metal container, filled up with distilled water, and the intake sealed to prevent oxygenizing, it will generate a steady heat of one hundred and seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit for a period of eight months. And a container of the chemical costs not to exceed a dollar and thirty-seven cents. Applied to house heating, imagine warming a house at a cost of one dollar and thirty-seven cents per room per season. That, however, is theoretical."

"Quite a wonderful idea, even if you mean it," said George. "Or are you just going to sell stock in it? No? Pardon me for the suggestion. The thing certainly has untold possibilities; doing away with furnace, piping, firing, and all. It is only a matter of having the right chemical. May I ask who is backing this?"

"No," said Mr. Watkin. "We can have no publicity until our plans are matured, patents secured, building codes modified, and so forth. On the day that you go to work for us fifty thousand dollars in cash will be deposited to the account of the New York corporation of which you will be treasurer and managing agent. Does that answer the thought behind your question?"

"Entirely. And the salary, Mr. Watkin?"

"A permanent arrangement," said the visitor, folding his hands into his sleeves, "must await better acquaintance. When we are pleased with each other we will talk contract. Besides, you have not visioned this thing yet, and you don't know what would be fair. I would suggest a salary of one hundred and forty dollars a week, and leave a long-term contract in abeyance for the present."

"I'll agree to that," said George, lowering his eyes.

"On Friday, then, you will be ours. Unless you have another plan, I suggest that you take at once a small office somewhere centrally located where you can make your preliminary surveys. Don't let me rule you, though. You shall have complete responsibility. You shall organize your own office, hire your own space, plan and execute your own campaign ——"

"But so many ends are in the air," said George quickly, seeing his visitor rise. "This New York corporation, for instance "

"It has been organized. At a meeting of the board tomorrow you will be elected treasurer, and the necessary by-law passed to give you complete control. I mean complete control, Mr. Van Teel; the people behind this thing can't be bothered with details."

"What's the name of this corporation I am to manage?"

"You'll learn that Friday morning. Pursuing our policy of pitiless privacy, the corporation bears only the name of a stockholder."

"When and where shall I see you again?" persisted George, detaining him.

"Mr. Van Teel," said Mr. Watkin, handing the younger man a card, "it is the distinction of an executive to answer questions, not to ask them. Call that number on Friday and give me your office address and I shall arrange a conference. Good evening, sir."

When he was gone George ran to the kitchen. "Quick, Martha, look down there and see him come out. See him? See him? Oh, you missed him. Did you hear our talk?"

"No," said Martha. "I was in the back bedroom for fear they would hear me."

Relying on this conversation with Mr. Watkin, George Van Teel gave up his position with Finck & Woodman of William Street. He hired a small office in a taxpayer on Columbus Circle, putting up twenty dollars of his own money as the first month's rent, and got a desk and two chairs on time, pledging his own credit. When he was ready to begin working for one hundred and forty dollars a week, he called Mr. Watkin on the telephone. That gentleman relieved George's vague but deepening doubts in a very signal manner.

"I'm sending you up a check for fifty thousand dollars," he said. "It is made by Otho L. Ramspercker, who is one of our group. It is made to the order of Otho L. Ramspercker, Inc. That is a corporation—the corporation that is to act as New York agent for F. H."

"F. H.?" queried George. Then he remembered that he had to do with fireless heat. "Oh, yes; exactly, Mr. Watkin."

"I am also sending you a copy of the certificate of incorporation under the business-corporations law, and a copy of the by-laws establishing your right as treasurer to represent the company. You may need these with the bank. Deposit the check to the account of the corporation in the Motor Center Bank."

"You mean this bank here on Fifty-ninth Street? Why, I worked there at one time, Mr. Watkin."

"A fortunate coincidence, since they spoke very highly of you in that letter you showed us. However, you are not to disclose anything of our business at this time. Go there, tell them that you wish to open an account in the name of Otho L. Ramspercker, Inc., indorse the check as treasurer, and await instructions. We are bringing many strings together and making many combinations, and you must be patient."

Within half an hour a telegraph messenger arrived with a crisp check for fifty thousand dollars, and with a collateral authorization to George to do with the check as he saw fit

He was the subject of comments that were facetious but admiring from his old associates, when he deposited the big check and filed the papers that went with it. He was dutifully noncommittal, and the bank was not painfully curious. Of the guarded little that he said, though, one remark returned to plague him

He said, smiling cheerfully, "Better wait and see if that check goes through!"

On the following Monday afternoon Mr. Watkin telephoned to him, saying, "Did you put that check through? Good enough. You have saved that much cash to the company, or will have done so shortly."

"How's that, Mr. Watkin?"

"I have learned, Van Teel, that the fifty thousand dollars that our friend Ramspercker let us have is borrowed money. He borrowed it of one Hyman Mertz, and this Mertz, through some misunderstanding or disagreement, has just taken judgment against him. I really believe that it's a mere misunderstanding caused by an officious lawyer, and that everything will be adjusted when our man returns to the city. Meanwhile, however, the lawyer would have seized that money if you had let it lie in the Sandy Hill Bank. Lucky you put the check right through. But my thought now, Van Teel, is that this Hyman Mertz may seek to pursue that money into the Motor Center Bank Misled by the name of the corporation, you know. As a matter of fact, Ramspercker has nothing to do with this particular corporation, and we did not know of the judgment when we took his check."

Mr. Watkin was silent for a moment, and George made thoughtful, rumbling noises. Then Mr. Watkin said, "I'll tell you what you had better do, Van Teel, so as to avoid any interference with our plans. You had better check that money out in cash. You have just time now to get to the bank. Jump over there and draw out the whole deposit in the form of large bills."

"You want me to draw out fifty thousand dollars in real money?" said George. "That's a big responsibility."

"Is it too big, Van Teel?"

"Oh, not at all, sir. I'll do it, sir. And what shall I do with the cash?"

"I'll meet you at your office in twenty minutes, and we'll take up the question of the money in order. Good-by, Van Teel."

George took out his brand-new check book, filled out check Number One to his own order for fifty thousand dollars, stamped it Otho L. Ramspercker, Inc., with his new rubber stamp, and signed his name as treasurer. He took this scrap of paper to the Motor Center Bank, and received for it fifty thousand dollars in United States currency Being asked at the bank why he drew the money, he said that he was doing as he was told and that the lawyer for the corporation had ordered him to do it.

He had stopped in at a leather store and had bought a cheap bag to carry the money in. He came from the bank with this bag in his hand.

"Van Teel!"

He saw Mr. Watkin sitting in an automobile that was halted before the bank, and went to him

"Let me have it," said Mr. Watkin, taking the bag from the treasurer. "I'll put this away, and see you at the office at four o'clock. Very good, Van Teel

Mr. Watkin drove into the traffic in Columbus Circle and was lost. George returned to his cubbyhole in the taxpayer and waited for four o'clock. Four o'clock came, but Mr. Watkin did not.

During succeeding days, George attempted vainly to get in touch with Mr. Watkin. The telephone number that George had been given was that of an upstairs poolroom and refreshment place in the Greenwich Village section

II

THE date of the visit of Mr. Watkin to the flat of George Van Teel has been established: it was March 7, 1910 On March seventeenth next thereafter, one Hobart L Kennis, a reputable attorney then practicing and voting in New York, visited the Sandy Hill Bank. He handed to the cashier—served on him, in effect—a certified copy of letters that had been issued to Kennis by the New York County Surrogate and said, "I am administrator of the estate of Otho L. Ramspercker, who kept his account here."

"Is he dead?" exclaimed the cashier. "When did that happen?"

"His body was found in the morgue just recently: it had been taken from the North River. You knew him pretty well?"

"Oh, no I don't recall the man personally. I know we had such an account here it was quite large—fifty thousand dollars. So he was drowned - an accident, I suppose.

(Continued on Page 147)

George Van Teel Was Taken Into Custody Within an Hour, and Was Arraigned Before Magistrate McGirr

THE ZEPPELINS

By ERNST A. LEHMANN AND HOWARD MINGOS

SIX months of war transformed the Zeppelin Company into an ever-expanding organization working night and day toward quantity production of airships. This was something that the Allies never achieved. It was paralleled only by the output of American surface ships after the United States entered the conflict.

The assembly shed put up at Friedrichshafen in August proved too small for the larger ships which were being designed, so a larger shed was built. Laboratories, wind tunnels, engine-testing chambers and shops grew up near by. The Zeppelin harbor at Potsdam became a construction plant, and during 1915 the two centers were to produce twenty-six airships for the army and navy. Early in January we were transferred from the Sachsen to one of the new ships—the Z-12.

L-43, Painted Black Below to Help Conceal It From Enemy Searchlights

She was a modern raider, built for war, though much smaller even than the present Los Angeles. She was nearly 100 feet shorter and possessed only half the girth, therefore had much smaller lifting powers. Her capacity load of twelve tons was slight compared to the fifty tons of the Los Angeles. This indicates the progress made within a few years. And we now look upon the Los Angeles as only a small, experimental type. Another point we did not like about the Z-12 was her speed, which, though the fastest then made by an airship, was only fifty-six miles an hour. We knew that it was not enough to overcome adverse weather conditions in operations against a defended area. Still, the Z-12 represented a marked advance over the peacetime types.

Instead of open control cars, there were closed cabins not unlike those on present military craft. She was the first, after the unlucky peacetime experiment with the L-2, to have a corridor partly inside the hull, and was the forerunner of others which were to have the corridor completely inside.

Discarded Ideas

AMONG the scores of improvements many had been suggested by Gemmingen and myself. The engineers and others back at the plant had displayed much respect for our recommendations, for several reasons.

They knew that technical progress must depend on the observations made under actual war conditions, and also that I, as an experienced engineer, could be depended upon to avoid crack-brained and impractical suggestions.

When I first joined the organization in 1913 my experience as a shipbuilder had enabled me to discover many faults immediately, and like any other novice, I had rushed forth with one plan after another. For instance, why not streamline the ships—as they are today—and why not arrange the propelling machinery differently?

After many long explanations from my tolerant colleagues, it dawned on me that what I had suggested was merely the obvious, that anybody could see the need for improvement, and that these improvements were not made at that time for excellent reasons. They were then impractical. The cylindrical pencil-form hull with shaft-driven propellers high up on the sides made an awkward craft, but nevertheless one which could be landed and handled on the ground comparatively easily. With existing engines it was not then advisable to build hulls for more speed, the only advantage to be gained by streamlining. That was more costly, too, for under the methods then prevailing hulls could be built quickly and in greater numbers, the ring frames, except those at each end, being identical in size and therefore quickly duplicated.

The geared propellers were placed high up to avoid being damaged in a forced landing, and forced landings in those days were not uncommon. Thus my questions were answered, until I had learned to investigate thoroughly just what had been done by the others in the planning rooms before advancing my own ideas.

Count Zeppelin Testing Airship Propellers Before He Built His First Ship

I have dwelt on that subject at length because similar conditions exist in America today. Since the war innumerable schemes for making foolproof and perfect airships have been launched. Some are fanciful in the extreme. Others show all the superficial signs of logical reasoning. But there have been many failures in rigid construction simply because the builders, lacking thorough understanding of the fundamental theoretical principles and proper appreciation of the great variety of practical considerations involved, introduced new improvements which had been thought of and discarded without their knowledge.

Consideration Without Hero Worship

WITH our actual war experience I could combine practical engineering, so Gemmingen felt justified in indorsing my reports to the high command and the factory. As a result, I had the pleasure of seeing a number of my contributions materialize in the twenty-six Zeppelins produced during 1915 and used by the army and navy on a variety of missions.

Meanwhile, military circles, and, so it appeared, everybody else in Germany, had been thinking about air raids on London and Paris. Confidence in the Zeppelins had been so firmly established in the public mind by the commercial flights before the war that they were accepted as practical. Their accomplishments during the early months were not looked upon as unusual. More spectacular performances were expected. Though the airship crews were treated with the greatest consideration, they were not, nor did they ever become, objects of hero worship as did the airplane pilots such as Boelke, Immelmann, Richthofen and others, who later on repeatedly attained new records in bringing down enemy planes.

Raids on London were being considered by the high command. Finally, early in 1915, the plans were formulated, the result of long conferences between the army and navy chiefs and with the Kaiser.

Interference with the manufacture and procurement of supplies and munitions was the main reason for the raids. There were other reasons, of course. Next in importance was the object of inflicting damage on points of military value. These objectives lay scattered throughout England—docks, arsenals, munitions factories, warehouses, railway yards and, not least in importance, the Bank of England.

The Bank of England was one of the principal targets in all the raids on London. If it could be destroyed England's entire

monetary system might be thrown into confusion, and that would be one way of paralyzing the auxiliary industries in a war of this magnitude. The third object was to compel England to maintain large forces at home, to be concerned about defending London and other centers and thus divert from the battlefields no small part of her military strength

The fourth object of the raids was to bolster up the spirit and morale of the Zeppelin crews assigned to scouting and patrol duty with the navy Theirs was a monotonous and thankless task. They were exposed to all the dangers, yet had no real thrills of the sort that fighting or raiding provides. Admiral Scheer, commander of the fleet, recognized the need for giving the naval Zeppelins something else to do occasionally, and he advocated the raids because every member of the crews wanted to make raids.

The fifth object of the raids was to weaken the enemy morale. In this they failed. If anything, the British, in fact, the Allied morale was consi'derably strengthened by the Zeppelin raids. But the other purposes were accomplished more or less successfully.

The proposition finally progressed to such a point that it was subjected to expert opinion. Earlier in the war the high command had received a suggestion from a staff officer that whole fleets of Zeppelins be sent over London at once, not to scatter their effectiveness by single attacks, but to strike in a group—one overwhelming group that should penetrate and frustrate all defenses, no matter how strong they might be.

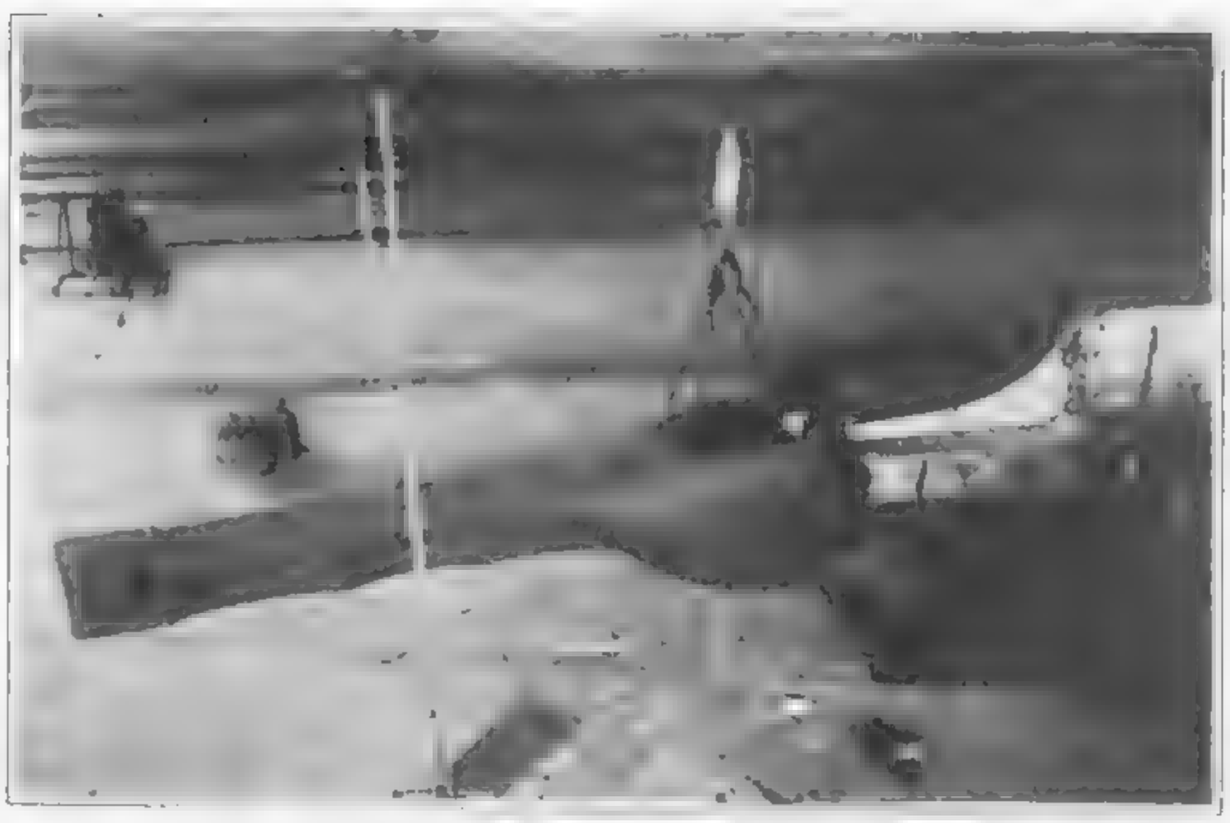
Danger Zones in London

THE airships were available. The Zeppelin plant at Friedrichshafen would be able in the near future to turn out a new ship every six weeks, and the navy already had five craft operating with the fleet and patroling the German seas

Each lot of ships was larger in size, more efficient in lifting capacity and possessed greater cruising range. A plan for razing London was worked out in unofficial quarters, yet without any official authority for it. There was none to sponsor it.

The idea was to equip twenty Zeppelins and train their crews to operate as part of a fleet. Each ship would carry about 300 incendiary bombs. They would strike London simultaneously at night. Thus 6000 bombs would be dropped on the city at once. When asked for my technical opinion I agreed that it was feasible.

Assuming that only a fifth of the bombs took effect or caused fires, that would give London more than 1000 fires to combat at the same time. We agreed that no organization on earth could successfully fight such a conflagration. We counted on having a third of the Zeppelins shot down, also in flames, but not until after they had dropped their bombs somewhere on the city.



Lehmann's Observation Car on the Z-12, In Which, Over Calais, Gemmingen Was Lowered One-Half Mile Below the Ship

"Then why wasn't the plan carried?" I hear the question from all sides.

I never talked with anyone who, realizing what the results would be, desired to take a personal part in such a raid. The fact that some people were expecting it may be attributed to war hysteria.

During that first winter of the war, whenever we had a conference on bombing, the outstanding impression was that the Kaiser was responsible for the instructions to bring our bombs back home if we were not sure of hitting objects of military importance. Gemmingen and I studied carefully the first orders for the London raids, which were not issued to the army airships until the middle of March, 1915.

We were to attack the inner city of London, all docks, railway stations, and so on, but by no means were we to risk hitting the residence of England's King, Westminster or St. Paul's. As we talked about this I drew out my map of London, on which I had made circles in red ink around those buildings, similar to the so-called danger circles employed by the captains of surface vessels to help them avoid rocks and shoals.

"Do you see how careful we must be?" I said. "I doubt if we shall have time to unload all our bombs during one run over the inner city We must risk flying in a complete circle and make a second attack. We shall undoubtedly run into one of these danger circles, especially while coming from the south, with a south wind, within two or three minutes after starting the attack. The only alternative is to begin bombing at the Woolwich Arsenal or the Albert Docks."

"Well," said Gemmingen "that's true enough, but I am sure that we must not hit Westminster."

'But," I insisted, "we shall never have time for more than one single shot at the Bank of England, for weather conditions are such that we will not often be able to use our little device for avoiding detection. That will require clouds and below them sufficiently clear atmosphere for us to see the target. Under the circumstances, we had better take the docks and outer military targets for our objectives and forget the inner city "

I just mentioned our little device to avoid detection from the surface. It was one of the early mysteries of the war, and so far as I know has never been explained fully.

The Eyes of the Zeppelins

THOUGH we had been receiving better bombs, we still faced the problem of using them efficiently. Our huge airships were large-size targets. The Allies were not slow in improving their defense. Enemy airplanes were becoming faster, more reliable, and capable of reaching heights near to our limit. The searchlights were stronger. They were making the heavens as light as day whenever the alarm was sounded for an air raid. The anti-aircraft guns were becoming more effective as the gunners learned more about firing at their targets. In fact, we could count on running into a hornets' nest whenever we crossed our own lines Gemmingen and I had set out to develop a means of overcoming all these defensive weapons. We succeeded in a way

Our idea was to produce a small observation car which might be lowered half a mile or more below the Zeppelin In that an observer could ride and direct the course and the firing, while the big ship floated serenely above him in a cloud bank or mist. As an engineer, the task of designing the car fell to me It was not my invention. Several persons had submitted similar ideas. It came to me from a businessman by the name of Hagen, who was also a civil engineer, in Cologne at that time. He had a small machine shop near by, and together we made the first tests with a very crude experimental apparatus.

He supplied a hand winch and a one-eighth-inch steel cable about 1000 feet long. We found an old butter cask and tacked a tail stick on it which we hoped would act as a sort of weather

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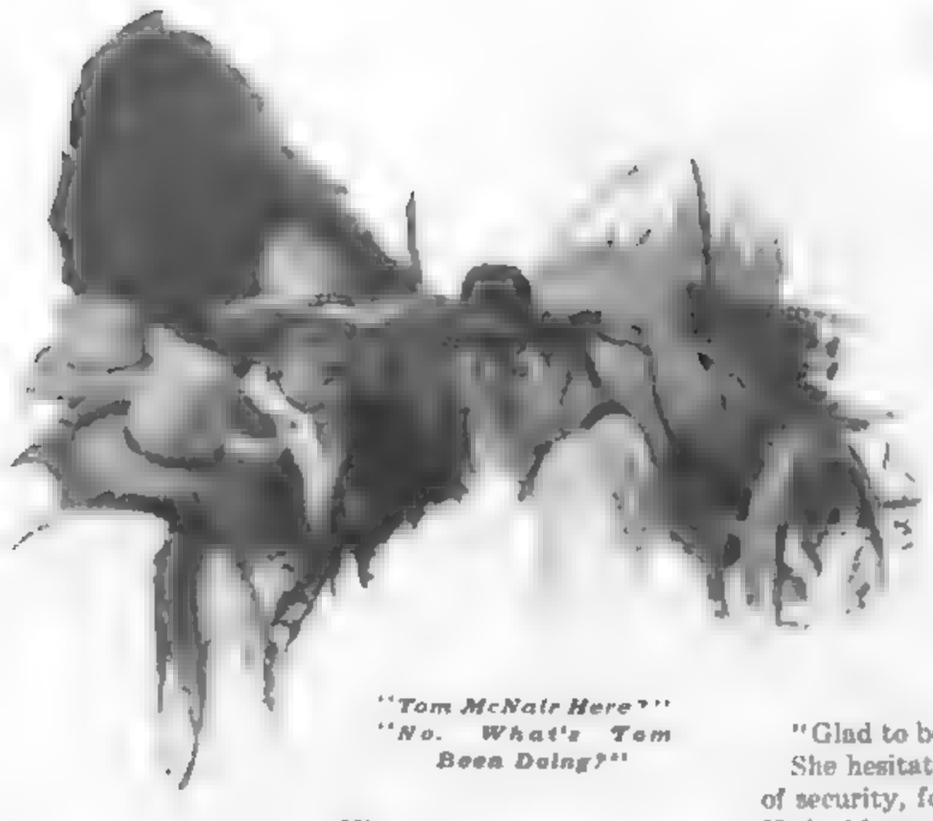
The Los Angeles Passing Over Basel, Switzerland, on its Delivery Flight to America



"Tom McNair Here?" "No. What's Tom Been Doing?"

LOST ECSTASY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IX

KAY never remembered much of that journey East. One day she was leaving Tom behind forever, and some time after that, ages and ages, they were at home again. There were all the familiar incidents of such returns—the car meeting them in town and taking them out to the country, Hawkins touching his cap. "Glad to see you back, sir."

"Very glad to be back, Hawkins."

Hawkins' hair newly cut, since Mrs. Dowling, having to look mostly at the back of his neck, was particular about this; Hawkins tucking in the rug. "Directly home, sir?"

"Yes."

Moving along, the streets smooth, the engine gayly purring. Leaning back against soft upholstery, dropping Herbert at his apartment, Nora stiff and silent out in front beside Hawkins and discouraging conversation. It was not good form to have conversation in the front seat. The country and the club, set in its green links; still green, not burned and parched like the plains. Big estates; gates of iron and smooth drives, and beyond them the houses, luxurious houses surrounded by trees and flowers. Turning in at their own gate, with its tidy lodge, and James at the door and Rutherford in the doorway, very elegant, very English.

"Welcome home, sir. Welcome home, madam."

Inside the house now. The mingled odors of soap, furniture polish and fresh flowers. The parlor maid in the background, a study in black and white.

"Well, Hannah, is everything all right?"

"Very nice, madam, thank you."

Nora nervously counting the bags once more, and James and Hawkins carrying them up.

"Will you have tea now, madam, or later?"

"Now, I think, Rutherford."

Carrying accumulated mail and cards from the hall into the drawing-room, with its tapestries and paintings, its old Italian chairs, and through it to the small tile-floored morning room beyond.

"No use going up yet, until Nora gets the dressing cases unpacked. Mercy, I feel untidy!"

Tea, scalding hot, and her father's table laid out with whisky and soda.

"The Marshall Merediths are having a garden party."

"When, mother?"

"On the nineteenth. Their dahlias ought to be very nice now."

James passing little cakes with cream inside, her favorite cakes, and Rutherford gravely watching. James really was funny in his livery, with the buttons down the long tails. Did he sit on them ever? And how they must scratch the chairs! She must look at the chairs in the servants' dining room sometime.

"I don't see why people want to give dinner parties at this time of year."

"Gertrude Hazlett is having a dance at the country club tomorrow, mother."

Anything, everything. Only don't think.

Mr. Dowling had settled down in his deep chair, the tray with decanter and siphon at his elbow. He was glad to be at home again. He never entered either of his houses without a deep sense of satisfaction. After all, although his father had left him a great deal, he had not been content to live without effort. He had added to what he inherited. And this house was his—his and Katherine's. It represented their common tastes; together they had traveled and collected.

He could look around and remember where and how each piece was secured; the old glass decanter beside him, for instance

Katherine was going upstairs. She gathered up her gloves, her bag and the litter of cards, notes and invitations from her lap and rose.

"Glad to be back, aren't you?" Henry asked.

She hesitated, glanced at Kay. The sense of home and of security, for her and hers, was suddenly strong in her. He had been a good husband, had Henry; safe and sound. Not a figure of romance, certainly, like that cowboy of the ranch, but he had never given her any trouble. She moved toward him, shyly, like a girl.

"Yes," she said, and would have stooped down and kissed him. But he reached for the siphon at that moment, and she turned and went out of the room.

After a minute or two Kay followed her and went into her bedroom. It had been her bedroom in the summer ever since she could remember, and the day nursery was just beyond it. Now, however, the day nursery was her boudoir, a gay little room with a small balcony. There used to be an extra rail on the balcony, because mademoiselle was afraid she would climb the railing and fall.

Now Nora and a housemaid were there, and Nora was in a sad way. "They've broke your mirror, Miss Kay," she wailed. "I told them not to put that dressing case under anything."

"Don't mind about that. We can have a new glass put in."

"But it's seven years' bad luck!"

Seven years! But what did it matter? Who could think ahead seven dreary, empty years?

They spread out before her, those years, filled with unimportant things. The telephone ringing and some young voice at the other end: "Hello, Kay! What's on for today?"

"Nothing much. I thought I'd ride this afternoon."

"How about some tennis? I'll get some extras in to tea."

"All right, count me in."

Summer parties, centering around the club; winter parties, centering around the debutantes. Fluffy little girls, looking wide-eyed and more innocent than they were, standing before banks of flowers beside mothers elaborately coifed and gowned.

"Did Anyone Over There Refer to

"Well, well, Anne! And so you're out at last!" And Anne restraining an inclination to drop a curtsy, and offering instead a limp and nervous hand

She opened the door, and stepping out onto her balcony, with its striped chairs and flower boxes, she faced the setting sun. Somewhere out there the sun would be setting soon too. It would go down behind the mountains, leaving them first rose, then blue and then gray—like her life from now on. But later on, hope began to revive in her.

The dignified, almost ritualistic life of the household went on. In the morning her father's car came to the door, and he got in heavily and drove into the city. He kept almost as long hours as his clerks, but at four o'clock he went to his club, and there played bridge until 6:30. Promptly at seven each day he came home, had a whisky and soda, and then went upstairs to dress for dinner. And at five minutes to eight he came heavily down the wide staircase, dinner suit, onyx studs and black tie carefully tied, and took the cocktail which James proffered him on an antique silver tray. Both tray and cocktail were, so to speak, hall-marked.

Sometimes they dined out. Then the only variation would be long tails instead of short, and pearl studs and white tie. And he would descend a few minutes earlier, and the car would be at the door. Or there was a dinner party. There would be a tray of tiny envelopes on the hall table, and after each gentleman had taken off his overcoat and top hat, he would take his envelope and look to see whom he was taking in. And occasionally the information cheered him, but quite frequently it did not.

Sometimes someone fell out at the last moment and Herbert filled in. Then he and Kay, as the only two young people, would be put together. They would make up talk.

"When are you going to open the town house?"

"Not while the weather is so good."

"You are looking very lovely tonight."

"Thanks. It's a new frock."

"I didn't mean the frock."

But that was as far as it went. She had a very definite idea that Herbert was marking time; that much as he worked out his days to a schedule, he was now patiently allotting time for her recovery. She even figured how he would do it. Two months to forget Tom McNair, two months for a restoration of his old relationship and two months to courtship! That would take them—one, two, three, four, five, six—to the first of April.

"What on earth are you counting on your fingers?"

"I always count on my fingers. That's what they are for, isn't it?"

"They are for other things too," he said darkly, and glanced at her left hand. Maybe she had been wrong about the six months!

But she was marking time also. During those early days after her return she gained a little perspective on the situation, or thought she did. Thus she was convinced that Tom had been deliberately sent away, and that she would hear from him as soon as he could write. He could not ignore that last night together; he would not want to ignore it.

He loved her, and he knew she loved him; nothing but that mattered. Later on they could plan. Now all she wanted was to nurse the thought of his love and keep it warm, to lie awake in the darkness and recapture the ecstasy of that moment when he had held her in his arms—his strong arms—his brave, reckless arms.

She lived in a secret world of her own and looked out from it at the environment she had never questioned before. Were they really satisfied, all these people who came and went, rustling in to tea and dinner, stepping out of their handsome motors, well dressed, well fed—too well fed—well mannered.

"I declare, Katherine, the ranch has made you over."

Me?" He Said, With Deadly Calmness

And her mother, living her own secret life, as Kay had begun to suspect, smiling the correct smile, saying the correct thing.

"I'm so glad you could come. We have been away so long, and we have missed our friends."

"We—we!" Kay had begun to notice that her mother seldom said "I."

It was such feeble living; men who had grown paunchy at desks and the tables of directors' meetings, women who welcomed even these familiar gatherings as breaks in the monotony of their luxurious days. Surely one must live, must do and be. No wonder old Lucius had revolted, had played as robustly as he had done everything else. And she remembered a story where a party of magnates, after a night of poker and certain accompaniments, had gone out to the swimming pool and jumped in, clothing and all. And one of them, who did not know how to swim, had forgotten he did not know and had almost drowned

She was singularly detached those days. Never before had she questioned the life she lived, or Henry and Katherine's right to dictate it. Now she did.

They still had, although she was of age, certain arbitrary powers over her which they would use unscrupulously the power of affection, the power of money, the power of long habitual authority.

And against them, what had she? Aunt Bessie, perhaps She thought Bessie might understand, might even keep her when the time came. She was certain that some day somehow, the time would come.

And then Bessie did come, and failed her absolutely She wandered in, said her maid was outside with her bags, and that her house was too dirty to live in. She was staying until it was cleaned. Then she lighted a cigarette, sat down and took off her hat.

"New haircut!" she said. "Ears again. It's a frightful nuisance. One has to wash them and everything. Of course, if they stick out, it won't do." She eyed Kay with her head slightly on one side. "What's the matter with you, child? You look washed out. Didn't the ranch agree with you?"

"I'm all right. Maybe it's leaving the altitude. I don't sleep very well."

Bessie glanced at her, blew through her cigarette holder, and getting up moved languidly toward the door. "The usual place, I suppose, Katherine? I'm going to bathe and take a nap. Come in and see me after a while, Kay. I want to hear about things."

She wandered out, humming, and up the staircase but in her own room, the door safely closed, she put down her cigarette holder and the hat she still carried and stood thinking. Nothing had been lost on her downstairs, neither Kay's pallor nor the faint color which had followed her question. And the faint tightening of her sister-in-law's lips was a signal with which she was entirely familiar.

"They've been deviling her about something or somebody," she considered. "The life's gone out of her If it's that stick of a secretary ——" She considered that, discarded it. More likely it was somebody out West. "Somebody real and, of course, ineligible! They'd hate that like poison!"

She slept until time to dress for dinner, and then swaggered downstairs in a dress with practically no back in it. But although she kept her eyes and her mind alert, she got no clew that evening. Kay ate very little; Katherine talked politely, and Henry gave assiduous and critical attention to his food. She herself smoked after every course, and through the smoke haze that surrounded her watched them all in turn with bright and comprehending eyes. Something was certainly wrong among them.

However, it was not until the third day of her stay that she learned anything, and then it required all her philosophy to meet the situation.

In her casual way she drifted about the house. No door was safe against her unless it was locked; she had no reserves and very little sense of privacy. Indeed, once long ago, her sister-in-law had been taken up to her dressing room, to find Bessie in a very sketchy negligee having her hair waved, and a young minor poet reading to her from a manuscript in his hand.

Mrs. Dowling had apologized and tried to back out again, but Bessie had seen her and called to her "Come in," she said. "Don't you want a wave while Pierre is here? He's about finished with me. Don't mind Jimmy here. Most of his poems are about ladies who don't wear anything at all."

Katherine had never told Henry that.

(Continued on Page 74)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 30, 1927

American Imperialism

THE solution of our problems, national and international, is not so simple as many earnest souls imagine. Perhaps the easiest job in the world is that of standing on the sidelines and criticizing those who have to meet those problems and adjust theory to reality. Yet when their own special interests are affected adversely these same theorists become our greatest realists. No one will fight harder for the lion's share than a communist.

First Russia, then Mexico and now China have presented questions to us that call for an immediate answer and a future policy. In each of these countries there has been and still is midnight ignorance, intolerable oppression and exploitation of the mass of the people, some indefensible acts by aliens, and many more against them. Each of these countries has exchanged one tyranny for another, one set of exploiters for another, and in the name of justice has denied justice.

What, then, shall be our attitude toward these countries? Our pinks and pacifists answer, let them alone—resent nothing, do nothing. If they confiscate the property of aliens working in them, that is their right. If they kill aliens living in them, that is too bad. If in addition to confiscating and killing they send emissaries into alien countries to buy publicity and to propagandize the innocent and gullible, the end justifies the means. Let them spread their doctrines of disorder and destruction. They are working out a high destiny, groping up toward light and liberty; and if in doing so they turn their own countries into living hells and poison the rest of the world, still, let them alone. Their object is pure and noble, so why bother about a little looting, a little burning and a little killing? Apparently any doctrine proclaimed in the name of uplift is sacred to these theorists.

The mass of the population in Russia, in Mexico and in China, illiterate and ignorant, have no idea what it is all about. Their leaders and their real objectives are covered by a screen of pretty propaganda put forth by a host of press agents, some bought, some befooled. Yet seen through this rosy mist, a considerable public in the United States believes that it is witnessing three great nations, led by disinterested patriots, staging a struggle for liberty akin to the American Revolution.

It would be a fine thing if we could leave Russia, Mexico and China to stew in their own juice. But can we? Dare we? Quite aside from our material interests in Mexico—and we could conceivably abandon them—we have at our door fifteen million people among whom hatred of the United States has been fostered. In addition, Mexico is today a headquarters for anti-American and communist propaganda. We cannot let her alone, because she will not let us alone. We cannot forget her, because what she thinks, what she does and what she is vitally concern us and our future. Suppose that a day or two hence in the life of nations—or one or two generations as we count time—we wake up to find on our border an active, aggressive, militaristic nation of fifty or sixty million people, trained to hate us? What then? We have turned the other cheek to Mexico so often that already there is a tinge of contempt in her attitude towards us.

Then there is China. We should like to let her alone too. Shall the Powers abandon her to Russia and the communists? Even should we decide to give up our trade with China, would the churches permit us to withdraw altogether? We cannot overlook the fact, even if we are in favor of thorough disarmament, that the first business of the marines that we landed in China was to save the lives of the missionaries and their women and children. Would their churches leave them to perish? If not, we must decide whether the lives of missionaries are more sacred than those of other Americans. Can we decently discriminate in favor of saving the missionaries and of protecting mission buildings and educational institutions and abandon American business men and their property to their fate?

Theoretically we are out of Russia. Actually we are doing business with her. Our internationalists who demand that we shall get out of China and Mexico are in the same breath demanding that we shall get into Russia and recognize the Soviet Government, so that our capital may flow freely into that communistic country—consecrated to confiscation.

In the face of all this there is still a strong and contradictory demand that we disarm instanter, for many church people in one breath call for disarmament, and in the next call on the army and navy to protect their interests. As well abolish the police force of New York or of Chicago as further cut down our army and navy.

Talk of American imperialism is the veriest bosh. Our people as a whole and as a government want nothing of other nations except their good will and a chance for our citizens to go about their business secure in their lives and property under the law of nations and the laws of the country in which they are residing. We want no territory; we ask for no special privilege, only equal opportunities. We are all pacifists in the sense that we want no militarism and no military establishment except that necessary for police work and protection against aggression. Talk of anything else is nonsense. But in time of threat against their own lives and property, even the professional pacifists appreciate the presence of the soldier and the sailor.

Just now we have too many busybodies with not enough to do, or who are doing their own jobs badly, trying to run the Government. They are basing their conclusions on emotional appeals, on misleading propaganda, on sketchy cables in the press, on reports and rumors of the moment. But government must deal with facts, must act for the future as well as the present, must protect all classes, and take an interest in the spread of trade as well as of the gospel.

There never was a time when loose and ill-considered criticism of the Government, based on half knowledge, was more potent for harm; when playing politics or swallowing propaganda was more potent for evil. There is a peacetime treason to one's government that may be more dangerous than treason in time of war. A nation may be caught off guard; an army rarely is.

Sober Second Thoughts

ENTHUSIASTIC discoveries of progress in the fields of economic and social activity are usually followed by a measure of disillusionment. Only a misanthrope can fail to be impressed by the advances which man is making, but those who look for revolutions and millenniums in this or that development are fairly certain to be disappointed sooner or later.

For a number of years the public prints have been filled with glowing accounts of the increasing number of stock owners and bondholders. A movement toward the wider distribution of wealth has been under way, and there are many evidences of a gratifying accession to the ranks of small investors. But careful students have deprecated the many extravagant statements made in connection with an obvious trend. Things are not always what they seem, and sweeping generalizations must not be constructed on slim testimony.

Corporations have a way of boasting that a large proportion of their stockholders own a very small average number of shares. Whereupon amateur economists jump to unwarranted conclusions. Even if many stockholders own but a few shares each, a few stockholders may own a great many. Then, too, the supposedly small stockholders are not always such in reality. When a corporation discovers the fact that it has 5000 stockholders with only ten shares apiece, the publicity man promptly pictures them all as scrubwomen, laborers, and the like.

But many investors diversify their holdings. Mr. A has only ten shares in one company, but he may have ten shares in each of twenty companies, or ten shares in one and a hundred in another. In any case, now comes Joseph S. McCoy, actuary of the United States Treasury, who says that, taking into account duplications, there are not more than three million separate individuals who own stocks and bonds. Even if other authorities should more or less successfully disagree, Mr. McCoy's figures are useful for deflating purposes.

It is futile to deny that even in this country wealth is concentrated to a considerable extent. From a study made by the Federal Trade Commission of 43,512 estates probated in twenty-four counties of thirteen states in the years 1912–1923 inclusive, it is apparent that more than 90 per cent of all the wealth left in these communities was owned by 13 per cent of all the decedents. It is true that the number of persons who enjoyed the use of this wealth was greater than the number of decedents, as they probably supported, on the average, more than one dependent person. It is true, also, that parents often give away large sums to their children before death.

But wealth is sufficiently concentrated to make its more widespread distribution still an object to be worked for. The goal has not been reached, although progress can be reported. It was found that of the estates probated in the years 1912–1923 inclusive, 29 per cent of all probated in the former year amounted to less than $1000 each, while in 1923 only 20.8 per cent were less than $1000.

An English statistician, A. L. Bowley, studied the incomes of 4000 families in five English industrial towns in 1904 and again in 1924. The earlier study showed that 12.6 per cent of the persons covered had an income insufficient to secure the minimum standard of life which Rowntree had prescribed in his book on poverty. In 1924, however, only 3.6 per cent would have been below such a standard had the breadwinners been able to work the full-time week. Even with the great amount of unemployment, only 6.5 per cent of the persons fell below the minimum of subsistence.

Advances in economic well-being are made even in European countries, and the gains solidified. But no nation, including our own, has reached a millennium of wealth distribution. Encouragement should not take the form of a riot; the hopefulness that comes from slow progress rests on a sounder statistical basis.

The future outlook for the small investor was never so bright as it is today. The free and open security markets afforded by our great exchanges are without their counterparts in any other land. Publicity in regard to corporation affairs is steadily becoming more widespread and new safeguards are constantly being thrown about the operations of the intelligent buyers of stocks and bonds. Avoidable losses on the part of small investors, losses which run into the hundreds of millions every year, are largely responsible for much of the seemingly inequitable distribution of wealth. If these leaks could be stopped for a single decade the statistics would tell a very different story.

LOCAL POLITICS—By Will Payne

A NEWSPAPER man who has enjoyed an inside view of local affairs for a good many years remarked the other day, "Give me 300 well-organized voters and I can run this town."

The town contains at the lowest 15,000 native-born white citizens above twenty-one years of age who would be eligible to vote if they took the trouble to register. A great majority of them are of native-born parentage; it is predominantly old American stock. Therefore the newspaper man's comment on triumphant democracy as exemplified in local affairs seems to deserve some consideration.

A nation-wide audience might well decline to consider the political affairs of one particular town if those affairs stood alone. But in their most important aspects they are typical of political affairs everywhere in the United States. If we can find out why 300 well-organized voters might hope to run things in one community where at least 15,000 are eligible to vote, we may get an idea of what, politically speaking, ails us everywhere.

The day before that comment was uttered the town held a warmly contested election, and a brief history of the conflict may be put into the record as Exhibit A, as follows: In February, 1926, in an election to decide whether the city should issue $1,577,000 of bonds to improve the harbor, 1042 votes were cast in the affirmative and 16 in the negative. Decidedly less than one-tenth of those who might have voted took the trouble to get on the register and cast a ballot, but those who did vote were all but unanimous for harbor improvement.

In the course of the year, however, engineers recommended a change in the plans, which would involve canceling $300,000 of the old bonds and authorizing $362,000 new ones; for an extension of the street-car tracks so as to make a belt line to the harbor. The street-car lines are owned by the city, and with the proposed extension, freight cars could be hauled electrically from a ship's side at the dock to the steam-railroad tracks. Therefore another bond election was held in February, 1927.

The city commissioners, the chamber of commerce, the two newspapers and many leading citizens favored the proposal; but there was brisk opposition, largely on the ground that freight cars, even though hauled at night over street-car tracks already in operation for passengers, would depreciate a fine residence avenue that had lately been repaved and white-lighted at considerable expense. Each side presented its case at length orally and in newspaper communications and paid advertisements.

On election day the morning newspaper carried a streamer across the top of the front page: Every Eligible Citizen is Urged to Cast a Ballot in the Belt-Line Referendum Today. And one of its headlines read: Heavy Vote is Predicted; Interest Continues to Increase. The paper carried also a full-page advertisement in favor of the bond issue, a full-page advertisement against it and two quarter-page advertisements. The evening paper of the day before had contained like incitements to voting. In fact, 3387 votes were cast, 1354 for and 2033 against the bond issue.

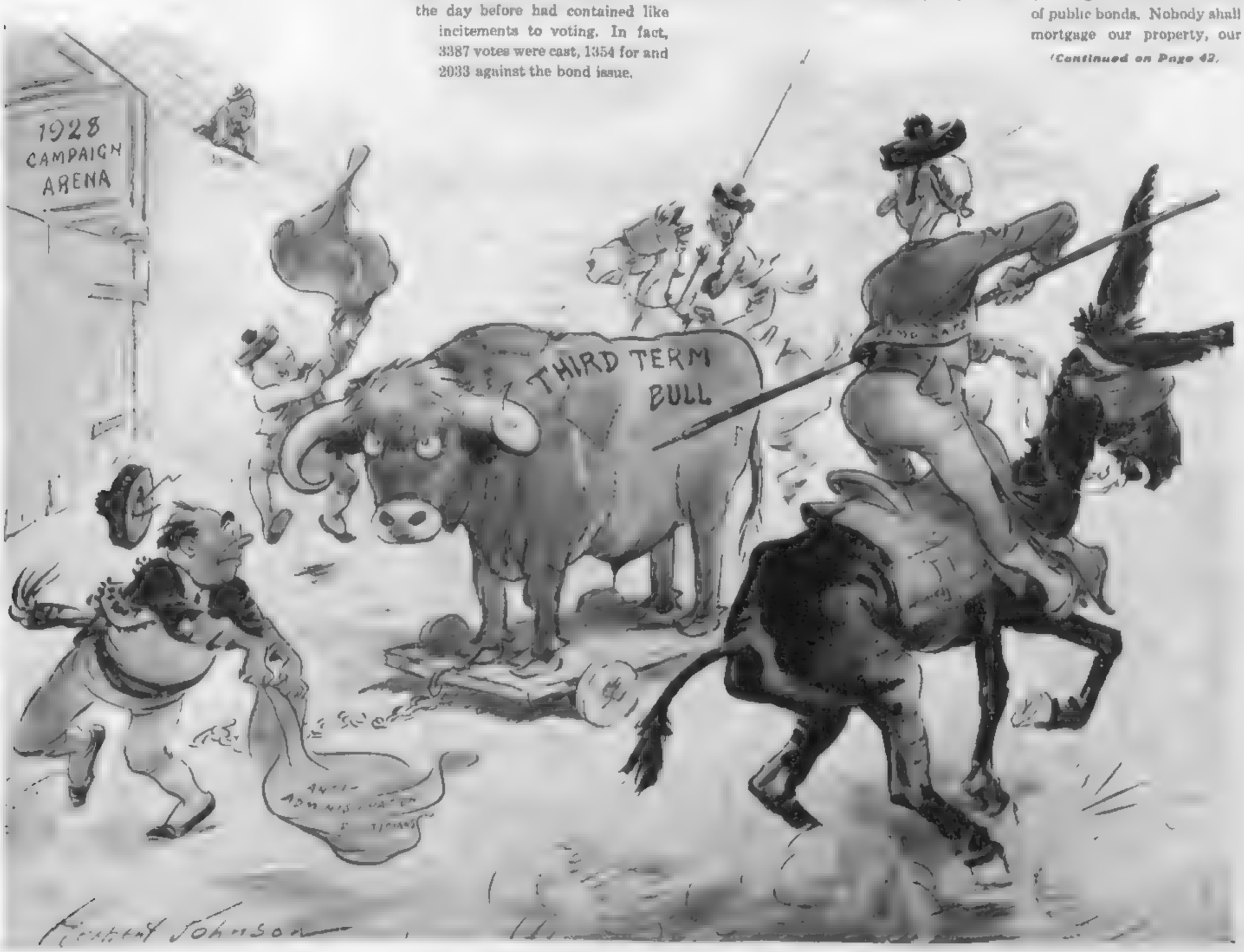
And with one exception, to be explained later, this was the largest vote ever cast in a local election in a community where, during the past three years, after all possible allowances, somewhere from 10,000 to 15,000 people might have voted if they had cared to. The new bond issue was defeated by about 4.5 per cent of the potential vote. So the first reason why a faithful gang 300 strong might hope to run the town is found in that political apathy which is a general condition in the United States—and a growing condition.

The town is proud of its school system, with good reason. In three years, to accommodate a rapidly growing population, it has spent $2,500,000 for new schoolhouses. They are good buildings. The schools are well managed. We brag about it a lot. Last year an election was held to choose the three trustees who manage this much-prized educational system and to fix the rate of taxation for school purposes. In that election exactly seventy votes were cast.

To be sure, there was no contest, no excitement, no sport—no bribe to shake the voter out of his inveterate political laziness. Therefore, except for a handful of men and women who were animated by an almost supernatural sense of public duty, the election would have gone by default, there would have been nobody to manage the schools and no taxes to support them.

We democrats jealously reserve to ourselves, in our sovereign capacity of voters, the right to authorize issue of public bonds. Nobody shall mortgage our property, our

(Continued on Page 42)


1928
CAMPAIGN
ARENA
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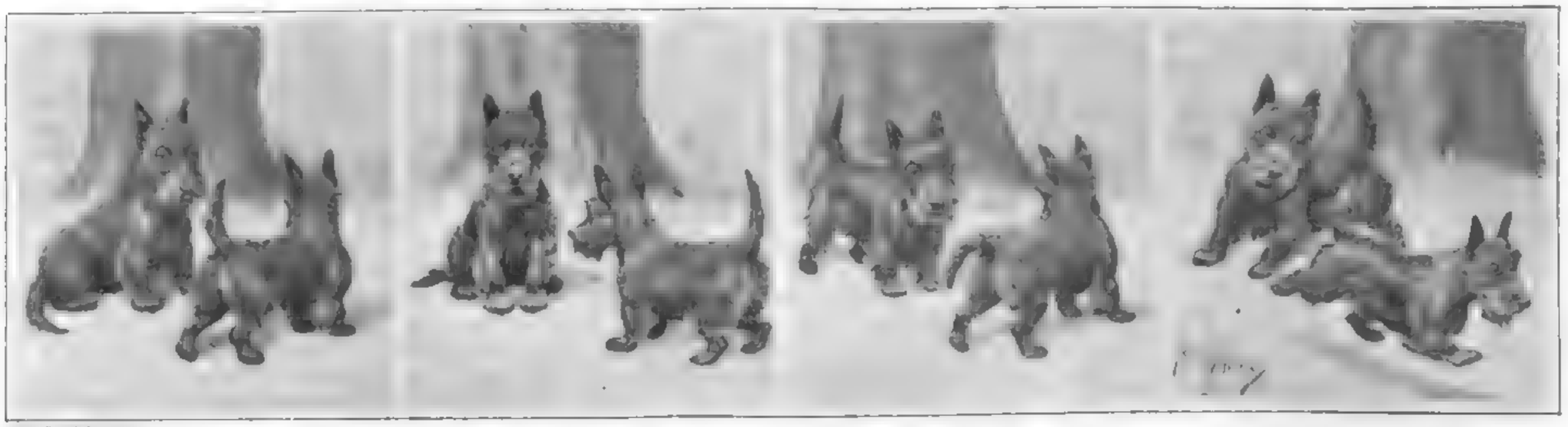
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



"Where are Ye Goin' Now, Jean?"

"To Invite the McLeods Ower for Luncheon, Sandy"

"Ye Better Make it the Duncans! While I'm Nane Too Fond o' Her ——

"I Saw Dunc Wi' a Fine T-Bone This Morning an' Ye Might Prevail on Him to Bring It"

The Sophisticatalog

THE Sophisti-cates, the Sophisti-cats
And the little Sophisti-kittens
Are deep in the Works
Of the Slavs, the Turks,
The Letts and the Major Britons.
Yet the Mob and the Herd
Think their poses absurd,
And the Babbittry scorns or pities
The Sophisti-cates, the Sophisti-cats
And the cunning Sophisti-kitties.

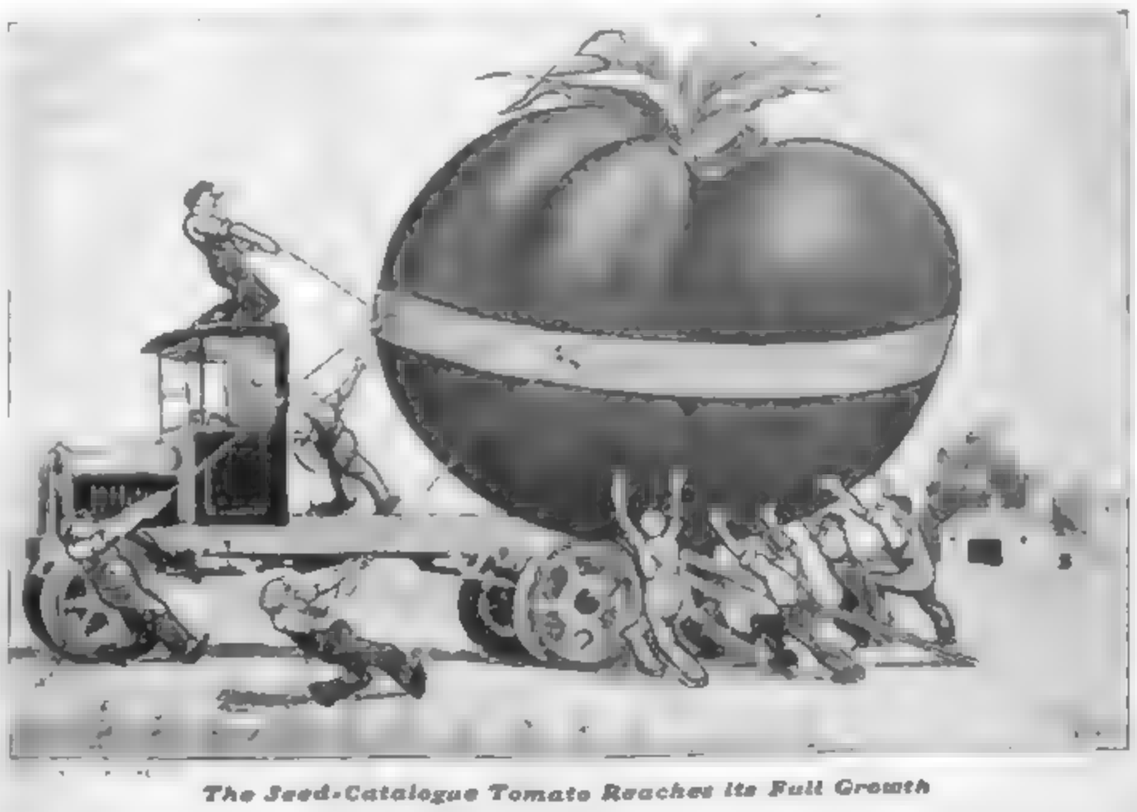
—Arthur Guiterman.

Synthetic

THE piano bench was a wreck, and a bit of chiffon was clinging to the splinters of its broken leg, torn from the gown of some fair guest. A man's tie was hanging from the chandelier. A half-smoked cigarette had burned a hole in the upholstered seat of a Chippendale chair. The cloisonné-vase lamp had been knocked off the table, and lay in a state of disintegration over in the corner.

The guests had departed at the first peep of dawn. The host and hostess were alone.

"Oh, I'm so thrilled, dearest, to think our party was such a success! Now our social position is assured."



The Seed-Catalogue Tomato Reaches its Full Growth

Suppressed Desires

I'D LIKE to be an extra in a rhinestone gown;
I'd like to walk as extras walk and frown as extras frown;
I'd like to smile, oh, cynically; I'd dearly love to sneer,
With other extras, underneath some massive chandelier;
I'd like to have a gorgeous fan, and furl it and unfurl it;
I'd like to bob my stringy hair and henna it, and curl it.
If I cannot be a star and own a limousine,
I'd like to be an extra in a ball-room scene.

I'd like to walk in very slow and stately, and appear
To chat in animated way with other extras near.
Sedately in the background, in parlor or café,
I'd like to light a cigarette and throw the match away.
I'd like to dance by slowly—all my dreams it would fulfill;
But because I live in Podunk and likely always will,
Alas, I cannot be a star and own a limousine.
Worse, I'll never be an extra in the ball-room scene!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Mother Talx Back

DEAR SON: I was glad to get your postals of various dates, expressing "thanx for chex," and trust that you have now opened an account at one of the local banx. As to sox, I can get them here for two plunx; the silx good, and they have clox—blax what you want, isn't it? I have

(Continued on Page 128)

The Winners of the Father-and-Son Golf Tournament Pose for a Newspaper Photographer

"Let's Call Up Jam and Tell Him What We Think of Him." "Magnifique! And Don't Forget to Reverse ze Charges!"

"So This is Where You've Been Hiding Away From Me All These Years!"

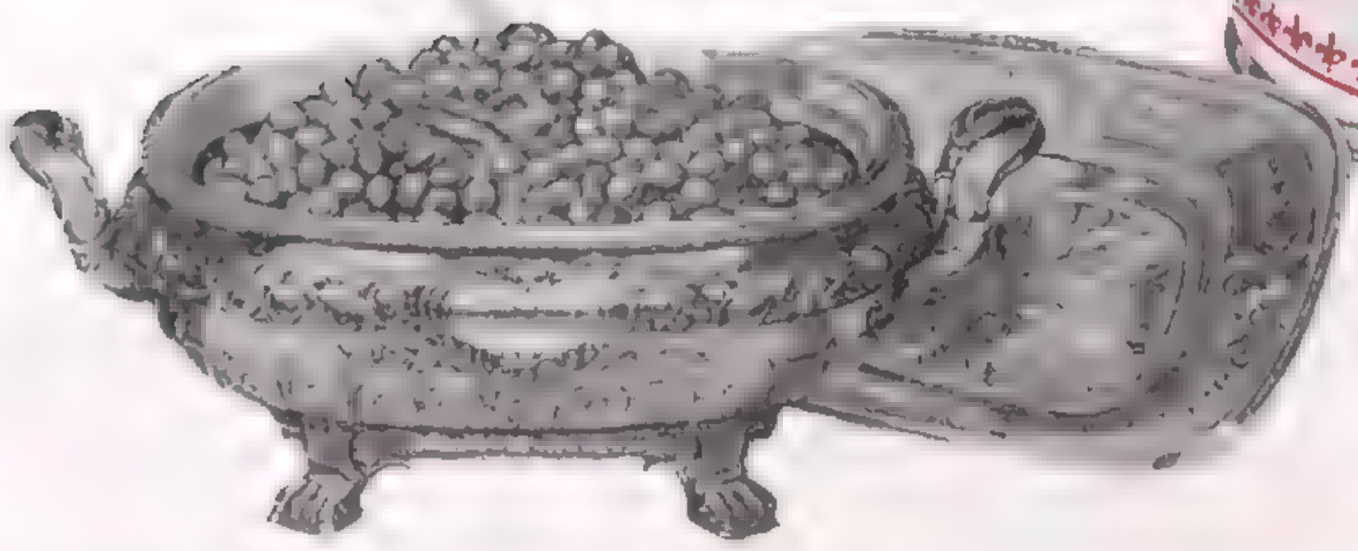
Beans for children should always be slow-cooked!

Nourishing, healthful food that children like to eat. Wholesome quality. Attractive flavor. How careful the mother must be to find just this right combination!

Campbell's Beans are such a big help to her. They taste so good and they digest so easily. The secret is in the slow-cooking.

The slow, gentle heat reaches every fine particle of the bean and lingers until it is cooked through and through—tender, digestible, nutritious.

Campbell's famous tomato sauce gives the beans an added flavor that no appetite can resist. Just see how the whole family enjoys them!



12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

THE MAD MASQUERADE

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XIII

THE château was a place of bright gayety, where laughter rang as from untroubled hearts and joyous chatter sounded from irresponsible youth. Lady Llanthony had been two days in her new home and was already showing marked benefit from the change. Her doctor had promised her a wheeled chair within a month and a great specialist had guardedly said that she might regain some use of her eyes. These hopes were cheering, but she would have been happy without them; absence of pain and the presence of her son were enough. She was carried each morning to her balcony and she listened with delight to the laughter from below. The Archer twins were there, and Sam Tibbetts, behaving very well now and painting his commissioned portrait of Sara with tractability and a touch of genius. The little party had been gathered at the request of Lady Llanthony.

"Tybo," she had said to Sara, "is tied to my apron strings. Get these scapegraces you have told me about, down here for a visit. We must make it bright for him." She had unknowingly repeated the suggestion of her husband, who wished the boy to swim in pleasure and to know what wealth could do in extending lavish hospitality.

To Sara he had said, "We owe him everything. Make his last days with us something for him to remember. It's our one way of showing gratitude." To the twins Sara had repeated the request so just and reasonable. Here were three extremely capable young people then engaged in burning incense before the shrine of this young man whose glory as a lord was so soon to fade away.

"He Has Come," She Whispered. "He Went Straight to Her Room. I Did Not See Him"

"We are Aztec priests and priestesses," Frank Archer had said. "We are fattening and pampering a beautiful youth who is shortly to be sacrificed to the great god Quetzal."

"They always gave that victim a girl," Sara had dryly observed. Peter had nodded without smiling. The two had been utterly friendly since the hour in which Sara, by mysterious means known only to women, had signified that she laid no claim to special rights in Tybo.

Sam Tibbetts, too, if not a priest who knew all the mysteries behind the shrine, was at least an acolyte. Sara had tamed him and kept him fairly well under control.

The vivid beauty of Sara in Sainte-Chapelle had narcotized Tybo, who had retreated, dreaming. It had intoxicated Sam Tibbetts, who had advanced, drunk. In the studio he had smashed his palette and made a passionate declaration of love.

"Nonsense," Sara had said. "Maybe you're a genius. If not, you've a talent for acting it. Now we'll clean the paint off the floor before it dries."

"Sara, I love you."

"Look out. Don't kneel there. You'll get paint on your pants."

"Sara, I adore you."

"There, you've done it. Do you think I'd marry a genius?"

"Sara, I worship you."

"And have art for a rival? A wife might win against another woman, but she can't wrestle with an easel nor fight a box of paints."

"It's that lah-de-dah lord!" Sam had cried, scowling.

"Never. Now wipe up the floor and be more respectful to my relations."

"There is no one else?"

"There is no one. Some day there will be someone. It will not be you." Thus firmly, and not perhaps gently, had she quashed hopes.

"I ache with love for you," he had declared mournfully.

"Let the nerve die," she had counseled. "If you don't wince once, I'll be friends with you."

At her next visit to the studio the floor had been cleaned and the portrait had progressed with a swifter, surer touch. Since then Sam Tibbetts had been progressively friendly with Tybo, who, after all, wore the same frat pin and could not help being an Englishman and a lord.

Tybo played munificent host to a merry company who united in concealing undercurrents and in joyous acceptance of his plans for their amusement. He had only to lift his hand—two automobiles were at the door, sumptuous luncheon baskets were strapped behind, a footman went along lest one should have to unfasten a strap or lift a plate. Fifty lovely and historic spots within a day's run were there to choose from.

"Pleasures à la carte!" cried Archer. "Romance, beautiful ladies, poisons, assassinations, donjon towers, kings, queens, wars—look at the menu and choose. How about the Angevin castle of Chinon, home of the Plantagenets? Lion-hearted Richard died there! A country girl forced its gates and wrung unwilling permission to save France. Fulk Nerra ——"

"Chinon it is!" they cried. There, high above all the country round, they wandered amid the charming gardens which soften the grim ruins, lightly flitting in thought, as young people will, from fierce legends of fiery Angevin counts to the opening of the baseball season; from revolting tales of torture inflicted, to the mellow beauty of the extended view; from the story of the hapless maid—peasant girl, conquering soldier, reviled martyr, canonized saint—to chatter about the latest thing in men's collars.

Peter and Tybo, outlined above the western parapet, went to sweeping the wide prospect through powerful glasses, choosing a wooded spot in which to make their halt and eat their late lunch. Frank Archer stopped short in his narration to Sara of a hair-raising exploit of Fulk Nerra. "Look at her!" he cried, frowning. "If I was only the Black Fulk ——"

"What would you do, Frank?" Sara asked him.

"The Tower de Boissy," he said, darkly pointing, "has dungeons as deep as the lowest cellar of a New York skyscraper."

Sara glanced at this immense restored mass of polygonal masonry. "Impossible, Frank. But if there were six stories down below the ground—no elevators and no lights, remember—which would you lower into the noisome pit?"

She gazed reflectively at the two on the parapet.

"Him."

"But what has he done?"

"Nothing. That never mattered to Fulk Nerra." He came close and bitterly hissed words into her ear. "To protect him, Sara. No use though. If the pit was bottomless, and he was in it, she'd get to the bottom. Sara, what can I do?"

Sara shook her sun-flamed hair, admitting that she had nothing to suggest.

"Joan of Arc," he exclaimed, "fought France, the court and the king, for a chance to fight the English. That was fine. She made good too. But to fight your brother, and the whole house, and the world, for a chance to win a man—well, how about that for dignity and pride and all that? How about it, I say?"

"I'm afraid she's pretty miserable, Frank."

He nodded his head.

"A boy scout on the trail has nothing on my sister," he said gloomily. "A leaf moves, a twig snaps, she's there."

"It may come all right," she consoled. "He has plenty to think of, remember."

"I know; I tell her. She scowls and says she's got no time. Oh, she's lost all sense of shame."

"I doubt he knows."

"He doesn't care enough to know. My kid sister! That's the trouble—a kid. Her first encounter with this fatal love. What a curse it is!" He caught her arm in final desperate appeal. "Take him away from her, Sara," he pleaded. "You needn't keep him. You understand these things."

"Thanks, Frank," she answered coldly. "When I fight, I fight for what I want. What's Sam up to, I wonder"

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

Two couples converged on the recumbent youth, who was discovered to be peering downward through the cracks of a boarded-in well.

"Looking for truth, Sam?"

"It's no well, Sara," he answered, looking up. "It's the private entrance to the dungeons and it's forty feet deep." He scrambled up and looked round the group. "Hey for the good old times!" he cried. "We haven't got any souvenirs like this in Michigan." He laughed. "Say, Frank, if that murderer had been down there, he'd be there still." He told them how a prisoner had dashed down a dark stairway at the law courts and escaped by a side door. He had got away in an automobile, the papers suggested, for one had been stolen from the street outside.

"It's your friend all right," Archer said to Tybo afterward. "I meant to tell you and it slipped my mind."

"It seems as if I took more trouble over that man than the police," Tybo commented.

"We had two good sells out of him," was the reminder. "The confidence man and the spatted peer with the eyeglass."

They had a laugh over these incidents, completed their sight-seeing and traveled by maps to what Peter called "the bosky dell" they had marked down from the parapet. They may have found it. They did not know themselves—tree clumps looked different close by, but they lunched merrily under spreading beeches in a farm meadow. There seemed no shadows there except from the trees. Tybo was a little silent at first as he watched the footman open folding tables and lay out *pâté de foie gras*, Périgord pies and elaborate dishes prepared by the chef. These people certainly knew how to live. He thought of picnics to come in Ohio and grinned at the contrast. Then he set himself for a jolly time. It was after six o'clock when he got home to find his hot bath ready and his evening clothes laid out.

"I am at Your Lordship's disposal, milor," said François, entering with a bowl of fresh roses. "His Lordship is here and I am to stay. I hope I will give Your Lordship satisfaction."

"Sure you will, François." He watched the roses placed in the exact middle of the colored-marble chimney piece.

"Shall I shave Your Lordship, or will Your Lordship have a little nap, or a massage after the bath? I am very good at the rubbing."

"A massage, please," was the prompt answer. Tybo seized every chance to try everything once. "Gee!" he muttered, and thought he would be stifled with all this effeminacy; but the subsequent skillful manipulation of his muscles gave sensuous pleasure and left him supple of body and refreshed in mind. He had not thought to enjoy dinner after that luxurious lunch, but he went downstairs with the appetite of a wolf. Yes, these people had certainly got the art of living down fine. Life was a prize fight with pleasure. Seconds sponged and fanned them between rounds, and they leaped to the next bout with ardor.

Lord Llanthony eyed him with approval and greeted him almost affectionately. "He's turned you out well," he said. "Learn to use him!"

"For what? Ohio?"

"I keep forgetting," was the spoken answer. "No, for Europe," was the hidden thought. He turned troubled eyes on the young man. "I must meet the ship at Plymouth," he said in a low voice, glancing about. "I leave Paris tomorrow night. I cannot tell how long I must be away. Will you run up every other day? I will leave all instructions and you will use my rooms as your own. Open all letters. Deal with them if you can. Put the writers off if you can't. Don't fear to take responsibility. I will accept anything you do. By the way, did you remember to pass on my offer to the Archers?"

"Yes; he thought a lot of it."

"Tell him to come to me tonight after dinner. I shall be glad to make some money for him."

"You are mighty kind."

"They are friends of yours; therefore, of mine."

Then Sara came in her favorite green, with a necklace of emeralds gleaming against the white skin of her throat.

"Auntie snapped them on herself," her voice choked. "She said she never cared to wear them again and she would like me to have them." She looked from one to the other with mournful eyes. "It's awful. The first night father and son were together in the new home—that's what she said."

"Inside of a month," Lord Llanthony reassured, "she'll be saying that she has two sons." He put a hand on the boy's shoulder and smiled confidently.

The Archers came in; Peter in black chiffon velvet, looking oddly grown-up to Tybo. He had no idea that this dress was for him—to show him that she was not a kid. She was restrained in her admiration of the necklace. Her brother was vehement.

Sam Tibbetts came, laughing, boisterous, to be struck dumb in adoration of Sara. She took him aside.

"Sam," she warned, "if you don't help to make this dinner go, I'll say my aunt needs me and stay with her."

"Rather than lose you, Sara, I will howl for joy," he promised.

The dinner did go, with laughter, chatter, outward gayety. Tybo played his part too well. He acted, Sara thought, as though he forgot he was acting, forgot the coming parting with the blind woman upstairs. But she saw him through prejudiced eyes. Since she had heard of him as an effeminate idler and had seen him act the arrogant fop, she had misread his every action. His sudden marked change toward her confirmed her view. No more frank, eager confidences, none of the camaraderie that had marked their first days together; instead, an invisible wall, built by him, which shut her out completely.

A proud and independent girl barks no knuckles on a closed door; she retreats faster than in an older day when she had to pick up skirts to walk backward. So did Sara misread a desperate youth, who knew that he loved her, knew that he was penniless and she was rich, knew that such a mighty debt was due to him that she could hardly refuse if he asked, knew that he must soon steal silently out of her life. Forget the parting? He thought of it all the time—a parting with an adopted mother whose love he had won by deceit, with a girl whom he loved and must not tell. He had a heavy part to play, of which no one but himself knew; and his way was to fling himself with a passionate ardor into the pleasures of the moment. So there was reason in Sara's view.

When a manipulator of marionettes drops a string he retrieves it with a rod which he calls the dead hand. Lord Llanthony, watching his puppets dance, with eyes alert as a weasel's, resolved again to try matchmaking. These Archers knew too much. Immediately after dinner he

(Continued on Page 130)

"Sam," She Warned, "If You Don't Help to Make This Dinner Go, I'll Say My Aunt Needs Me and Stay With Her"

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THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

There Is Usually the Question in the Back of Her Mind as to Whether or Not She Would Like to Have the Article for Her Personal Use

THE year 1907 was a momentous one with me for several reasons. In the first place, I was out of debt for the first time in my business career, and able to pay spot cash for all my purchases. I know it will seem like heresy to a lot of writers for business journals and to efficiency men who make speeches at trade conventions that I was a merchant for fourteen years and had never discounted all my bills. Only the other day I read an article in which the writer practically commanded all merchants to discount their bills, and predicted the direst results if they did not. The writer, I afterward learned, had gained his own business knowledge as a newspaper reporter and had never faced the problem of meeting a Saturday pay roll or the first-of-the-month store rent, or had to find the money to meet a note in the bank.

Theoretically, I admit, a merchant ought to discount all his bills. Practically, it is sometimes good business not to. Take my own case as an example. During all those fourteen years my trade was growing and I had constantly to increase my stock of merchandise. It seems as though all you would have to do in such a situation is merely to put your profits back into more stock and the problem would solve itself. But it doesn't work that way. The man whose business is on the increase is invariably hard up for ready cash, unless he started out with a surplus. But men with surpluses don't often go into the retail business.

The way I worked it—after I got out of the difficulties of the first few years, when I simply did the best I could, without much system—was this: Every January I went to the bank and found out how much of a line of credit they were willing to let me have. But I didn't use this credit until I had to or until I saw where I could make some money with it. I financed myself, as far as possible, through the wholesalers from whom I bought my merchandise. If a firm gave only 1 per cent cash discount I usually let the account ride to maturity, and sometimes I would sacrifice 2 per cent; but for anything beyond that I anticipated payment and earned my discount, if necessary, using my bank credit to do it. But, except in case of emergencies, I never borrowed up to the limit from the bank. There was always the possibility that some manufacturer or jobber would be willing to sacrifice a desirable lot of merchandise for spot cash, and I kept something in reserve for such purchases.

Panic is the Wrong Term

CONTRARY to what some efficiency experts say, I believe it is better for a merchant to have plenty of goods on his shelves and to be able to show his customers what they want when they want it, than to earn every penny of discount.

The way I look at it, a business man ought to use his bank for temporary accommodations, and not expect it to furnish him permanent capital. There used to be a saying current among merchants, and one occasionally hears it still: "There isn't a real banker in my town. They're nothing but a lot of pawnbrokers!" Nearly always when a man says that he acts as though he invented the phrase. What such a merchant forgets is the fact that the banks are selling credit on a much closer margin than the manufacturers or jobbers sell their merchandise, and it is natural to be more conservative when you do business on a small profit than on a big profit. This is recognized in merchandising, as everywhere else. No merchant, wholesale or retail, grants wide-open terms on quick-selling, standard lines of goods that net him a few pennies profit on the dollar; and money, which is the banks' only line of merchandise, certainly is both quick selling and standard.

As I say, the beginning of the year 1907 found me for the first time in a position where I was on an absolutely cash basis. Sales during the preceding holidays had brought in enough money to permit me to pay off everything to my merchandise creditors and to the bank, and my stock inventory showed a value of close to $100,000. Business was brisk everywhere during the spring and summer, and I began to see myself accumulating a nice surplus that I could put into outside investments, when along in September there began to be rumors in the newspapers that everything wasn't going as well in the country as it might. Most of the business men I talked with pooh-poohed the idea of a panic. The old theory was that depression took place every seven years; but we had gone along since 1893 without anything serious, and the idea prevailed that the pessimistic rumors had been started by Wall Street for some selfish reason and that it would soon blow over. Then all of a sudden came detailed news of troubles in the manufacturing districts around Pittsburgh and elsewhere, and names of corporations were mentioned that were letting out workpeople by the thousands. We didn't feel it in Centreton until mid-October, when business suddenly went flat.

It has always seemed to me that "panic" is not the word to describe a business depression; for the word implies activity and excitement, while the actual happenings of such a period are anything but that. Merely a deadly dullness falls on the business community. The stores all open up in the morning as usual, the window trimmers fix up their displays, the street cars run and there are people on the streets; the only difference is that no one spends money. If it is rumored that a bank is in difficulties there may be a temporary line of people eager to withdraw deposits; but an ordinary business house makes hardly a ripple when it falls by the wayside. Simply, it doesn't open up some morning and there is a sign tacked on the front door stating that interested parties may make inquiries from So-and-So, who has been appointed receiver. Pedestrians stop to read the sign and then walk along, forgetting it five minutes later.

Complications

AS I OWED no money worth speaking of, I was in good shape to weather the 1907 dullness, but another complication arose that, it appeared, might give me a good deal of trouble. An old Centreton family named Clinkscales had for years owned the building I rented for my store, and when the older generation passed on it came into the possession of a son who lived in New York and had some kind of business in the Wall Street district. One day a real-estate man who took charge of young Clinkscales' Centreton properties came in to see me, saying his client was hard up for ready cash and had instructed that the store building should be sold. He added that if I was interested in the property he would give me the first chance, otherwise he would have to look around for another buyer.

Naturally, I was interested, for location means pretty near everything to a merchant. My lease had less than a year to run, and if someone else bought the place over my head there was the chance that I might be out on the street. It was poor business on my part that I had put off renewing my lease until then; but I had been a tenant of the Clinkscales family so long, I suppose I took it for granted that there would never be any complications, and now I found myself in a fix, as so many people do who take things for granted. The real-estate agent said his client would take $50,000 for the property, but there would have to be a cash payment of $20,000, with the balance strung out over a term of years at 6 per cent interest. On account of

(Continued on Page 38)

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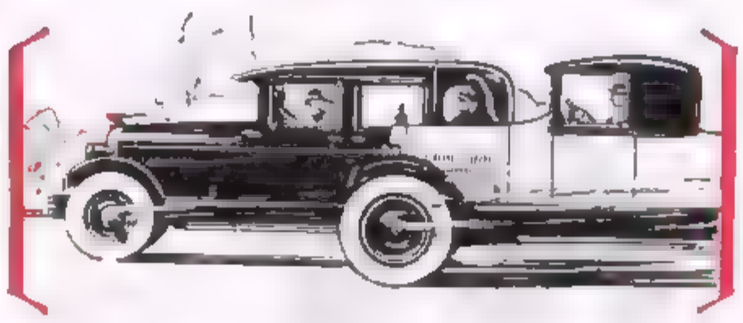

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	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chandler Six 6	A	A						
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mod	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Dodge Bros 4-cyl	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell					A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc.
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		

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Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

(Continued from Page 37)

young Clinkscales' own necessities, the deal had to be put through as quickly as possible. The agent said he could give me a couple of days to think it over, and if I decided not to take him up he would then have to look for a buyer elsewhere.

Any merchant who has ever had his lease about to expire with no other quarters in sight will realize the state of mind I was in. The property was worth the price asked, but I had no $20,000 to plank down, and it was in the midst of a panic, when most people who had money to lend were hanging on to it. I went to see several local capitalists whom I thought I might interest, but all had the same story, to wit, that though they had plenty of assets they could not put their hands on actual cash. I have learned since that a rich man can often be as hard up as a poor man, with the added difficulty that he is usually tied up with obligations that take what ready money he can scrape together.

I had heard from a dozen merchant friends that the banks were absolutely shutting down on any loans, except for small amounts, and even those were limited to thirty and sixty days. More with the idea of asking for advice than any thought of borrowing money, I went to see my old friend Mr. Willis at the First National. He heard me through, and then said unexpectedly:

"You ought to buy the property, Peter. You ought to have bought it several years ago, in fact."

A Merchant's Worst Competitor

I SAID it wasn't a case of what I ought to have done before, but what I could do right then; and unless I could put my hands on $20,000 within twenty-four hours there was a chance someone else might get the property and give me notice to move out.

"That being the case," he remarked genially, "I think you ought to arrange with the First National Bank for a loan."

"That's pretty fine, if it can be done," I answered; "but they've been telling me up and down the street that none of you bankers are putting out any money."

"Of course, we aren't putting out money at a time like this for people to speculate on," he said, "but this bank always has money for constructive projects, and this project of yours is constructive. In the first place, a merchant with a business the size of yours ought not to run the risks of occupying rented quarters. In the second place, if you make the deal it results in a valuable piece of Market Street property coming into the hands of a local man, instead of being out-of-town owned; and by and large, any community is better off the more of it is owned by people who actually live and do business in the community. You go ahead with the deal and we'll see you through."

Thus my main worry was taken off my mind; but starting with 1893, when I first went into business, it seemed I was fated to make my most important moves during panic years, for a few days later, when I went to the bank again, Mr. Willis called me aside.

"Now you've bought your building, Peter," he said, "I think your next move ought to be to get rid of your next-door competitor."

I thought he meant the Fentiman drug store, which occupied the store just east of mine, and I started to say it couldn't be done, even if I wanted to, when he interrupted:

"Of course, I don't mean Scott Fentiman's place. He's a good live merchant and an asset to you. I mean the building on this side of you."

This was what is known as a Jonah location. During the fourteen years I had been in business half a dozen different merchants had occupied the building, each one petering out after a time. The last man ran what was called a "racket store," and had gone bankrupt some months previously.

Since that time the store had been vacant, the windows plastered with old show bills and election announcements. The fact that it had housed so many failures had some influence, I suppose, in preventing it from being rented.

"Probably you don't realize it," Mr. Willis went on, "but a shabby, vacant room next door is the worst competitor a merchant can have. People like to go where things look cheerful and prosperous, and such a place as that one next to you takes away just the atmosphere you want to create. Why don't you buy that building too? This is a good time to pick up bargains."

The upshot of the conversation was that I did buy the Jonah building at the bargain price of $35,000, with a down payment of only $5000; which gave me a fifty-foot front on Market Street. The necessary alterations and new fixtures cost me another $15,000, so the end of 1907 saw me obligated for $100,000, instead of being free of debt, as I was when I started out the year. But there is a big difference in owing money for your business property and owing money for your merchandise. The advantage of ownership doesn't lie altogether in the saving on rent, but in a feeling of confidence and in the ability to plan for long periods in advance, which the merchant can't do who has to worry every few years over the renewal of his lease.

Holding a Credit Reserve

THIS is especially true nowadays, when the tendency of property owners is to make constantly shorter contracts. I don't mean that a merchant ought to extend himself to buy his quarters before he is on Easy Street with his merchandise creditors, but I do believe a good many men put off too long an attempt to become their own landlords. I know that I would have been better off if I had taken the plunge sooner. I paid off my property debts within five years, and a lot of it was due to the fact that I was a better merchant as property owner than as tenant.

It was years later, when I became a bank director myself, that I learned the viewpoint that impelled the First National's president to help me out during a panic time when a lot of other merchants were being turned down. Banks are run by human beings the same as any private enterprises, and naturally take the best care of customers whose business is profitable. I know of some merchants at the present time who will arrange for a bank loan in the morning and then check out the whole amount in the afternoon, figuring to save interest that way. There's mighty little profit for a bank in such transactions, when it puts out its money at the rate of one-half of one per cent a month; and when a business man figures so closely with his bank, the bank is going to figure closely with him.

I always anticipated my borrowings whenever possible, and let the money stand to my credit a little while before I used it, which had a good effect in two ways. It made me

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"Maybe You'll Laugh Still More, Pete, When I Tell You My Wife Was in Your Own Store This Morning and That Very Remark Was Made to Her in Two Different Departments"

LETTERS FROM FRATERNITY

EDITOR'S NOTE—These letters and others which will follow were written by A. L. McCorrison, of Searsmont, Maine, to Ben Ames Williams, over a period of some four years. Except for the elimination of some personal matters, and except for condensations here and there, they have not been edited.

FEB 25, 1923

WELL BEN: I guess you won't want any more letters from me, and I beg your pardon. I was about to consign the trash to the fire. But Sarah says no. So I will send it along and promise never to do so again. My quotations from Shakspere are probably all at fault, for it's probably been 30 years since I read it. The story of Hunter is a true experience I once had. And the fact that I once read Shakspere's description of "poor Wat . . . the dew-bedabbled wretch" saved a rabbit's life. I don't know if "poor Wat" is correct. But I think it was in Sonnets, whatever that may mean

This tedious winter is getting on the nerves of everybody here, and we'll all go bughouse if it continues much longer. If I ever hear a frog sing again I'm going out and sing with him. . . .

I wish I had a picture of the landscape under the hill; the crystal whiteness of the snow and dark green of the woods, owing probably to the position of the sun—which was far over in the west—made a contrast that is not often seen. Every tree cast its shadow, and the lights and shades were all different.

Yesterday L. went up to the bridge in Belfast before he came home, and saw hundreds of ducks, coots, whistlers, and black duck. The black duck were more shy than the others. Coots and whistlers would come close up to the bridge. They are fed with corn.

G. called today. We are going fishing the first opportunity. Sincerely,

BERT.

MAR. 11, 1923.

DEAR BEN: Just to kill time this wild March day, I'm going to write a few lines and send you another hunting experience I once had a good many years ago.

As I have already written you a description of Fox Island, you will understand the story better. The two foxes were killed about seven miles from Carver's Harbor—or Vinal Haven—which is all one place.

Dave Manson was the barber of the town, and a mighty fine fellow. Scot Littlefield was the boss blacksmith of the Bodwell Granite Co. and was raised over in Kennebec County, and an experienced fox hunter.

The other fellows named in the story were all stonecutters.

Dave's barber shop was on the main street in center of the town.

The Cascade was a hotel and rum shop combined, but at that time all rum. It was named Cascade because it was built over water, and at half tide there was swift water under the building.

Brother Johnson's Church was many years ago converted into a townhouse, but always went by the name of Brother Johnson's Church, because it was built for a church, all but the steeple, which was never completed. I've been to many a dance in Brother Johnson's Church.

Jo Porter and Fred Killman were noted men of their day in Vinal Haven. Porter was for many years a deputy sheriff.

Nearly all have long since gone to their reward. Porter, the last, passed in his checks not long ago.

The Carry derived its name from the Indians. And Calderwood's Neck is the northeast point of the island.

Well, Ben, this is a typical March day. The roads, that we've been to so much trouble during the past week to break out, have completely filled again today. I got three days' mail Friday. Haven't been pickerel fishing yet, owing to so much snow; the ice is covered with water. As soon as the ponds rise the water will drain off, then I'm in hopes to go fishing. Wednesday we had the worst storm of the season. There are snowdrifts between here and the village ten feet deep.

Twelve black ducks were seen in the river above the schoolhouse one day last week. Town meeting tomorrow.

Sebago Lake, Maine

Sarah joins me with best wishes to you and yours. Sincerely,

B. Mc.

P. S. Got application blanks for trout last night. Am going to dose the Sheepscot again, if possible.

Mr. McCorrison enclosed the following anecdote in this letter.

THE FOX HUNTERS
OF VINAL HAVEN, MAINE

It was a fine midwinter day in 1880 that Scot Littlefield, Dave Manson, and the writer, with Hunter the hound, sallied forth from Dave's shop. Over the bridge, past the Cascade, then round the corner, and over the hill past Brother Johnson's Church, through deep hollow, and on up by Uncle Mos's farm, to the Wat. Vinal schoolhouse.

There we met Jo Porter, Fred Killman and Oscar Adams posted along the road near the outlet of Folly Pond. They had already started a fox, and we could hear their dog off toward Pleasant River.

John Healy, Jo Smith and Henry Vinal, with John's dog, Pearl, had gone over to the Basin near Mineral Hill. So we went up to the Carry, then on to Calderwood's Neck.

Soon after crossing the Carry, over near Dark Brook, we struck our first track and slipped the dog, which soon had the quarry on the run

Scot went back to the Carry, while Dave took his stand at the turn of the road near the schoolhouse, and I followed on after the dog. The snow was eighteen inches deep in the woods, and in the cedar swamps it was hard traveling. And the fox kept to the shore or along the open ridges where the snow was not deep. And on one of those ridges, over across a cove half a mile away, I first caught sight of old Reynard. He was playing from the shore, up over an open piece of barren ridge of pasture land. Then he would double back to the shore.

Between me and the hill was a half mile of thick growth of spruce and cedar, and in the cedar swamp the snow was waist deep. And through this cedar swamp I had to pass.

When half way through the swamp I jumped another fox that had been lying in the sun. I marked the course it went, hurried on, and finally reached the rising ground and came to open land, saw the fox on top of the hill. It was looking back at the hound, which was slowly wallowing up the side hill in the deep snow. The fox waited till the dog got close to him, then ran along the ridge and doubled back to the shore. And so he played, back and forth.

When the fox left the crest of the hill I hurried on through the deep snow, which was slow traveling. I could tell by the dog when to expect the fox to come in sight again, so had to stand still while Reynard was in sight; otherwise he would see me—then good day. Three times Reynard came onto the hill before I got within shooting distance, and each time I was in plain sight, but stood still, scarcely dared to breathe. Then Hunter bore in sight, and as the fox came on, a long fifty yards away, he saw me. At that instant I fired. I noted its sudden start and the tail straighten as it disappeared beyond the crest of the hill. But as Hunter kept on I thought I had missed him.

But when I got to the top of the hill there was spatters of blood on the snow, and as I stood looking along the trail I first realized that Hunter had stopped giving tongue. And then knew that the fox was either dead or had holed. So I hurried on, and in a depression 50 yards away came on to Hunter with his fox.

I took the back track to the first stand I made at the lower edge of the hill, near the swamp. And there left my fox, without stopping to reload the gun, which was a 12 gauge double—muzzle loader.

With Hunter chained to my belt and tugging hard, which helped me through the snow, I retraced my track to where I had started the other fox. Then slipped the chain, and within five minutes Hunter had him on the run.

I then hurried back to the dead fox and reloaded the gun, put on a cap, raised the gun, and killed the other fox in its tracks. Went down into the swamp 50 yards away and retrieved the fox just as Hunter came up. It was a handsome female, while the other was a large male that weighed 12 lbs.

In the meantime, Scot, at the Carry, had heard the first shot, and immediately after the hound's clear buglelike notes had suddenly stopped; knew there had been a kill. He then came on up the road. As he got in sight of Dave, the hound again broke forth. Again he stopped, thinking to go back to the bridge, for there was where more foxes had bit the dust than any other place on Fox Island. And whenever fox hunters were abroad in that vicinity, a man always stood near the bridge at the Carry.

Before Scot got back to the bridge, again he heard the gun. After listening a few minutes the dog stopped. Then he came on back to Dave, and they both came over to me. In the meantime I had reloaded the gun, and tossed the foxes to right and left. They buried in the snow so only the tails were in sight.

As they came up, Dave said, "What are you shooting crows for; I thought you was fox-hunting."

A flock of crows were feeding along the shore and rose with much complaint each time I fired. I said, "Well, Dave, when I can't find anything better, I sometimes shoot crows."

But Scot was a fox hunter, and knew better; caught sight of one of the tails, touched Dave on the shoulder, pointed into the snow, saying, "Dave, there's one of his crows."

Dave jumped into the snow with a loud whoop and brought the fox back in to the road. At the same time caught Scot and I by the hand and we had a walk-around. Then Dave pulled a flask from his hip and passed it to me. I passed it on to Scot, saying, "Take an observation; we've lost our bearings."

Then Scot discovered the other fox, and again pointed it out to Dave. Again Dave retrieved. Then we all three took an observation, and a walk-around that disturbed the school half a mile away.

Dave said, "Who's got a string? I want to tie this fox's hind legs."

"Better take his hide, Dave. That's a heavy fox, and it's a long ways home," said I.

With much dignity, Dave said, "This is my first fox hunt, and will probably be my last; and I'm going to carry that fox or die in the attempt."

I can see Dave now, as he left us on his way back to the Harbor, that big fox hanging on his gun barrels as he strode off down the slope. Later on, when Scot and I started down the slope in Dave's wake, the handsome brush of the female trailed from Scot's coat pocket.

(Continued on Page 71)

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

LOCAL POLITICS

(Continued from Page 29)

incomes and our future by a bond issue without our express consent at the ballot box. That cardinal principle is embodied in most of our state constitutions and city charters. We keep a firm hold on the purse strings. You can see us doing it, a bony hand tightly gripping the aforesaid strings while vigilant eyes keep watch. That is, you can see us doing it that way theoretically. As to how we actually do it——

In June, 1924, the town held an election on the question of issuing $630,000 of bonds for road improvement. Only 190 votes were cast, 179 for and 11 against. In March, 1925, there was an election on issuing $1,165,000 of school bonds, at which 379 citizens voted yes and 42 voted no. The same spring an issue of $1,000,000 of bonds for road improvement in a district which comprises a considerable part of the city was carried by a vote of 62 for the issue to 8 against it. In those cases there was no organized agitation either for or against the bonds, so voters paid practically no attention.

In May, 1925, there was an election on the question of issuing $2,414,000 of bonds for various city improvements, among them a new pier that would cost $1,000,000. This pier project aroused opposition. Some people said the money would better be spent in extending the sewer system and for other humbler purposes. So arguments and page advertisements appeared in the newspapers, with the inspiring result that 2562 citizens actually voted, 1859 for the bonds, 703 against them.

The Selfish Interests

That vigilant control of the purse strings, in short, is poppycock. When some men—relatively few in number—are sufficiently interested to organize an aggressive campaign for or against a bond issue, buttonholing their friends, paying for large advertisements in the newspapers, drumming up votes as a good merchant drums up sales, then 2500 or 3000 voters will go to the trouble of casting a ballot. But if nobody is sufficiently interested to make a fight, the votes do not materialize except in pathetic dribbles.

It may be said that if the question is of any importance, some men will be sure to come forward and pay for page advertisements for or against it, and voters will be duly aroused. But if the issue is of no importance, why submit it to the voters at all? And pretty often the men who do come forward to conduct campaigns for or against have a strictly selfish interest in the matter.

It may be, and usually is, a perfectly honorable selfish interest. They own property that will be benefited by the proposed improvement, or injured by it. Or in some other way they see a personal profit or loss in the proposition. I am not impugning their good intentions; but fallible human nature is so constituted that if a proposition is going to benefit a man personally, it is excessively easy for him to believe that it is going to benefit the whole community as well; and if it is going to injure him personally he readily sees an injury to the community in it. The leadership of interested men is not an infallible guide.

In the last three years we have spent several millions of public money in various improvements. All the bond issues have been duly submitted to the voters. But strictly selfish interests have usually played an important part in the arrangements. Perhaps Syndicate A-B that wanted a highway through its property joined forces with Syndicate Y-Z and both highways got on the ballot, the governmental bodies that must approve a project before it goes on the ballot merely acting as umpires to hold the balance between rival selfish interests.

I am not using the word "selfish" in an invidious sense. In my opinion men ought to look out for their selfish interests. But, theoretically, all these questions of public improvements, paid for by public bond issues, are to be decided by the whole body of voters, who will judge each proposition with an impartial eye to the good of the whole community. Actually, nothing of the sort happens. The great body of voters are so indifferent to the whole business that only now and then—especially when somebody stages a fight—will any considerable fraction of them take the trouble to vote; and that fraction will often be swayed by considerations that have nothing to do with the intrinsic merits of the proposition.

If $1,577,000 for harbor improvements was wisdom in February, 1926, then $62,000 more could hardly have been folly in February, 1927. But in February, 1926, we were buoyant; nobody cared about a small matter like $1,500,000. At least, only sixteen citizens voted against it. A year later we were in a very conservative mood; $62,000 for any purpose looked like a lot of money; also a good many property owners feared their holdings might be depreciated. The intrinsic merits of the matter, broadly judged from the point of view of the good of the community as a whole, had little to do with the decision.

We may take an example outside the dry realm of finance. Three years ago the mayor and a majority of the city commissioners had got into a bitter family row. Like most family rows it wasn't so much about any one thing in particular as about everything in general. Probably the mayor wanted to boss the job more than a majority of the commissioners would allow, and didn't go about it very diplomatically. The commissioners' friends initiated a movement to recall the mayor and the mayor's friends retaliated with a movement to recall the commissioners. The published charges on both sides were of a technical sort—disregard of this or that provision of the charter. But the affair had that enlivening and acrimonious air which usually attached to personal quarrels. At the special election, under the recall provisions of the charter, 3135 votes were cast and the commissioners won by 866.

So the commissioners stayed in, but the mayor was out and it became necessary to elect a successor. Leading citizens canvassed the situation and induced a capable business man to stand for the vacant office. But another candidate, whom those leading citizens regarded as much less desirable than the ousted mayor, entered the lists. In the primary 2250 votes were cast. The preferred candidate got 1332, his opponent 895 and 23 went off at a tangent.

Voting Out Rather Than In

Note that of those who voted in the recall election, 885 didn't care who succeeded the ousted mayor and did not vote in the primary to nominate his successor. The preferred candidate won by less than half of that absentee 885. And at the ensuing election only 605 votes were cast, or less than one-fifth the number cast in the recall election.

The unpreferred candidate, although beaten in the primary, might still be voted for at the election by anybody who would take the trouble to write his name on the ballot. As it happened, he got only a handful of votes at the election; but with a little more energy and better organization, he would easily have won the mayoralty, in spite of his defeat at the primary, for the 895 who voted for him at the primary would have given him a margin of 54 per cent over the preferred candidate at the election. Which illustrates the old saying that God takes care of fools, drunken men and the United States. Certainly voters are not taking care of it.

When it was a question of getting the old mayor out of office 3135 voters went to the polls. But when it was a question of putting into office an excellent man whom everybody respected, only 605 electors bothered to vote. In politics, as in fiction and the drama, good people are quite tiresome and we reserve our lively interest for the wicked. Usually, in fact, we vote against somebody whom we dislike, or against some measure, rather than for a man or measure.

A year and a half ago some thoughtful citizens, who give a quite abnormal share of attention to public affairs, thought the old charter was inadequate to the needs of our growing town. So in the course of time, after much effort on the part of those citizens, a commission was duly authorized to study the situation and draft a new charter. It labored a long time and produced its draft. Everybody who gave any thought to the matter agreed that the old charter was inadequate. The question was whether to continue under that handicap or adopt the new draft. On that issue the campaign was so lively and well advertised that 1716 citizens went to the polls, 1067 voting against the new charter and 649 for it. The new charter was defeated by about 3 per cent of the potential vote.

Affliction for Americans

The town I have been speaking about happens to be situated in Florida; but as to its political complexion on national lines, Coolidge carried the town and the county in the last presidential election. A Republican may carry both in the next presidential election. There is little manufacturing and the immigrant population is negligible. The white permanent residents, as a recent special Federal census shows, come from every state east of the Mississippi River. They were born and bred in the atmosphere of American democracy. Mostly, they are not interested in it as applied to local affairs.

My newspaper friend's declaration that with a well-drilled gang 300 strong he can run the town is subject to some important limitations, however. To illustrate that we may turn to one more local election. A year ago some liberal-minded citizens, powerfully abetted by theater owners, came forward with a proposal to permit moving-picture shows on Sunday, and the city commissioners submitted the question to a popular vote. That campaign, with its religious implications, stirred up far more feeling than any other in the town's history. Actually 6680 voters went to the polls, 1634 voting for Sunday movies and 5046 against.

So, as in every other native American community, there are certain powerful prepossessions that may be indefinitely grouped under the title of the town's moral sentiments. Anything or anybody that flagrantly offends those sentiments will be defeated in spite of an organized band much stronger than 300. But it is impossible to draw a hard-and-fast line about our moral sentiments. For example, we play golf on Sunday and indulge in many other amusements. A great many gainful occupations that have nothing particular to do with work of necessity are conducted on that day, openly and unopposed. But to Sunday movies we decidedly say no.

We suspect there has been a good deal of graft here from time to time in connection with bootlegging, and we accept that general assumption rather complacently. But at any flagrant proved case of graft we would arise and say no, with emphatic indignation.

Anybody who aspires to run our town must be careful not to offend what we call our moral sentiments, although it is often impossible to say at just what point those sentiments are going to be shocked into action. Undoubtedly, and in spite of any organized electoral machine, there is a point at which we would rise against bad government and cast it out; but nobody can say just where that point is. The history of politics in American cities shows that government may get very bad indeed without getting bad enough to provoke a voters' revolt. In fine, the leader of our organized gang would need to move warily and with good judgment, setting some limits to his grafting and misgovernment. Within those limits, he could probably do about as he pleased.

In the election on Sunday movies, out of 6680 votes, 8 were cast by colored citizens—who, all told, comprise about a fifth of the total population. Florida laws contain no grandfather clauses or other devices to bar negroes from the polls at an election, as distinguished from a primary. The other day discrimination against negroes at primaries was annulled by the United States Supreme Court; but apparently no one here regards the decision as of any practical importance. A negro may register and vote at an election if he has the same qualifications as to age, length of residence and payment of poll tax that are required of white citizens. Some negroes do register and vote without let or hindrance, but only a handful.

A special factor in our community arises from the circumstance that the town has been growing rapidly and an unusually large proportion of its permanent white residents are comparative newcomers. They have been here long enough to get well settled in business or a profession or other gainful occupation; long enough to get well acquainted with the country and with their neighbors. Very likely they have joined a church, the Rotary club, the chamber of commerce or some other civic organization. Perhaps they can give you accurate information as to when the kingfish and tarpon begin to run and the likeliest place to find them. But they haven't been here long enough to get around to the bothersome business of registering and voting. That is the very last thing they do.

It is astonishing how widespread and deep-seated is the conviction that registering and voting are an affliction, much like having a tooth pulled. I was eligible to registration for more than a year before I finally got my resolution screwed up to the point of undergoing the dread ordeal. Of course, I meant to do it all along—that is, sometime. Once I visited the registration office and was quite relieved to find I was too late; the books were closed.

The Younger Generation

In fact, that office is very conveniently located—one or two minutes' walk from the post office, the banks, the shops, that everybody always has time to visit. And the ordeal of registration takes five minutes at most. To vote at any election may take ten minutes. The other morning I noticed a queue of people quite half a block long, advancing in slow lock step. They were standing in line—very cheerfully indeed—to buy tickets to a show. But I have known excellent citizens to be morose and peevish over having to stand in line one-fifth as long for the purpose of voting.

There is a poll tax in Florida. It amounts to one dollar a year for citizens under fifty-five years of age. No such citizen can vote without having paid the poll tax. That simple little impediment is sufficient to keep thousands from the polls. There is to be an election this spring on the question of issuing $430,000 of bonds for three new primary schools, two white, one colored. The few people who pay any attention to school affairs believe the new buildings are needed; for it is simply amazing, with a growing population, how the youngsters multiply. Any time the past three years I have noticed new school buildings in process of erection, sometimes in outlying regions where it seemed to me they could

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hardly be needed. But no sooner is any school building finished than it swarms with pupils. No doubt the new buildings will be needed by the time they are finished. But will 300 or 400 sovereign electors take the trouble to go to the polls and authorize the bonds?

That question seems so debatable that a civic club has employed a man by the month and had him deputized by the tax collector, so that, supplied with a bundle of blank poll-tax receipts, he can go from house to house persuading voters to pay him their poll tax then and there, in the hope that, having paid the tax and been urgently reminded of the need of schoolhouses, they will spend ten minutes of their invaluable time on election day to authorize the school bonds

The special factors of nonvoting colored citizens and many white newcomers—who, however, have resided here long enough to vote if they cared to—keep registration lower than it would be in a town of the same size farther north. Political apathy is a little denser here, but the difference is only one of degree. Apathy is dense enough everywhere.

Now, democracy ought to be most successful in local affairs. Until you get to the big cities, those affairs are much simpler than national affairs. Information about them is more accessible. Nine times out of ten they are of much more immediate, tangible importance to the voter than national affairs are. Whether the duty on steel or cotton is 20 per cent higher or lower makes so little difference in your daily living that you wouldn't know which it was except by consulting the Statistical Abstract. Whether the United States joins a World Court or keeps out of it is an even more remote and problematical factor in your everyday life.

But how the local schools and health department are conducted, whether the police department is tolerably honest and efficient, whether the sewers and pavements are well laid or ill laid, touches you at home, and your children. You pay for all those things directly out of your pocket. Certainly it is easier to keep an eye on elected servants who are functioning three blocks away than on those who function 1000 miles away. It is easier to inform yourself about a candidate who lives in the next street than about one who lives halfway across the continent.

If a man cannot manage a comparatively small, simple affair that is under his nose and directly touches his day-to-day life at many points, is it likely that he will continue indefinitely to manage with success a vast, complicated affair that is mainly beyond his field of vision? If democracy breaks down at home, how long will it survive at Washington?

Out of the Small-Town Stage

American democracy began with the New England town meeting, when voters gathered in the courthouse to discuss and settle their common local concerns. That it would succeed best with local concerns which went on immediately under the eye of the voter was a reasonable assumption. It does succeed very well with those concerns when the community is small. But a long while ago it appeared that as local concerns reached, or passed, a certain point in size, ordinary voters progressively lost control of them. In 1888, James Bryce, in The American Commonwealth, presented a rather flattering view of us, on the whole; but had to admit that democracy was pretty much a failure in our big cities, which he found to be mainly run by organized bands of a more or less predatory character.

In an intermittent way I have been acquainted with this Florida town for twenty years. Up to now I should say on the whole it has been pretty well governed. But almost up to now it was still in the small-town stage, where practically everybody knew practically everybody else and by mere word of mouth was kept fairly well informed about everything of public interest that went on. For local political purposes it wouldn't have mattered much whether there were any newspapers or not. Oral communication was sufficient to spread news. Not much that was of any consequence could happen without nearly everybody soon hearing of it. Men readily got together, exchanged views and settled their opinions. Under such conditions the man who neglected to vote presented a less menacing problem, for even he knew what was going on and presumably would vote if what went on displeased him.

But we are already definitely passing out of the small-town stage. Nobody any longer knows everybody. To many potential voters some candidates for public office are no more than names printed on paper. They have never seen the men, never even heard of them. They very decidedly don't know what is going on. Some outstanding and controversial things, like a new municipal pier or a belt-line connection with the harbor, are brought to their languid attention and submitted to their judgment; but the local governmental bodies—county commissioners, city commissioners, school trustees, park commissioners, and so on—are doing things all the while that a great many voters hear nothing about.

Time for the Spoils Machine

And our local affairs, as inevitably happens when a town passes a certain point in size, constantly grow more complicated and technical, therefore more difficult for the ordinary lay voter to understand. Many of them will be engineering problems that only an expert can pass an intelligent judgment on. The bigger the town the more complex its problems. As a somewhat extreme example, take New York City's transportation—what to do about the subways, elevateds and surface lines. Though never a resident there, I have read New York papers pretty continuously for many years, but a good while ago I began to skip all transportation news. The thing got so involved and technical that nobody could possibly understand it except by patient study. A host of ordinary lay voters have given up trying to understand it. Usually, as affairs get bigger and more complicated, they drag a bigger background along with them: you must understand a great deal that has happened in the past in order to get the full significance of the new happening. To keep a mental grasp upon them requires greater and greater effort. More and more voters practically give up trying to grasp them.

And as affairs get harder to understand, the newspapers print relatively less about them, rather than more, because they are harder reading and their subscribers mostly want easy reading. Whatever other objects the newspaper editor may have in mind, attracting readers is his first object. If he gives them, the year through, ten columns of sports and five columns of comic strip to every quarter column of local political affairs—which is probably a very liberal estimate—it is because he has found out that their day-by-day interests run in about that proportion. There is no point in blaming the newspapers.

So, as the city increases in size beyond a certain point, the bulk of ordinary lay voters progressively lose control of its affairs. This Florida community has passed out of the small-town stage and is passing into the city stage; therefore its situation is all the more interesting and typical, for the whole nation is by way of passing from country and small town to city. What happens here, I think, illustrates what is happening nationally.

A city political machine of the predatory sort must have spoils to distribute. In order to sustain the enthusiastic loyalty of its lieutenants, there must be offices, perquisites and favors to bestow; or the organization cloaks and facilitates the collection of graft. The lieutenants are not in politics with an eye single to their health. In a small community the spoils in any case must be meager; Boss Tweed would starve, even though the neighborly voters were not watchful of local political affairs. But as the town gets bigger, opportunities for spoils obviously increase. Thus, about in proportion as voters lose effectual touch with affairs, it becomes worth while to set up a spoils machine.

How much ordinary voters have lost control of government in large cities may be illustrated by turning to one of government's elemental functions. For example, I have here the transcript of the testimony of a friar in a famous murder trial at Rome 300 odd years ago.

One paragraph reads:

"Jesus! Jesus! Alas, alas! I know nothing, I know nothing, I know nothing! Oh, Jesus, what a death! What a death! I know nothing, nothing, nothing, signore! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, oh, signore! I know nothing or I would tell it. I have said all that I know. Alas, what a death! Glorious Virgin, thou knowest well that I am Thy servant, and Thou wilt aid me. Signore, signore, you are killing me!"

Many such interjections in a sober transcript of testimony at a criminal trial sound odd—until one knows that every now and then they pulled the witness' arms out of the sockets and hung his weight on the torn tendons. That was their very mildest method of inducing a witness to say what they wanted him to. The severer methods cannot be recommended to readers with sensitive stomachs. Many thousand American tourists have viewed rack, boot, thumbscrew and like medieval inducements to confess in European museums, and probably thanked heaven that they lived in an enlightened age and a free land.

But last fall a young American told me an experience that had befallen him some time before—not in wicked Gotham, but in a 100 per cent Middle Western city. He was holding a quasi-public office at the time. The office had nothing to do directly with the administration, but happened to be peculiarly interested in a certain robbery. My young friend, who knew the circumstances of the crime, was asked to be present at the interrogation of three suspects whom the police had picked up. In the room were three burly detectives, three undersized, reedy, inferior youths and this young man. Detective Number 1 began questioning suspect Number 1. Presently detective Number 2, without warning, struck the suspect on the side of the head, knocking him from his chair and into a heap in the corner. He picked himself up shakily and resumed the chair. In a few minutes detective Number 3 knocked him down. That went on until my young friend made an excuse to get out of the room and did not come back.

A One-to-Seven Chance

Now, everybody knows that that sort of thing goes on in American cities. The police resort to torture to extort confessions from suspects. They do not use rack and thumbscrew, but it is exactly the same kind of brutality. This is so notorious that juries often ignore the prisoner's signed confession to the police. Voters don't want that. The great majority of them detest it. But they seem quite powerless to help it. Government in that respect is beyond their control. I have never yet known a large American city in which it was not a pretty common opinion among voters that there was lucrative connivance between the police and certain forms of commercialized vice. No plebiscite sanctions that.

The use of torture is an infallible sign that the administration of justice is in a barbarous state. Wherever you find torture, in the past or in the present, you invariably find that law is weak and uncertain. The weakness and uncertainty of criminal law in American cities has been a scandal for many years. Long ago the present Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court urgently called attention to it. No big American city gives you much better than a one-to-seven chance that, if you are murdered, the murderer will be punished and other possible murderers will be discouraged. Certainly the great bulk of voters don't want that; but, although the subject has been expounded to them for years, they seem nearly helpless to remedy it. In its elemental function of protecting life, government has got beyond their control.

That it is pretty much beyond their control in many other important respects will not, I believe, be disputed by any observant resident of a large city. Voters decidedly don't want the city government to go on as it is going, but it continues to go that way just the same. And city government becomes relatively more important every day. In 1888, when New York City shocked James Bryce, Manhattan Island held about as many inhabitants as Detroit has now. Nearly two-fifths of the population of the United States now lives in cities of 30,000 and up—all of them growing. City government rather than country or small-town government is becoming the typical condition for Americans.

Local Extravagance

A moment ago I mentioned spoils; but in that respect a new factor of tremendous potency has been introduced by prohibition. The profits of bootlegging offer a potential source of graft on a scale hitherto unknown, and even in small towns. The temptation to predatory politics is everywhere multiplied by it. That vote on Sunday movies probably affords a fair rough-and-ready indication of how this Florida town stands on the question of prohibition enforcement; but ever since prohibition, whisky in any quantity—saying nothing about quality—has been easily procurable here. It is an optimistic voter who can believe that systematic bootlegging goes on without graft somewhere along the line. At any rate here is a new and ugly menace to democratic government.

Local affairs constantly grow more important on the fiscal side. We cheer Coolidge and Mellon because they have reduced Federal taxes, Federal expenditures and Federal debts. But all the while local governments have been increasing local expenditures, taxes and debts to a degree that about offsets all savings at Washington. Now local governments are spending decidedly more public money every year than the Government at Washington spends. In 1925 total "ordinary expenditures" of the Federal Government came to $2,464,169,000, while in the year before that revenue receipts of cities of 30,000 inhabitants and up—leaving out all other local governmental bodies and the state governments—came to $2,322,573,000. If complete figures for 1926 were available they would undoubtedly show a large increase. Funded indebtedness of local governments already reaches nearly $10,000,000,000.

In 1922, the last year for which I have complete figures, all local levies of general-property taxation came to $3,503,725,000. These are the direct taxes on your farm, house, furniture, and so forth, that you pay to the city or county treasurer. In that year receipts of the Federal Government from internal revenue and customs—the two great sources—came to $3,565,703,000. Since then Federal income taxes have been greatly reduced, but local taxes have certainly gone up—probably about as much as Federal taxes have come down. We mere voters seem to be able to make ourselves heard somewhat in Washington. There Republicans and Democrats are all for lower taxes. But local governments increase taxes.

From the beginning of the record up to 150 years ago government showed a painfully persistent tendency to gravitate from the left to the right—to become less democratic, political power passing into fewer and fewer hands. For familiar examples, city republics like Athens and Rome succumbed to a master. After the big break-up

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Make Champion National Change Week—May 1st to 7th—your yearly reminder to install a complete new set of Champions.

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO

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of the Dark Ages we again see city republics over Italy, but again all of them succumb to a ducal boss. Nearly everywhere in Europe the limited monarchy became an absolute monarchy. To be sure, in the past century and a half the movement has been, on the whole, from right to left. But is that bound to be permanent?

Even fifteen years ago we Americans were well settled in the comforting conviction that democracy was the last word in government—bound to endure forever by its own innate virtues. But especially in the past five years we have heard democracy questioned and challenged as it had not been for 100 years. Certainly our apathy doesn't strengthen it. Of course we can still laugh at the idea of a revolutionary change in government—and go fishing on election day. We laugh because when revolutionary change is mentioned we think of a Napoleon III, a Soviet dictatorship, a Mussolini, and we are sure none of those things will happen. But changes essentially as revolutionary may come about in quite other ways without altering a syllable of the Constitution. I think nobody who considers the subject carefully will deny that at present the United States is practically governed by organized minorities; or that local government, when the community passes a certain point in size, is the weakest point.

Various remedies are proposed. A good many have already been tried. This Florida town has the full complement of patent devices for making democracy effective—direct primaries, referendum, recall; nearly all officers who hold executive, legislative or judiciary power are directly elected by the people. But if people are only languidly interested in public affairs all those devices are worse than useless, for they give a false sense of security.

Every now and then somebody proposes some other patent remedy, such as compelling eligibles to vote or pay a fine. But that is just sticking to the fatuous notion that the trouble can be cured by another law. That notion has been the direct difficulty all along. We have wanted to tinker up the democratic machine with new laws, so that it would operate automatically and we wouldn't have to bother about it any more. Wanting to escape bother is precisely what the trouble consists of. If a man votes merely to escape a fine, he would better not vote at all. Mere voting will not go far. The disease is lack of interest in public affairs; nonvoting is only one symptom of it.

I was brought up, politically, to admire the independent voter. A great number of Americans of my generation were. That ideal patriot was to save the country by holding himself strictly aloof from all political organizations and casting his vote impartially for the best men and the best measures that either or any party brought forward for his immaculate approval. Thus, of course, the best men and the best measures would always win. That conclusion looked as simple and irrefutable as two times two. Once upon a time I was proud of being an independent voter.

But I have come to perceive that the independent voter is a mere fraud and delusion. His vaunted detachment from all political organization is nothing but a poor excuse for his laziness. To belong, in any real sense, to any organization means taking some pains about it, attending some meetings, listening to committee reports, considering, consulting, working with the organization. Only in that way, as cities grow, can voters exercise any steadily effectual influence on public affairs. That, of course, involves some bother. Independent voters want to escape the bother.

I have been talking about local affairs. National political organizations need have nothing to do with them; but organization of some kind is the only answer. Through association with other voters whose objects in the main are similar to his own, any voter can, with a minimum of time and effort, keep in touch with affairs and make his weight felt in them. An organization can collect facts, study questions through committees, get important expert advice, look up candidates, and so on, where an individual is practically helpless. Voters who want a real look-in have got to organize. Only in that way can they exert a steady influence. As our cities continue to grow detached, casual voters are going to count for about as much as so many rabbits.

THE ZEPPELINS

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vane to hold it from spinning. The winch was mounted in the bomb room amidships and the cask attached to the cable with a pair of strong springs to take up possible jolting. Installing an ordinary trench telephone in the cask so that I could communicate with the control car, I had the helmsman blindfolded and we set out on an experimental flight.

As I was lowered some 500 feet below, there came a series of shocks caused by the jerks and stops of the old hand winch. There I hung exactly as if I had been in a bucket in a well. It was not a pleasant sensation by any means, for I did some hasty calculation and found that the cable and winch were not overstrong. But the test was successful.

Frozen Oil for the Motors

With a hand compass I could determine the direction I wanted to take. My orders, relayed to the blindfolded helmsman in the control car, were acted upon quickly, and the ship moved wherever I desired her. Back on earth again, we immediately ordered the construction of an efficient winch, to be driven by one of the main engines on the ship.

It held 3000 feet of a high-grade steel cable a quarter of an inch thick and especially made for us. Inside the cable was a brass core insulated with rubber so that it would serve as a telephone line. The observation car was made of wickerwork, and resembled in form the body of a tiny airplane, with the regulation tail, rudder and lateral fins. A steering bar permitted the occupant to help control the lateral motion if the airship encountered a disturbance which might set the small observation car swinging unsteadily. This was soon discarded as unnecessary. Inside were a comfortable chair, a chart table, electric light, a lightning protector, a compass and the telephone.

During the first two months of 1915 we experienced great difficulty with the engines on the new Z-12, because the oil tanks and pipe installations were not sufficiently protected against extreme cold. I remember that we tried to make a raid on Nancy, the French headquarters in Lorraine, on an exceptionally cold day in February. Our ship succeeded, without particular effort, in reaching the hitherto unusual altitude of 11,000 feet. There the thermometer dropped past ten below zero; how much more I cannot say, because our instrument dials were not then made to indicate lower temperatures.

There was no way of heating the control car, in which we had to stand to operate the ship. The men stationed throughout the hull fared as badly, and I feared that the engine crews would freeze their fingers working on the motors. The situation became serious when one of the three engines stopped. While we were trying to get it started, another went dead. The oil had frozen into solid blocks inside the tanks. With only one engine it would be suicidal to risk flying over Nancy, so I turned round to come back, when I found that we would be lucky indeed if we were to reach the hangar. Finally we had to rip apart the oil tanks, pick out the chunks of oil, break them into small chips and feed them almost directly into the engine through the small oil-cleaner tank. In a similar manner we got another engine started and dragged ourselves back home.

We then had a number of changes made in the fuel and oil installations, and on March eighth flew the Z-12 from Frankfort to Maubeuge, which was to be our airport. Maubeuge, being in captured French territory close to the Belgian border, placed us relatively near the enemy objectives.

Three days after our arrival we received a copy of the order authorizing the raids on England. It read something like this:

> Until further order, the command is to make bombing raids, whenever possible, on military objects in England, preferably London.

That was general enough. It gave me authority to pick my own time and use my own judgment as to just where we should fly. This was essential, for I should have to reckon with the weather. For days it prevented our making an attempt, and the members of my crew became very restless. They wanted to be first over London. They could not be first over England, because two navy Zeppelins—L-3 and L-4—had raided the English east coast on the nineteenth of January, but we still had a chance to make the first attack on the capital.

Weather Difficulties

All airship commanders experienced difficulty raiding the enemy in the west because of the peculiar navigational problems. No accurate forecast of the weather could be obtained. In Europe, as elsewhere in the northern hemisphere, weather generally comes from the west. In other words, the storm areas develop somewhere in the northern part of the American continent and cross the Atlantic, thus striking the coasts of the British Isles and France with very little warning. The system of peacetime weather reports from steamers at sea was in the initial stages of development when the war started. Even today it is hardly adequate. The weather forecaster in Western Europe has a most difficult task, unlike his colleague in the United States, where in most instances new disturbances in the West can be checked and analyzed and the Middle and Eastern states forewarned. This, by the way, affords the United States a tremendous advantage over Europe in all aviation. When meteorological service for aircraft is thoroughly organized here, it will more than compensate for the greater violence of American weather, which is caused by the topography.

Off for a Raid

For us, during the war period, there was rarely any accurate advance knowledge concerning the weather on our projected course. The German meteorological headquarters was established in Belgium, and the most advanced outpost permitted our observers was at the Front—less than 100 miles away. That was almost useless, for a storm center traveling as slowly as twenty miles an hour would pass over or turn in its course or perform any of countless unforeseen twists before we could be warned of it. We were often compelled, therefore, to set out blindly on flights which might last twenty hours.

This necessitated our using the strictest care in reading the weather from our ships, observing the peculiarities of each cloud bank, the wind at various heights, the temperature and barometric readings. I should estimate that 30 per cent of the flights toward France or England were interrupted by unforeseen weather changes; and this would be a low average, considering that the Zeppelins went out whenever it seemed at all possible.

Even moderate winds in an unfavorable direction menaced the success of a flight, for the heavily laden craft could carry only a certain quantity of fuel, and a head wind might reduce the actual speed just enough to keep the ship within reach of the enemy longer than advisable, or endanger it on the return, in case of partial damage or engine trouble. Rain, too, if heavy enough, by creating additional weight on the ship, might prevent its reaching a sufficient altitude, and so would thick clouds or fog.

In addition, we could not employ most of the normal aids to navigation because of war conditions. In flight we often had difficulty checking the prevailing winds and weather. In war all facilities were either unavailable or limited in application. Radio communication was too dangerous. The enemy could intercept radio messages and locate our ship. I never used it on an outward flight, and only during emergencies while returning home. Astronomical observations were often impossible because we could not see the stars. The landmarks discernible at night were few and generally difficult to identify.

In peacetime, cities and towns are brilliantly lighted, lighthouses operated on all coasts and the ship free to fly as low as may be necessary. Navigation then is a simple matter.

Often we would not even use our floating flares designed to make a fixed spot on the surface by which we could calculate the wind drift. Our only aids while operating from Belgium were two lighthouses on that coast especially equipped for throwing beams upward.

One was at Ostend, the other to the east at Steenbrugge. The straight line between these two beams of light extended across directly to the mouth of the Thames. By keeping the lights in line as long as they were visible, we could determine the wind direction, at least during the initial period. Ample experience in judging cloud formations was our mainstay in checking the further developments of wind velocity and the changes at varying altitudes.

On the sixteenth of March the weather seemed to improve, and we made ready for the first raid on London, waiting only for the late weather reports that evening. But in the upper air the wind was still blowing a gale. We did not get away until the next night.

The Z-12 was loaded with about three tons of mixed bombs, and in the quiet evening air we arose and passed out over Ostend to the North Sea. We arrived over the English coast about ten o'clock. There we found one of the thickest fogs that ever mantled the British Isles. Those fogs which cause so much trouble in times of peace saved England considerable damage during the war, just as centuries ago they protected her coasts from the raids of seafaring enemies.

London's Friendly Clouds

I put the Z-12 up to 10,000 feet, as high as she would take her heavy load of bombs and fuel. But we could not get through the cloud banks which clung tenaciously to the fog belt. We circled about in all directions, trying to locate the River Thames from the formation of the clouds, but could not find it. Ordinarily the cloud banks above the river would be thinner and more uneven than over land, but now they were too thick. Finally we sent the ship down almost to the surface, but even there we could not find the river. All that we received for our trouble was a hot fire from a battery which we could not identify, so did not bother to answer it. By this time we were

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It is the companionship of P. A. that I had particularly in mind. When I'm tempted to fly off the handle, P. A. seems to say: "Steady, old boy; ten years from now it won't matter." And I cool off. When things are riding pretty, P. A. is there to cheer *with* me.

I tell you, Men, if you don't know Prince Albert as a daily companion, you don't know how much comfort and joy your pipe is prepared to bring you. Buy a tidy red tin today on my recommendation. Throw back the hinged lid and revel in that rare P. A. aroma.

Then pack a load in your pipe and light up. You'll find it cool and consoling. You'll be amazed that any tobacco can be so mild and, at the same time, so completely satisfying. I'd like to bet that you'll be a P. A. fan after that first marvelous pipe-load.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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some miles inland and the game of finding London remained as difficult as finding a simple way to end the war.

Rather than waste the entire night in what was a futile attempt from the start, we turned the ship about and headed for Calais. To our surprise, conditions there were ideal for using the observation car. The clouds lay over both land and sea, their lower strata some 4000 feet from the surface, and in that space the air was as clear as a crystal. We could make out the lights of Calais while miles distant, and prepared the car for service. Baron Gemmingen and I had several times argued as to which of us would be the first to ride in the car during a raid. I wanted to do it, but he was equally insistent and finally he made it plain that it was his duty, as observer, to go below, while I remained with the ship in charge of operations.

Approaching Calais, we throttled down the engines so that they would make the minimum noise while still permitting us to maneuver and turn in our tracks if necessary. Gemmingen was lowered about a half mile below the ship and we ascended into the clouds. He said, later, that he had felt lonely down there by himself, and as he saw the big Zeppelin disappear from sight it seemed as if he were a disembodied spirit floating about in space.

By the time we arrived over the city he was half a mile above the surface, with perfectly clear vision; and his tiny car could not be seen by the puzzled watchers below. They heard our engines, of course, and all the light artillery from the forts was directed toward the sound. But the sky was broad. Their fire was utterly futile. Only once did a salvo come near enough for us to notice the detonations when the shells burst.

Peering out of the control car we could not see anything, not even Gemmingen. The darkness and mist surrounded us like an impenetrable wall; but Gemmingen by this time was sending up his orders through the telephone, giving directions by compass. We circled over the fortress for forty-five minutes, Gemmingen taking his time so that he could plant his bombs with precision.

Flying Over the Maas, Belgium, During Flight From Frankfurt to Maubeuge, 1915

Accidents in the Air

He had little difficulty directing the operations, and at intervals he would quietly order a few small bombs dropped, then larger ones, and so on. Five separate attacks were made, taking in the railway station, the storehouses on the docks, the arsenal and other points. Again and again we saw the light ovals made by the searchlights as the rays struck the clouds and were blocked as if they were playing on a great layer of cotton thousands of acres in extent.

Later we learned that Calais had been thrown into a turmoil not only by the bombing but by the fact that the airship could not be seen. We were credited with all sorts of ingenuity. It was decided that we had perfected a mirror and color system which made our ship invisible from the surface, something which was proved to be a scientific impossibility.

It was while returning from that raid that I had my first real accident. We had sighted our landing lights at Maubeuge. I had brought the ship to within 400 feet of the ground and was weighing off—that is, stopping the engines and allowing the craft to rise or fall according to the conditions of buoyancy. Our forward motion had ceased. The altitude recorder indicated a slow sinking and I had turned around to signal for the engines to start, when I saw tall chimneys rising up black and stark

The weather had changed, the barometer had fallen four inches in less than twelve hours and the altimeter, being controlled by the barometric pressure, had registered our height 300 feet higher than it actually was. None of us had seen how close to the surface we were until then, and before we could throw out ballast the ship reached the ground. Fortunately it had no forward speed, and on a plain field no damage would have resulted. But here we dropped on a railroad between a group of factories on the outskirts of our landing field. The forward car struck a highway bridge over the tracks and the rear end of the ship settled into a railroad cut. The tail caught in a telegraph pole and ripped away part of the steering gear. Jumping out and finding the extent of the damage, I sent out guards to stop all trains, and then waited for daylight, meanwhile mooring the Z-12 to some telegraph poles. After we had towed the craft into the hangar next morning, we found that it would require fourteen days before repairs could be completed.

I had another accident shortly after we had taken the air again. This time we were also bound for England, which was proving not altogether a lucky objective for us, for we were again turned back. The rain commenced pouring in torrents as we cruised through the night above the North Sea; and as the water gathering on the hull so weighted it that we could not gain sufficient altitude for successful bombing, we had to call it off. But we did not desire to return empty-handed after such a wetting. As we should have to pass close to Dunkirk on our return, we decided to dump the bombs into the fortress there.

They gave us a merry fight, peppering the air with shrapnel. We realized that a stray shell might find us, but continued dropping bombs with considerable effect. We must have sent a ton and a half of explosives into the forts when there came a peculiar vibration and a knocking sound. An instant later the crew in the rear engine car telephoned forward that the starboard propeller had vanished and had apparently been hurled into the gas bags. On inspection we found no trace of the propeller, but there was a big hole in the envelope on the hull and a smaller one in the lower side of a gas cell. We made for home, landing safely a few hours later. After a thorough search we concluded that a fragment of shell had hit the propeller, damaging it sufficiently to disturb its balance and twisting it off the shaft.

A Raid on Paris

On March twentieth the captains of three army airships, Z-10, LZ-35 and SL-2, received orders to raid Paris, that night if possible. Searchlights had been installed the month before at Douai, Cambrai, Noyon and other places, to facilitate navigation. When hearing an airship in their vicinity, the attendants were to flash their code name quickly and turn off the light.

The SL-2 was struck while over the trenches on the way out, so she threw her bombs into Compiègne, a French army headquarters, and returned to her hangar at Trier.

Paris had been warned of the approaching Zeppelins, for searchlights were playing in all directions and a battery far to the south of the raiders was firing madly into a cloud that had floated into a searchlight beam. The gunners thought it was a Zeppelin. For reasons best known to themselves, the French kept the capital brilliantly lighted, unlike London, which always was darkened. The River Seine appeared like a black band running through the city. The raiders could see the flashes from the heavy guns in the forts, busy with sending up their big shells, which of course invariably dropped back into the city, some in the residential sections to create considerable damage.

The anti-aircraft batteries proved ineffective, their bursts being largely far below and behind the ships. But as Captain Horn of the Z-10, told me, "We had strong head winds, and were flying at only 8000 feet. The shooting started fifteen miles from the center of the city and it took us an hour and a half to cross and recross the city, all that time in a perfect hell of searchlights and gunfire."

Yet both ships dropped their bombs. Reuter's reporting the destruction of a big munitions factory, said: "Half of the building, which was operating at the time, is razed, scattered, split in a thousand pieces. The rest of the factory looks as if it had been caught in an immense vortex. A great hole in the ground is filled with girders, beams and débris." It was also admitted that an electric-power generating plant had been struck.

The LZ-35, on leaving the city, was pursued by anti-aircraft guns mounted on automobiles and other cars containing searchlights, but her commander shook off the enemy by deflecting his course over the

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Letter

"Les Miserables"

Great film achievement makes Hugo's epic live again

For once, at least, I am going to let someone else do the talking in this Weekly Letter. And the reason for it is a remarkable review of *"Les Miserables,"* Universal's Film de France Triumph, written by S. Morgan Powell and published in the Montreal Star of March 1. This is what Mr. Powell wrote:

"There cannot be two candid opinions about the quality of the French film, *"Les Miserables,"* the screen version made by Cine-Roman of Victor Hugo's epic novel. It is great, no matter by what standard or from what viewpoint you judge it—great in conception, great in design, great in execution, and great in the quality of the acting and the vision of the producers.

"The picture is a remarkable example of what intelligence, respect for an author's work, and the inspiration a work of genius affords sincere artists, can achieve when applied to the interpretation upon the silver sheet of a novel that possesses the elements of immortality.

"Many of the best-known names in the French theatre were proud to take part in this picture. The story, as they tell it, picks out the principal dramatic incidents in the novel, always preserving the main theme—the regeneration of humanity through the influence of goodness in man.

"The dramatic proportions of the book have been ingeniously preserved. As to acting, this is the best acting of a nation whose theatre has led the world. Not a single rôle, no matter how trifling, is insignificant, because each is interpreted with care, with due regard for values, and with a sound sense of proportion.

"Technically, moreover, this picture is comparable with the finest anywhere. The photography is nothing short of wonderful. They make each tragic moment live before the eyes of the spectator. Assuredly *'Les Miserables'* marks the beginning of a new era for the European film."

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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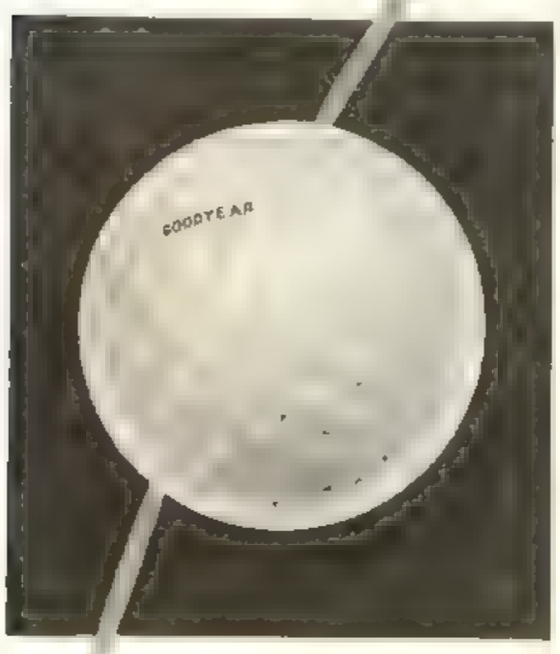
who knows? who cares?

WHAT IS IT that makes the new Goodyear Ball so *long*, so true, so controllable? Is it the new core? the new winding? the new cover? the new All-Weather marking? Who knows—and, really, who cares? It's enough to know that it costs only 75c and that it plays so wonderfully.



The best place to try a golf ball is on the golf course.

You may cut it up in a laboratory, photograph it, or anything else. You may do these things and only prove that the new Goodyear Ball is scientifically balanced, accurately cored, wound, and covered.

But what makes it such a *long* ball? What gives it that sweet "click"? What makes it immune to cuts, bruises, and scuffs? Why does it ride so straight, so swift, so obediently?

No doubt, scientific explanations will be forthcoming as its fame spreads.

In the meantime, don't worry yourself about it. Just play the ball—the new Goodyear Ball with the All-Weather Mesh, or dimpled, if you prefer.

The new Goodyear Ball—either All-Weather Mesh or Dimple—is 75c. The Goodyear Regular—either mesh or dimple—and the Goodyear Glide are 50c. Ask your professional.

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big forests north of Paris. Passing the lines, he was fired at, but the ship received only about a hundred holes, and was able to reach home. The Z-10 was not so lucky.

"Dawn was breaking as we reached the battle lines near Noyon," Captain Horn told me. "The French had been waiting for us. It was fortunate that they had no incendiary projectiles, for despite our height of 10,000 feet—the highest we could possibly reach—the Z-10 was hit by two complete salvos from a battery that had managed to get the exact range. Shells and shrapnel, striking at an angle, went through two or three gas cells at a time. One solid shell went through the ship and two shrapnels missed the control car by inches.

"We continued at top speed until the lines were passed. No airplanes pursued us, the artillery evidently thinking they could handle the Z-10 nicely; or else the pilots did not care to go up into that unhealthy, shell-pestered atmosphere.

"We were losing gas at a terrific rate, because half the cells were more like sieves than anything else; and we were glad to see several German planes come out to escort us back and protect us from enemy machines, had they pursued.

"The engineer, with two men, had been making the rounds continuously, and after we had left the fire zone he climbed down into the control car and reported five cells losing gas rapidly, with another emptying more slowly. The elevator man reported the Z-10 sinking heavily at more than a foot and a half a second.

"I then brought the ship down to less than 4000 feet, so as to shrink the gas by the increased pressure of the air at lower altitudes, and to cause the remaining gas to stay a little longer in the upper part of the cells, where there were not so many holes.

"I knew, however, that we could not reach our hangar at Brussels. We threw out everything to lighten the ship—machine guns, gasoline and oil tanks, tools and equipment. Then our thick fur coats went overboard, and finally our boots. So long as we could not stay up we did the next best thing—came down, without injury to the crew, in a field near St. Quentin."

With Hindenburg in the East

In April an order was issued prohibiting raids on London and this stood until it was reversed late in May. Early in that month I tried to reach Boulogne, but was held back by strong head winds. In view of the weather and prospects for a busy summer, I decided to overhaul the Z-12 and make ready for better service. But she was not prepared when the new order permitting London raids was issued. As a result the LZ-38 had the field to itself.

After a first attempt on April twenty-ninth, in which it succeeded only in reaching Harwich at the mouth of the Thames, which was bombed, the LZ-38 two days later got over London and was the first Zeppelin to bomb that city.

A few days later, while rushing the work on our Z-12, Gemmingen and I were ordered to take her to the Eastern Front and operate under Marshal von Hindenburg's forces against Russia.

Throughout the war Hindenburg held a high opinion of the Zeppelins and the ways by which they could, and did, aid his army in several campaigns; though at first his experience with airships paralleled that of the general staff on the Western Front. Daylight reconnaissance with the prewar types was not only hazardous but often futile.

At the start three airships had been assigned to operate on the Russian Front—prewar types which were experimental at best. Yet they made many daylight scouting flights and night raids. The old Z-4, under Captain Quast, accomplished wonders when you reflect that it was small, low-powered and inadequately equipped.

This was the Zeppelin which had landed in France in April, 1913, attracting world-wide attention at the time. Her experience then served to illustrate the navigational difficulties which we were up against even during normal periods. She was bound for the German fortress of Metz, and shortly after leaving the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen ran into thick weather. The wind shifted during the night, and though her commander did not know it, was blowing in the direction opposite to that which had formed the basis for his calculations when he took off. He carried no radio and there was no way to advise him of the shifting wind. Dense fog prevented him learning of it by direct observation, so when the fog lifted the next morning the Zeppelin was over French territory.

She might have been turned about and sent back into Germany, but the captain desired to avoid diplomatic complications and a cause for complaint on the part of France, though he was only a few miles from the border. He landed quite voluntarily on French soil near Luneville. This of course gave the French officials an excellent opportunity to inspect the Zeppelin.

From August to October, 1914, the Z-4 worked under Hindenburg. Captain Quast would set out with machine guns and the crude bombs of that time. Flying only a few hundred feet over the Russian troops he would engage in a pitched battle, in which the soldiers on the ground had a huge target. Once he returned with no less than 300 holes in the gas cells. He bombed the forts at Warsaw and several times accounted for important railway junctions near the Polish city. Later the Z-4 was withdrawn from active service and used as a training ship. A sister craft, Z-5, was less fortunate.

Her captain, Gruener, made a fine flight late in August, bringing back full details of the concentration of enemy troops near Novogeorgievsk. Three days later he bombed an entire regiment of Cossacks in a successful surprise attack, and returned with information about the main Russian Army being assembled to oppose Hindenburg. This success made the crew overdaring, a fault that I have observed generally among many flying men.

Prisoners in Siberia

When the Z-5 attacked the railway yards at Mlawa during the day of August twenty-eighth, she was little more than a mile high. The artillery peppered her with shrapnel inside the enemy lines near Liepovick. While the crew were trying to burn the wreck they were captured. Later they were sent to the prison camps in Siberia. In 1917 one of them escaped, and returning to Germany, reported the details of how most of the others had died of starvation and disease. Captain Gruener and a companion escaped. They disguised themselves as peasants and walked across Siberia to China, where they were shot to death by Russian police while trying to cross the border.

Lehmann's Ship LZ-120, Leaving Kovno on its Way to Petrograd

The third airship in the east was the Schutte-Lanz-2. She made several successful daylight flights for the Austrian Army in the areas of Cholm and Lublin, once staying out sixty hours, with an intermediate stop at the fortress of Przemysl. She was then transferred to the Western Front to replace a ship lost there. This left the east without airships, but there was slight need of them at that time, for the Front was very quiet following Hindenburg's victory of Tannenberg. The marshal was planning his offensive of 1915.

He requested that as many airships as possible be sent him for the campaign that summer, and in March was given three—my former Sachsen, then under Captain George, the Z-11 and the LZ-34. All three raided Warsaw, Grodno, Kovno and other fortresses, but the Z-11 was wrecked during an emergency landing that May, and a few days later the LZ-34 was destroyed while being taken out of the hangar in a cross wind.

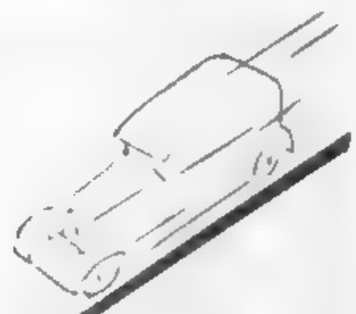
Only the old Sachsen remained on the Eastern Front, so Marshal Hindenburg asked for more airships, explaining that he desired the latest and most efficient types.

Following several requests, the LZ-39 and my Z-12 had been assigned to his command. Our station was at Allenstein, a quaint medieval town nestling among green forests and blue lakes in East Prussia. It had been occupied by the Russians during their temporary advance some months before, and as they had planned to locate their advanced main headquarters there, they had not wrecked it.

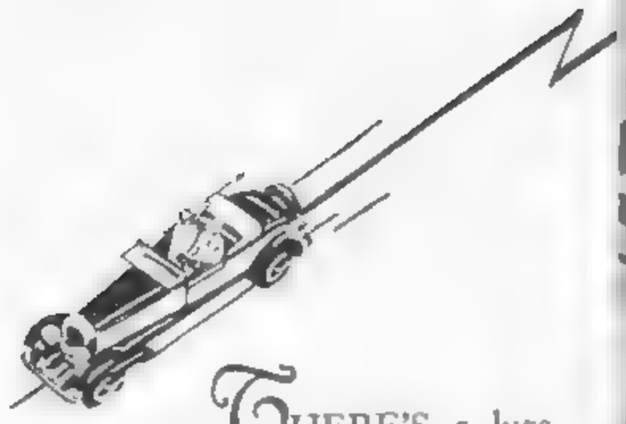
(Continued on Page 52)

The little MARMON 8

AMERICA'S FIRST TRULY FINE SMALL CAR



"They're half-a-mile back"



THERE'S a lure and fascination about this little Marmon 8 which in three short months have placed it high in the public's list of accepted things.

On your first trip in it you'll probably discover, if you don't already know it, that an automobile cannot possibly be a better road car than it is a traffic car. (It's just impossible to avoid all the cities.)

And this little Marmon 8 has a way of flashing through and around, that keeps it always ahead.

Even if another car does get close it's impossible to follow you for any great distance, because of the little Marmon's almost elastic way of slicing through any traffic congestion.

If you want speed (and everyone seems to nowadays) it will do an honest seventy—and keep it up as long as you like, without getting "winded" or worn.

It's lightning quick at the wheel and has controls that really control at the merest touch.

YOUTH *yearns for the open road and the accelerator that never finds its bottom—but aren't we all?*

Acceleration quicker than the speedometer can register it.

Brakes that bring it down softly or with a militant snap.

It's really not surprising that the young people have taken it so much to heart. It's small wonder that hardly anyone can drive it a single mile without saying, "*It's my car.*"

In a word, it's a car that people instinctively choose, in spite of a comparatively low price—because it has the something everybody wants—irrespective of price or size.

The sport motif in these cars is unprecedented in the industry. There are in the line a two-passenger speedster (with dickey seat), a four-passenger speedster, a collapsible coupe and two-passenger coupe (both with dickey seats), as well as two sedan models and a brougham. Prices are from $1795 and upward, all under $2000, f. o. b. factory.

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Acceleration—the fastest ever known—due to new discoveries in light-eight carburetion.

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Comfort—as easy riding as cars twice its weight (all but 22 inches of wheelbase consists of spring length; rubber knuckles instead of shackles and built-in hydraulic shock absorbers).

Durability—a car built to Marmon precision standards and backed by years of research and development.

the little MARMON 8

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"YANKEE" Drills

—they do what others can't

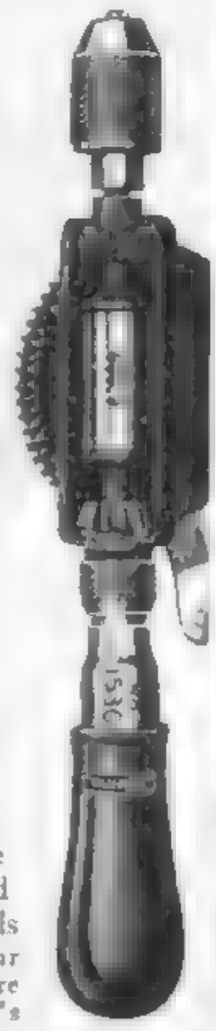
HERE is a new "Yankee" Hand Drill No. 1435 that has two speeds. No other drill of its small size has more than one.

You start on high speed, drill rapidly; then finish on low speed with double power.

Jamming is avoided in drilling through Drills are saved. You get a perfectly clean hole. No burrs.

Change in speeds is instant—at a finger touch. Not necessary to remove drill from work. Wonderful thing to have tools that will do jobs in the easiest, shortest and best way.

No. 1435—"Yankee" Hand Drill. Two speeds. Length, 11 in. Weight, 1 lb. 3 oz. 3-jaw chuck. Capacity, ¼ in.



No. 1530—"Yankee" Ratchet Hand Drill. One speed. Five Ratchet Adjustments, including "Yankee" Double Ratchet for continuous drilling in close quarters. Length, 10½ in. Weight, 1¼ lb 3-jaw chuck. Capacity, ¼ in.

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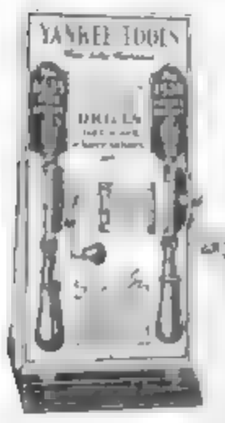

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

Continued from Page 50

The German population at Allenstein had fared rather well at the hands of the enemy and many were the stories concerning the Russian occupation. I recall one of a boy of seventeen. He had been the so-called Piccolo, that is, the youngest apprentice waiter at the principal hotel. When the rest of the staff, including the manager, had fled before the invaders, he had remained. When a group of Russian officers entered the hotel he donned a black beard and mustache and greeted them as if he were the proprietor. Then, with the aid of an aged cook, he set about catering to them. The generals lived at the hotel and it became the favorite resort of the officers. So well did the lad work himself into their good graces that he was able to sell them wines and liquors from his cellars at twice the normal prices. I often wonder what became of this enterprising youth who displayed such remarkable nerve.

The day after our arrival Baron Gemmingen and I drove to Lötzen, where Marshal Hindenburg had established his headquarters in a hotel. We were received by the extremely able Colonel Hoffman, later general, then adjutant to Ludendorff. Gemmingen had been with Ludendorff on the general staff in Berlin some years before the war, and the two were personal friends. This helped both of us considerably. As officers in a new branch of the military service we would naturally be reluctant to advance our ideas, but Hoffman soon put us at ease, and at the proper time we felt quite free to suggest in detail just how the Zeppelins might be employed to best advantage.

During a brief stroll about the little city Hoffman outlined the military situation and we gave him our ideas for operating. Before seeing General Ludendorff we lunched at the home of the general-staff officers, among whom were many Austrians who had been assigned to study German methods. The Austrians were then running their own show in the south, but a few months later Hindenburg was to be in absolute charge of all operations in the east.

The Russian Campaign

Whatever may have been said, written or believed about General Ludendorff, whatever one may think of his later political activities, he certainly is one of the most energetic and forceful men and brilliant military spirits of his time, and, I am convinced, an unexcelled expert in army strategy and tactics. He was the genius behind the Russian campaign.

"Gemmingen has told me of your qualifications," he said when I was presented, having waited in an anteroom until my comrade and friend had spent some minutes with him. "I welcome you as the first naval officer under my command. Let us go over to the maps."

The tables in a great room near his office were littered with maps and papers, and the walls were papered with still larger maps, all covered with colored lines and stickers. Hoffman and a young captain from the general staff were also there. Ludendorff pointed out the more important places which had been designated as objectives in the campaign; then he was called away, leaving the others to finish outlining the problem.

The spirit of the man was such that everything, it seemed, revolved about him, and his time was divided into minutes and moments in which he was called upon to take up a subject, deal with it and an instant later plunge into another. He and Hindenburg set the pace for all the others at headquarters.

They were up at six in the morning and at their desks until eight o'clock. Breakfast was followed by a short stroll, and they were back receiving incoming reports by nine. At 12:30 they had a simple luncheon, returning at one and working till seven. Then they came back from dinner at 8 or 8:30 and worked until after midnight Some of the staff officers put in even more strenuous hours

We were asked to suggest just what we might do to help the army, and it was agreed that we should operate at first near Warsaw, then destroy the rail connections between the Polish capital and Dünaburg.

The Field Marshal's Guest

The night of our arrival at headquarters, Gemmingen and I were guests at Hindenburg's house. It had been a palatial country home and was a most fitting place for the marshal to receive numbers of visitors. I was amazed at the display of gold and silver insignia and decorations which adorned the uniforms of all the guests except myself. As a plain naval lieutenant I felt quite out of place, for all the others held much higher rank. The Austrian cavalry officers wore dress uniforms the magnificence of which I had never before seen.

Shortly before dinner was announced Marshal Hindenburg entered the room and shook hands and exchanged a few words with everybody. Before the adjutant could pronounce my name, he exclaimed jovially:

"Hello, we have the navy with us. Are we going to have some under-sea boats here?"

"At your command, Mr. Field Marshal," I replied. "No, but rather some overland ships."

He then welcomed Gemmingen and inquired as to Count Zeppelin's health, meanwhile leading us into one of the dining rooms, two of which were required to accommodate the guests. Though my rank should have placed me out at another table, I found myself, with Gemmingen, at that of our host, with Ludendorff and other German and Austrian generals.

Dinner was finished within fifteen minutes and the marshal took Ludendorff aside for a conference. A half hour later he returned, and after talking with other guests sat down with Colonel Hoffman, Gemmingen and myself. The conversation, as I recall it, was a frank discussion of the situation.

It was Hindenburg's opinion then—June, 1915—that a decision could not be obtained on the Western Front until after the Russians had been utterly defeated He believed he could accomplish their defeat that summer if given the additional troops he had requested. When we again met Colonel Hoffman, in September, he said that Hindenburg would have enveloped the entire Russian Army and thereby achieved the destruction of the Bear's power, had he been given the two additional divisions he desired.

Late in June we commenced operating with General von Gallwitz's army. The battle lines were then drawn closely to the political frontier, and Russia had well-equipped forts extending along the border from Warsaw to Rovno. The River Narew marked the border for miles and also formed an obstacle to our army, which was to attack Warsaw from the rear. To the northeast of Warsaw was Pultusk, strongly fortified. We were ordered to bomb the infantry and field fortifications there, just before dawn on the day of attack, thus diverting the enemy and enabling the army to come in and surprise him.

Setting out shortly after midnight, we found the entire region blanketed in heavy fog, and though we cruised about several hours, it did not lift and we had to return. The fog accomplished the same mission, however, for the Germans approached under cover of the mist and succeeded in breaking through the Russian lines.

Meanwhile the attack was general throughout the east. The Germans were pushing forward throughout the north and the Austro-German Army was making progress in the south. Hindenburg used the three Zeppelins most effectively. Our principal task was to harass the retreating foe and disrupt his railway service so that he should not escape the German embrace.

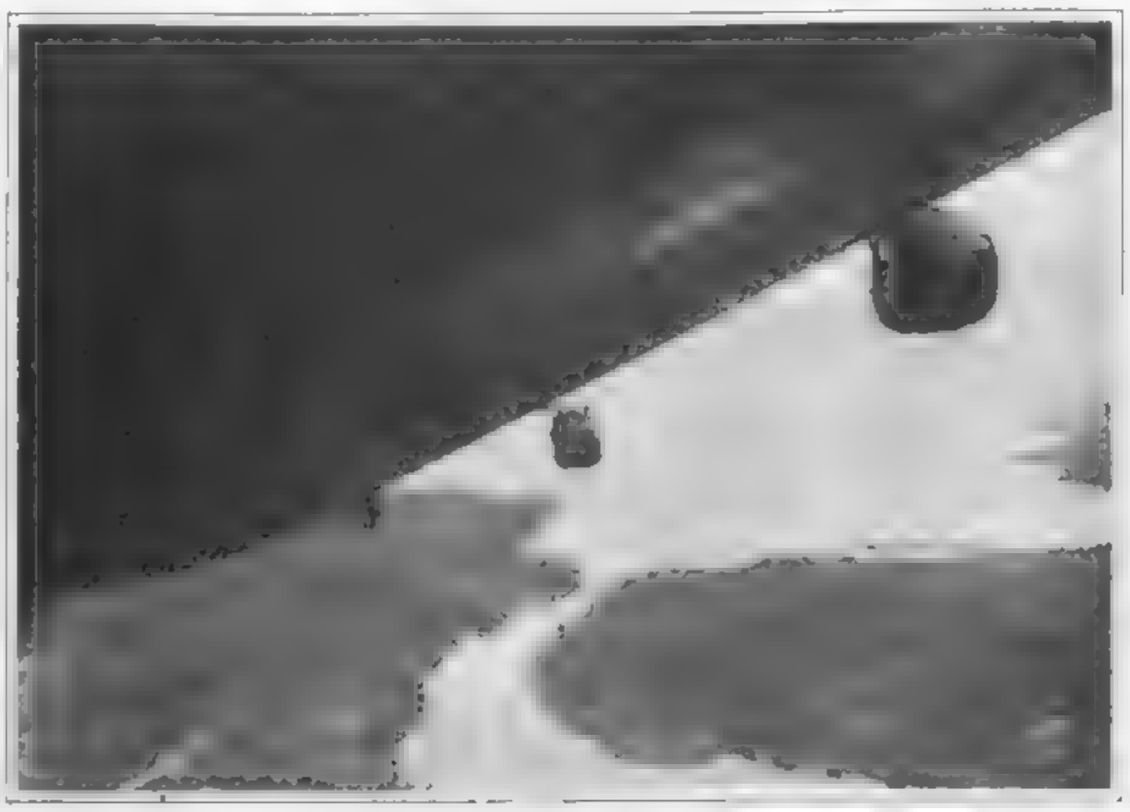
Cutting the Trunk Lines

The great trunk lines between Warsaw and Petrograd, and especially the one from Warsaw to Dünaburg, were at first still in Russian hands and carefully guarded. The only way to reach them was by means of our ships. While the little old Sachsen still operated with excellent success against the forts of Lomza, and the LZ-39 against Tluscz and Novogeorgievsk, my Z-12 concentrated on this trunk railway, especially on the stations of Malkin and Bialystok. The one thing that temporarily interrupted us was the weather, and that only once. The July nights are very short in that northern latitude. During cloudless weather the moon was too bright to make raiding possible, but by August we were in full swing and our Z-12 dropped about nine tons of explosives on those objectives.

Then one night we sailed away from Allenstein with eight hours' fuel supply and nearly three tons of bombs intended for Bialystok. I sent the ship over the lines without being detected in advance, and only infantry fire greeted us.

About five miles from the railway yards at Bialystok, we could see the city brilliantly lighted and apparently unaware of our approach. Suddenly the whole district was darkened and two batteries alongside the tracks opened fire on us. But we could make out our target, and even could see heavy trains being shunted back and forth in apparent haste to get them away before we commenced bombing. The shrapnel

(Continued on Page 55)



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LIKE every other good battery, the Eveready Layerbilt provides only pure DC (Direct Current), steady, noiseless, the only current that can give you the best results of which your set is capable. Radio is better with *Battery* Power, always, for batteries alone produce pure DC, and are entirely reliable, convenient, available anywhere, always ready to work. For best results and satisfaction, use batteries, and for greatest economy, get the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486.

For years you have known Eveready Radio Batteries as "the kind that lasts longer"—and now you are finding that the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 is the one that lasts longest of all. So long does it last in proportion to its price that hundreds of thousands of people have found it to be the most economical battery they ever used. It is not only that, but on the basis of exceedingly careful scientific tests it is by far the most economical, dependable and satisfactory source of "B" power on the market today. These tests, unerringly revealing what each type of "B" power will do, have proved the superiority of the Layerbilt, and have shown why more and more people are adopting it.

It is a wonderful battery—no wonder when you look at its construction! It is built in layers of *flat* current-producing elements. That's why it is called the "Layerbilt." This unique patented Layerbilt method utilizes every available inch inside the battery case, avoids waste space, eliminates many soldered connections. It puts more active materials inside the battery, and makes them more efficient, more reliable, longer-lasting.

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WSAI–*Cincinnati*
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WOC–*Davenport*
WCCO–*Minneapolis, St. Paul*
KSD–*St. Louis*
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DELUXE ROADSTER $975 F. O. B. LANSING

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Product of General Motors

(Continued from Page 52)

bursts were so high above us that I decided to remain at the same altitude, for in order to ascend above the danger zone I should have to pass through their barrage. Now and then one of the four searchlights picked us up, but the artillery fire came no nearer.

I concluded that they had only ordinary field guns with their bracket trails planted in ditches to pitch them at an angle. Assuming this to be correct, I felt that they had expected us to attack at least half a mile higher. Therefore they had fixed their guns at such an angle that we were safe below the barrage and they would have no time to change their position.

We spent less than a minute locating the central switch stand, main yards and trains. My small bombs, dropped on the sidings, wrought considerable damage. I then saw one great long train on the main track, with several others alongside. Bringing the ship down to little more than a half mile above it, we dropped half our heaviest bombs and immediately realized that we had made a great hit. The trains were loaded with ammunition—hundreds of tons of explosives.

As our bombs struck they blew up one carload after another, until that entire junction was a seething hell of flame. Each car, as it exploded, sent a terrific blast upward, striking our craft with the force of trip-hammer blows, while the projectiles and fragments came screaming past the Z-12 in an increasingly steady storm. Their noise drowned out the roar of our own engines.

As the searchlights and batteries were now out of commission, we lost no time in going higher to avoid being struck by the missiles from below; and from our position a mile and a half above, the destruction was more plainly seen. Bialystok required no more attention. What had been a most important railway junction was now entirely demolished, along with a fortune in munitions. Turning about, we took in two near-by places—a smaller rail junction and a bridge. We blew them up with the remaining ton of bombs, and then I wrote on our log the enemy loss as the result of one short flight with an airship and three tons of bombs. We had been very lucky, not having received a blow. But as I steered a straight course homeward it developed that our luck was about to change.

Hide and Seek

The route lay over the Russian stronghold of Ossovets, and I had to take it because we had only enough fuel for the quickest possible flight to Allenstein. As a thick layer of mist and low clouds seemed to be enveloping the swamps and forests, I thought we might pass Ossovets without being seen. But they heard our engines, and we could see the beams of their searchlights as they broke against the bottom of the clouds. Instead of penetrating them, the rays showed the familiar luminous circles and ovals, little patches of light on the thick black carpet which lay a thousand feet or more below our ship as it glided through the night, a black shadow, the motors rattling and their exhausts spitting noisily—a friendly noise to us.

Now the guns began barking; their muzzles, as we knew, pointed in the direction of the sound from our motors. We paid little attention to them, until without warning, our protecting cloud carpet gave out and we passed out over a clear gap which left us exposed. We had not noticed it before because no lighted objects had been visible through it and no searchlight had touched it.

Immediately a searchlight caught us in its glare, lost us for an instant, then caught us again and held on. The gunners were now laying one salvo after another directly in our path. But they seemed to be falling short, and as we had gained the other edge of the cloud bank by then, the danger was not so great. But they continued firing blindly, and by chance the last salvo burst just behind and above our stern. This meant that our rear gas cells had been punctured by shrapnel, and therefore a gradual loss of buoyancy must result. But as we were now behind our own lines and less than two and a half hours from home, everything should go well.

Full Speed Downward

It was daybreak when we arrived at a point that should have been Allenstein, as nearly as I could judge, but we saw nothing. Black, dark fog hid the whole countryside. We could not communicate with those on the surface, for we had discarded the wireless in order to carry more bombs. Had there been a kite balloon at the station, it could have been sent up above the mist and we should then have known where to come down. The nearest alternative station was at Konigsberg, but there was little likelihood of finding better weather there, and I had no means of inquiring.

I had been counting on the sun to warm our gas and restore some of the buoyancy, but at five o'clock higher clouds obscured it. The situation was becoming serious. We could not go higher with our ship. We could not cruise elsewhere, for the tanks contained little fuel and we had to keep the propellers moving fast enough to permit controlling the craft. Holding the nose pointed upward and with all hands busily shifting the ballast, moving the weight toward the bow and trimming the balance, we remained in the neighborhood about two hours, and still there was no sign of the fog lifting.

We had little or nothing to throw over as ballast except the gear and winch of the observation car, and other light parts, which would have helped not at all. The consumption of gasoline mounted at a progressive rate, for we had to develop more engine power to compensate for the leaking gas—in other words, we had to keep the ship moving forward and nose up to avoid sinking. With the sun obliterated, there was no chance of the fog lifting for hours, and we had less than forty-five minutes' fuel supply. I decided to land then and there while I had reasonable control of my ship.

The ensuing ten minutes were among the most disagreeable moments of my life. No commander cares to lose his ship. That prospect, combined with fatigue and the weather, gave me a fair sample of the fortunes of war in an airship. We came down nose first in a long dive through the fog, which was as cold and clammy as a midwinter day. I still hoped it would not lie closely to the surface and trusted to finding one of the small lakes, on which we might set the craft with the possibility of only slight damage.

But the fog was on the surface. Our altimeter registered our height as low as any ground in that section could possibly be, but still we dropped slowly—about twenty feet a minute—the great hull soaking up moisture like a sponge and the gas bags shrinking almost visibly as the temperature dropped with our descent. Finally, to maintain control, I had to throw all engines into full speed, instead of slowing down as one would do in a normal landing. I have no idea what the rest of the crew thought about these maneuvers, but they were a cool lot, and each man went about his duties, taking orders and executing them as if we were out on a demonstration flight.

I was peering out of the cabin window when a hill covered with trees appeared dead ahead and not two ship lengths distant. We could not rise above it, as at that instant one of the rear engines stopped. So, throwing the rudders hard about, we managed to swerve aside at right angles and glided along the side of the slope almost within arm's length of the trees, past which we were racing at forty-five miles an hour and less than forty feet above the surface. If only a lake would appear in sight!

At that instant it did—a small lake. Before we could stop, the Z-12 had crossed to the opposite side, and the lake had disappeared. I ordered the wheel put hard over and we turned in a wide circle. As we came round again, there was the lake, and this time we were prepared. All engines were reversed simultaneously, and with propellers whirring top speed astern, the ship was stopped.

The Luck of a Zeppelin Pilot

The rear car settled in the water with a big splash, and the forward car followed. But again ill luck overtook us. The rear car, which was heavier, had landed in shallow water with a jolt that knocked the two rear engines out of commission. Everything else was intact. I now had one forward engine with which to take my 500 feet of airship out of a forest-flanked pond and back to a station.

The lake was big enough for us to turn around on and that was about all I could say for it. Except for the clearing by which we had entered, the trees cut off all means of exit. The propeller on the good engine was down in the water and I tried to use it as a surface vessel would use its screw, but could not turn it slowly enough to avoid breaking it, so gave it up. We had no anchor and the wind bore us around. Finally we managed to get a rope around a lone tree at the water's edge and to that tied the stern. Then we lightened that end of the ship so it would swing clear of the trees when we wanted it to.

Meanwhile I had sent a man ashore to telephone to the station and bring help wherever he could find it. He appeared quickly with some farmers, one with an ax. An old soldier came up with a troop of Russian

L-3, the First Wartime Naval Zeppelin, at Friedrichshafen

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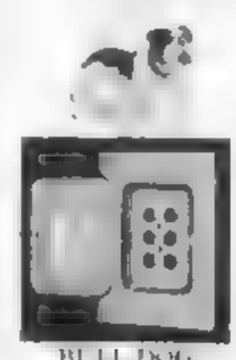

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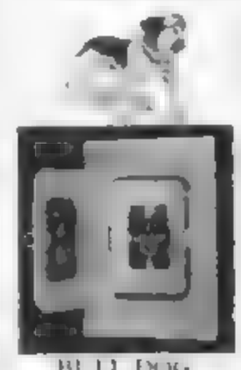

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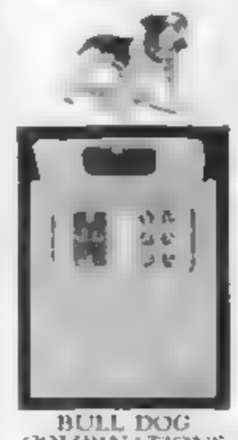

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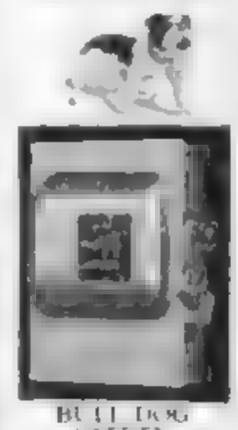

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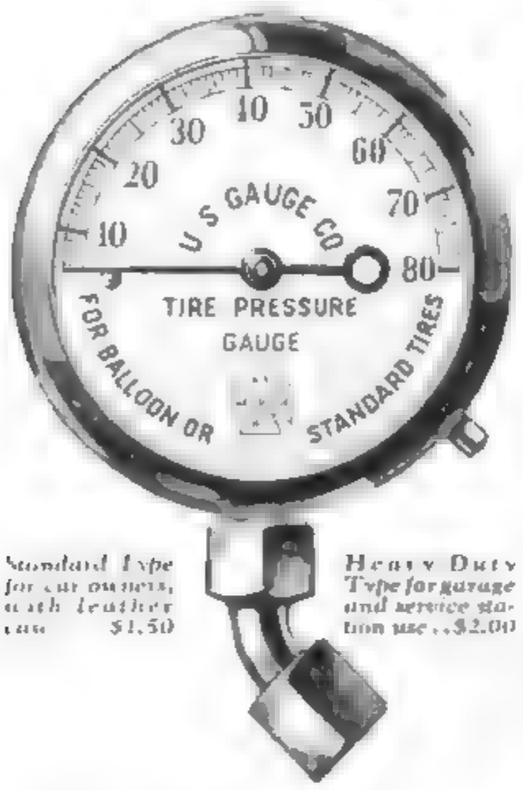

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prisoners who had been working in the fields. They made an ideal ground party. We were only ten miles from the station and they were rushing gas and fuel by truck. But we would not need it. The sun was out. It was drying the ship and expanding the remaining gas. Though we had one rear cell empty and two others half gone, I knew we had sufficient buoyancy to get away if we reduced the crew to three or four, including myself.

They came aboard. The Russians and others held the Z-12 in leash by means of ropes until I gave the word. We arose slowly and, with the one motor purring sweet music in our ears, made direct for Allenstein, landing and docking the ship within half an hour after the start. A few minutes later a hail squall swept over the hills and valleys. As doors creaked and the shutters banged against the walls of our quarters, I rolled into my blankets, breathing softly, "The luck of a Zeppelin pilot."

While my ship was being repaired a new Zeppelin—the LZ-79—which had just arrived in the east, was operating over the southern part of the war theater. She was among the first of the new types to have more than 1,000,000 cubic feet gas capacity and was longer and wider. Her stern tapered to a finer point, thus creating a better streamlined shape, which gave her more speed, in addition to her greatly improved carrying capacity.

The LZ-79 made an excellent flight that same night that our Z-12 was over Bialystok. She had started from Posen, far back in the interior of Germany. Her crew received great assistance in their navigation, because of the countless fires set by the retreating Russians. So they were able to reach their objective—the fortress and railway junction of Brest-Litovsk—at about midnight.

War and Philosophy

There the Russian forces were concentrating, hoping to stem the tide of the German-Austrian advance. Any considerable interference with their railroad facilities was, therefore, of supreme importance. The LZ-79 dropped a full dozen of her heaviest bombs squarely in the middle of the conveniently lighted railway yard, turned to the southeast, and at 2:30 A.M. devoted the rest of her load to the junction of Kovel. Then Captain Gaissert, the commander, started home against stiff northwest winds, arriving without incident at noon. He had flown 1000 miles, with unfavorable winds, inside of seventeen hours, and had thrown about 3000 pounds of explosives.

Two weeks later Gaissert again set out for Brest-Litovsk, arriving over the city just in time to see the Russians themselves try to destroy it. Unable to hold it longer, they had sacrificed the entire city. It was now a seething mass of flame, with pillars of black smoke ascending miles high. Gaissert gave the scene a wide berth and swung over the principal railroad, which the enemy needed badly to facilitate the removal of troops and supplies. Gaissert placed his bombs systematically and the movement of trains was stopped. The main result was that the Russians had to abandon most of their supplies. It was officially noted as the destruction of the junction at Luninez. After that the LZ-79 was transferred back to the Western Front.

Early in September I was again in the air with the Z-12, having lost three weeks in repairs, chiefly because of red tape which delayed the arrival of parts. Our new station was to be at Königsberg, the old university town where Kant lived and taught his immortal philosophy. It was now a military center, and comfortably near our next objective—the railways radiating from the Russian fortress of Vilna. These raids differed little from previous attacks. They were mostly successful. The enemy's lines of communication were broken up repeatedly, only craterlike holes remaining where his railroad yards and stations had stood. We were never attacked by airplanes on these flights, though, returning to the hangar after a raid, one of my gunners thought he saw a plane in the distance and fired at it.

Stormbound in the Hangar

We had another quarry during these weeks of activity on that part of the Front. It was the Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the Czar and commander in chief of the Russian armies.

Grand Duke Nicholas is still living. He succeeded in retreating in an unbroken line across Poland with his army. It did not extend clear to the Baltic, so Hindenburg tried to outflank that wing and if possible capture the whole northern army. But the retreat was not cut off. Hindenburg lacked sufficient troops with which to push through into the rear of the enemy. The situation came to a standstill for the winter and I was ordered to take the Z-12 over to Darmstadt in the west.

In my pocket I carried a telegram from Marshal Hindenburg which, translated, reads:

To the commander, officers and crew of the Z-12 on the occasion of their transfer from my command, I express my thanks and appreciation of their excellent achievements and best wishes for luck and success in their further activities. VON HINDENBURG.

An incident connected with our departure from Königsberg will illustrate the urgent need for experience in the laying out of airship stations. A spell of bad weather set in with the receipt of my transfer orders. Heavy winds assailed the hangar, blowing at an angle against the end which held the only door. To have attempted to take out the ship against that cross wind would have been equivalent to wrecking it deliberately.

The shed should have had another door at the opposite end, in which case we could have left easily. Instead, we were delayed two weeks, living in the hangar, sleeping on our bags, waiting for a few minutes' lull which would enable us to get out and away from the doorway. It was late one rainy night in the middle of October when the wind calmed down enough for us to leave.

Because of the short distances between the hangar and the enemy objectives, we had not required the radio on the Eastern Front, so that apparatus was now crated and en route to Darmstadt by rail, at the very time we needed it most. Soon after we started, the rain increased in intensity. There were two layers of clouds, one underneath the ship and close to the surface, the other high above us. This upper stratum shed water as if it were poured out of buckets. I dared not dive below lest I stick the nose of the Z-12 into one of the mountains in the center of Germany. The best I could do was to set a compass course, check it to account for the wind velocity, which I had learned before leaving Königsberg, and during the rest of the night trust to luck.

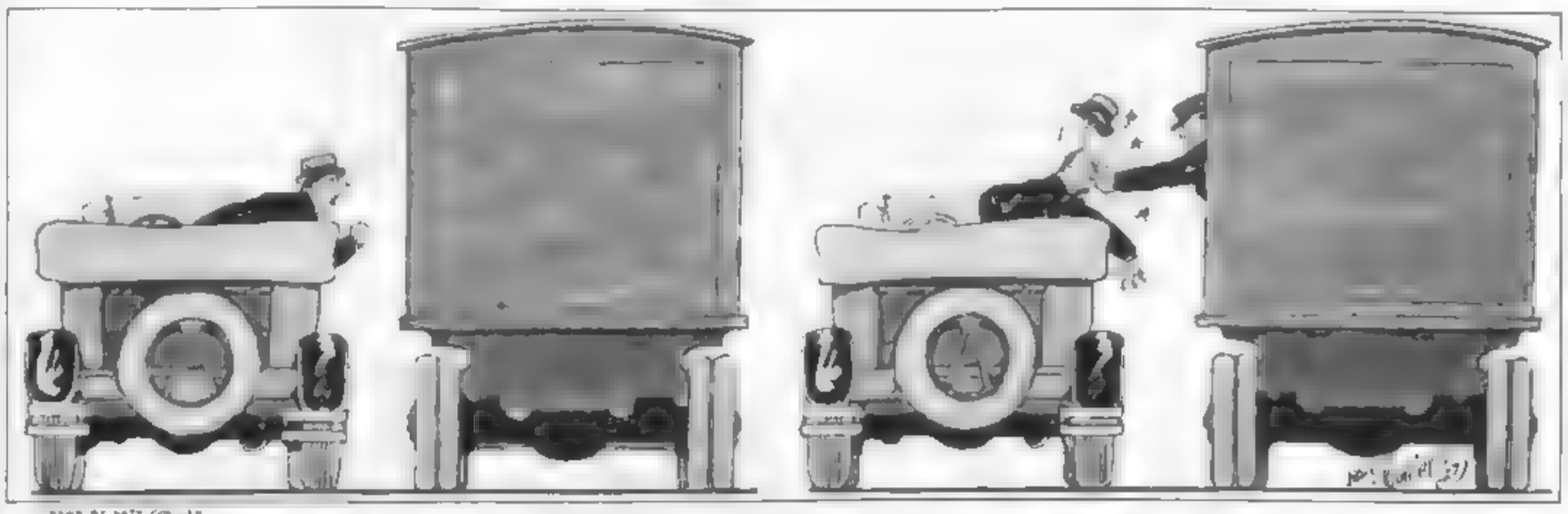
We ran clear across Germany during the next few hours, without a single landmark to guide us or a star to help with the navigation. The ship was soaking wet and all of us were uncomfortable and cold. After daybreak next morning the weather was the same—clouds above and below, with rain between. Concluding that we must be somewhere over the southern Rhine Valley, I dropped cautiously through the clouds and, behold, there was Hanau, a town near Frankfort-on-the-Main. We had traversed the country in a severe storm at night and had come out of the clouds within an hour of our destination; this under war conditions, with little equipment, and a war craft produced early in 1915.

Our landing at Darmstadt was also uncommon. Arriving over the field at a mile high, we encountered a stiff gale. By nosing against it I found that we could hold our position. There we hung, directly over the landing flag on the field. Then, by putting her nose down just a little and controlling the engines to offset the increase or decrease in wind velocity at different altitudes, we brought the Z-12 straight down in a vertical line, like a mammoth elevator, until she gently touched the ground, where we still had to go almost half-speed ahead into the teeth of the gale to offset its force. That is thrilling work, such as sometimes occurs to compensate the airship pilot for the uninteresting long spells of routine.

A New Command

At Darmstadt new orders awaited Gemmingen and myself. We were to turn our Z-12 over to another crew and proceed to Potsdam to take charge of a new Zeppelin—the LZ-90—which was to be larger and more efficient than any of the others. This ship was like the American Shenandoah in appearance, though it had less than half the latter's gas capacity. Still it was a big improvement at that time, carrying heavier loads than its predecessors and having more power. This, in turn, would enable us to take care of weather adversities more easily, which was what we wanted during the raids which were scheduled for the future.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Lehmann and Mr. Mingos. The next will appear in an early issue.



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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

A TANGLED WEB

(Continued from Page 11)

"They've never bothered me," Twyning assured him.

They drove a while in silence, and then Cost turned to look at the other man in a quick, surprised fashion. He started to speak, half smiled, and checked himself. Twyning, his thoughts otherwise directed, did not remark this movement; and after a little Cost said in faint amusement, "You have got a cold, haven't you?"

"Yes, a rotten one," Twyning agreed.

"I thought so," Cost commented in a provocative tone. But Twyning failed to react to this provocation, and Cost became conscious of a curious rigidity in the other's posture. Twyning, he saw, was in no mood for conversation, so for the time there was no speech between them. But by and by the larger man stirred and said, "Mind if I turn out that dash light? I've got a headache. It hurts my eyes."

Cost snapped the switch. "I usually drive with it out," he agreed. "You can see the road better."

Twyning nodded, muttered some reply. They were already near their destination, and his heart contracted. Sudden dismay at what he meant to do struck him with a shocking force, but when the first shock passed he was left curiously unemotional and calm. His senses functioned clearly, his perceptions all were keen; and when presently he said, "Turn in here," the level and commonplace tone of his own voice almost startled him. Ahead, as they rounded a curving angle of the drive between the reservoirs, he saw the red tail-light of his own car. "There it is," he said. "Just pull up behind it, will you?" And he stirred a little cautiously. The movement now was near.

Since the dash light had been extinguished, the two men sat in shadow. The rear curtains, however, were not drawn down; and Twyning, turning to look back, assured himself that there was no car close behind them. His right hand dropped into the pocket on the door and, secure from Cost's observation in the darkness, he drew the revolver free.

Thus when a moment later Cost brought the car to a stop immediately behind Twyning's own, that which was to be done required only an instant's time.

When it was done, Twyning sat a moment listening. The sound, muffled by the folds of Cost's overcoat, had not been loud. Also there was always open water in these reservoirs, and ducks liked to alight here. To prevent their polluting the water, the watchman in charge sometimes fired a shot in the night to drive them away; so in this neighborhood the report of a gun was not unusual.

After a moment Twyning bestirred himself. His hands were gloved; he had thought of that long ago. He dropped the revolver now on the floor of the car beneath his feet, reached across Cost's sagging arm to turn off the ignition and switch on the parking lights.

Then he drew from the pocket of his overcoat the handkerchief and the little vial. The handkerchief he wadded tightly in his hand, held it while he opened the scent bottle.

As he twisted the parchment aside, he saw that the glass stopper was cracked and the bottle had leaked a little; but this fact made no impression upon him at the time. He loosened the stopper and carefully spilled two or three drops of scent on the handkerchief and on the back of the seat beside Cost's shoulder. The handkerchief he dropped on the floor. Then, with a final glance in each direction to make sure there were no pedestrians at hand, he stepped out of the car and at once threw the scent bottle far out into the still open reservoir. A moment after he had done so, he remembered that he had replaced the stopper; but the contents of the bottle would be heavy enough, he assured himself, to cause it to sink beyond discovery.

The business then was done, and Twyning straightened his shoulders like a man who shakes off a heavy load. There had been nothing to disrupt his plans. It remained only for him to step into his own car and drive away.

His cold annoyed him and he used his handkerchief before entering his own car. He was completely assured and at his ease. But a moment later this assurance vanished.

For when he opened the door of his coupé it was to discover a police tag hanging from the wheel.

The possibility that his car might be tagged had occurred to Twyning; but he had dismissed it, reminding himself that there were cars parked here night after night. The catastrophe came upon him therefore unawares. He stared stupidly at the tag, read the legend on it: "The number of this car has been taken." It struck him stunningly; its effect was to drive him into instant flight. With that enormously magnified self-consciousness which ensued upon what he had done, it seemed to the man that many eyes were watching him. He skulked swiftly into the shrubbery, struck across lots and by unfrequented streets toward his home a few blocks away.

But before he reached his own door he had found a possible rejoinder to this blow of fate. It was an old trick, he confessed to himself, but perhaps a good one still. At home he went quickly into the dining room to pour a drink from the decanter there. His hand, he saw, was steady as ice, and he said aloud to himself, "I'm all right. I'm all right, even now."

But he must, he remembered, telephone at once. The instrument was set on a table in the hall, the directory in a drawer beneath it. He looked up the number of police headquarters in the city, and when a man's voice at the other end replied, Twyning held his own tones steady. "Police headquarters?" he asked.

"Yes."

"My car's been stolen," said Twyning. "I want to report it to you."

There was a moment's hesitation at the other end, and the officer on duty there said, "Wait a minute." Twyning wiped his brow. "All right," the other prompted. "What's the number?"

Twyning gave it. "I think that's it," he explained. "I'm not sure. You can look it up in the book under my name."

The officer asked, "What's your name?" Twyning told him, and his address too.

"Where was the car stolen from?"

Twyning felt his pulse contract. He had not prepared an answer to this question, said at random, "I parked it on a side street."

"What street?" the officer insisted.

"I don't know the name of the street," Twyning said. Then with a relieved inspiration: "It was a kind of an alley just around the corner back of the Bijou Theater. You know where that is."

"Yes, I know," the officer agreed. "What kind of a car?"

"A coupé," said Twyning, and named the manufacturer.

"What color?"

"Blue and black."

"What year?"

"This year. It's a new car. I haven't had it more than a week."

"Locked?" the policeman demanded.

Twyning held his breath, but he could discover no greater chance of safety in a lie than in the truth. "Yes," he said grudgingly. "Yes, the gear shift was."

"Doors?" the officer insisted.

Twyning shook his head as he spoke into the transmitter. "No, I never lock them," he explained.

"You ought to," the officer advised him. "That bothers them more than anything else. All right, I'll let you know if we hear anything."

"Thank you," Twyning assented, and put the receiver back upon its hook and drew his hand again across his brow.

There was nothing more than this to be done; he could only await the event. He went into the living room and sat down. It was not yet late, scarce ten o'clock. He wondered idly whether he would sleep or not; and while he wondered, the telephone rang, its shrill note startling him to his feet. He hurried to silence the instrument by answering it.

The voice on the phone had, he thought, a vague familiarity. "Is this Mr. Twyning?" it inquired.

"Yes," Twyning agreed.

"This is police headquarters. Did you report your car stolen a little while ago?"

Twyning hesitated in a swift bewilderment, but he could only answer, "Why, yes. Yes, just a minute ago."

"We like to call up," the officer explained, "to check the address, and name and all. I looked up the number of the car. You had it right. How'd you get home?"

Twyning had no time to consider a reply. "Why, on the train," he said, at random.

"Why didn't you notify us right away?" the officer insisted. "Why didn't you call us up as soon as you found the car was gone?"

"Why, as a matter of fact," Twyning cautiously replied, "it didn't occur to me. I spent some time looking up and down the street there. Then I decided it was gone, and I didn't know just what to do, so I thought I might as well come home, and on the way out I realized I ought to let you know. So I called you up."

"Where had you been, up there?" the policeman inquired.

"I was in the Bijou," Twyning told him.

"We want to figure what time it was taken," the policeman explained. "When did you leave it there?"

"About quarter of seven," Twyning replied. The word "time" had struck his thoughts into confusion. He must be careful to avoid any pitfall here.

"When did you find out it was gone?"

"It must have been nearly nine o'clock. I don't know exactly."

"Well, say you looked for it ten or fifteen minutes and then went right to the station. What train did you catch?" the policeman asked.

Twyning laughed desperately. He was accustomed to use his car in going back and forth from town, so was uncertain at what hours the trains ran. There should be, he remembered, a card in his pocketbook containing the suburban schedule, and he fumbled to find this while he sparred for time.

"Anyone would think you suspected me of stealing my own car," he protested in a jocular tone, "by this cross-examination." He had found the card and scanned it hurriedly. "The 9:35," he said now in a great relief.

"That's all right," the policeman assured him. "It's only that the more we know about it, the better chance we've got of finding it. All right, we'll let you know. Call you up as soon as we hear anything."

"Thank you," Twyning agreed. "That's very kind. I'm sorry I can't give you any more details. I suppose there's a lot of this going on."

"Well, quite a few cars go," the officer assented. "But the most of 'em turn up in the course of two or three days."

Twyning nodded and left the telephone. He was weak and shaking. For a while he wandered aimlessly about the house, finding in these movements some relief from his scurrying and panic-stricken thoughts. It did not occur to him to go to bed; there was no sleep in the man.

But he grew weary of walking, of the sound of his own footsteps in this empty house; and his throat, from his hoarse and strangled breathing, became hot and dry. He sat down at last in the living room, the decanter at his hand.

The morning paper came to the door at a little after eight o'clock. Twyning had not slept at all, but at dawn he put away the half-empty decanter, rinsed out the glass which he had used, undressed, took a cold bath and dressed again. He must go to the office as his routine was, but not thus early. He was not expected there till ten o'clock, and his arrival ahead of schedule would provoke speculation. So he waited, and when the paper was tossed up on the front veranda he went out to get it. A quick examination revealed the fact that Barry's death had not yet been discovered; or that if it had, it had not reached channels accessible to the newspapermen. Twyning had a momentary feeling of reprieve, as though if the discovery were long enough delayed, himself would be the safer. The folly of this was clear to him; nevertheless he had in the thought some comfort still.

While he tried to read the financial columns of the paper, the telephone bell began to ring in the hall, and it was a moment before he could bring himself to answer the summons of the instrument. When he did so, it was with every muscle and nerve alert to meet whatever was to come. This was again, he discovered, police headquarters on the line.

"You reported your car was stolen?" the officer asked, and Twyning said, "Yes."

"I guess somebody just took it for a ride," the policeman assured him, in a comforting tone. "It turned up this morning."

"Found it, did you?" Twyning asked. "Good work! Where was it?" He tried to make the question casual, braced himself to meet the reply. But it was not what he expected.

"On Kersey Street," the officer explained, "right off the avenue, just this side of the baseball park. Know where that is?"

Twyning could not speak, could not rally his forces to meet this development; and after a moment the officer said, "Hello!"

"Hello," Twyning answered hoarsely.

"Thought they'd cut us off," the policeman explained. "I say we found your car in on Kersey Street. You want to come over and get it?"

"I suppose I'd better," Twyning said uncertainly.

"Yes," the other agreed. "Don't want to leave it standing there all day. It might get tagged."

Twyning had to sit down in the chair beside the table. He was shaking terribly, driven by a panic fear. Kersey Street—tagged—Kersey Street. But Kersey Street must be well in town, miles away from the spot where he had left the car. Were they lying to him? And if they lied, then why? Was there a trap awaiting him? And if there was, what recourse had he? What escape lay open?

He tried to flog his courage. After all, there was nothing to connect him with Barry's death. No one had seen them together; no one had seen him—at least no one who knew him—in the neighborhood of the reservoir. He need only put a bold face upon events to be secure.

"Why, yes," he said unsteadily, "I suppose I'd better go over and get it. I'll come in on the street car."

"Tell the conductor where to put you off," the other man suggested, and Twyning said, "All right. Kersey Street. I'll be along in about half an hour."

"There'll be a man there," he was assured.

When the ordeal of this conversation was done, Twyning moved for a few minutes aimlessly to and fro, affecting to prepare for his departure to town, but as a matter of fact waiting for his resolution to revive. He had an impulse to flight, but had the wit to understand that flight would be confession, so fought the impulse down. After a

(Continued on Page 63)

TO DRIVE SAFELY IN MODERN TRAFFIC, YOUR FORD MUST START, STOP AND PICK-UP WITH CERTAINTY. OIL IS VITAL IN ALL THREE OPERATIONS

Your Ford's behavior in a pinch *depends* upon the Oil you use

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Oils designed primarily as *motor*-oils are often poor brake-band lubricants. The fabric lining of the band, improperly lubricated, becomes rough in some spots and glass-smooth in others. That causes the band to slip and grab and slip again. You have Ford chatter. You have brake-action that becomes uncertain, even dangerous.

Only a *special kind of oil*, an oil created solely for the Ford car, can solve the dual-task of Ford lubrication. Only such an oil can safeguard the Ford motor from deadly heat and friction—and keep the brake-band soft, pliant and positive in its action.

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TIDE Water technologists worked for four years to solve the two-fold problem of Ford lubrication. Thousands of laboratory tests were made. Hundreds of road tests. Finally they perfected, in Veedol Forzol, an oil that masters destructive heat and friction in the Ford motor, and, at the same time, correctly lubricates the Ford transmission and brake-bands. Today, Veedol Forzol is used by more than a million Ford owners and endorsed as no other oil for Fords has ever been endorsed.

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Stop today at the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol Forzol. Then you'll have a smoother, quieter, more economical car—and a safer car.

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Super-Six Performance
The New Sedan De Luxe

This is the finest, roomiest and most beautiful Essex ever built. Naturally it has every refinement and detail of comfort that you would expect in the deluxe model of this line.

And with its superb and luxurious body, remember, Essex is a Super-Six. It differs from all other "Sixes"—not by little margins—but bold, vivid advantages that instantly stand out from all comparison.

Here is 50 miles an hour all day long, with ease to car and comfort to passengers. (Yet that is far below its maximum speed.) Here are size, generous passenger room, simple, positive controls. No car of any price excels its easy riding qualities.

Here is economy, engineered not only to savings in fuel and oil, but particularly to freedom from early depreciation, and to lowest maintenance costs.

There are six new bodies on the Essex Super-Six chassis—beautiful, smart in line, luxurious in upholstery and appointment. It is the greatest and deservedly most popular value Essex ever built.

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The Essex starter is on the instrument board. It is simple, quick, and positive, and is especially convenient in starting on hills.

"Elephints a-pilin' teak,
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy
You was 'arf afraid to speak!"
Kipling's "Mandalay"

ELEPHANTS

The elephant is man's most intelligent helper. But—consider this interesting comparison:

An elephant is much larger than the electric motor of a "yarder" or logging machine. The "yarder" has the power of twenty elephants; it handles clusters of logs; it works dependably, twenty-four hours at a stretch, if necessary.

Twenty elephants would eat daily 10,000 pounds of green food, which a corps of attendants must gather.

A motor "eats" nothing but electricity, supplied at the throw of a switch.

So our own iron elephants are better; and the place for flesh-and-blood elephants is in the jungle or in museums. Some day the museums will also exhibit wash-tubs and old-fashioned irons, and all the other household and industrial tools whose work can be done by motors so much better and at so little cost.

Two million elephants could not do the work now being done by General Electric Company motors. Whatever the work to be done, whether it needs the power of an elephant or the force of a man's arm, there is a General Electric motor that will do it faithfully for a lifetime at a cost of a few cents an hour.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 58)

little he left the house and set out toward the street-car line. It was a walk of perhaps three blocks, and he had to wait a few minutes for a car.

While he was waiting, another man approached and joined him there—an elderly man whose white hair shone beneath the brim of his hat, whose cheeks were round and pink with health and who walked in a curious fashion, his hands a little away from his sides, in a posture that suggested a readiness for quick physical action. He might, for all his years, have been an athlete in training; and when their wait was prolonged, he spoke at last to Twyning. "Rotten service on this line," he said cheerfully.

Twyning looked at him in surprise. "I don't use it much," he replied at last, in a tone calculated to discourage further conversation. But the other man was insistently friendly.

"That so?" he commented. "I thought you lived out here. I happened to be coming along behind you when you came out of a house three or four blocks back there."

"I do live out here," Twyning agreed. "But that doesn't require me to use the street car."

The other nodded brightly. "I suppose you have an automobile of your own," he suggested. And when Twyning did not reply, he continued: "That must be convenient. I've often thought I'd get a car, but there are so many thieves around. I should be afraid all the time of having it stolen."

Twyning stared at him, suspecting, since he was in this hour ready to suspect anyone, some design behind the other's words. "I suppose so," he said carefully.

"My son's car was stolen not long ago," the other told him; but just then the street car approached, and Twyning turned away to board it—turned his back upon the little man. He was at once astonished and half afraid when the other not only followed him into the car but sat down beside him.

"You don't mind if I sit with you?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone. "I see you have no paper, so I know you don't want to read." And before Twyning could protest, he continued: "I always like to find someone to talk with, when I have to ride on a street car or a train. I used to use the train a great deal, but I've given it up now. The schedule out here is inconvenient for me. My hours of work are rather curious. I get to the office at about eleven o'clock and I usually have to stay there till half-past eight or nine in the evening."

He added, in a tone of resentment: "There used to be a 9:35 train that was very convenient. It brought me home at just the right time, but they took that off at the end of the summer."

Twyning sat rigid, his thoughts spurred desperately on. The card of trains in his pocketbook, he remembered, had been there for a year or more—must be out-of-date now. If what this babbling old man said was true, the police would discover, if they chose to investigate, that there was no 9:35 train.

He shook his head as though to brush aside a cloud of tormenting thoughts. Very well, let them discover it. He would say that he had been mistaken; that he had not looked at the train board; that he had simply assumed the old 9:35 train still ran.

But a moment later the old man at his elbow added: "There isn't any train now between five of nine and 10:15. It makes it very inconvenient for me, so I use the street cars, even when I could use the train." He smiled benignly. "I suppose I feel that I'm spiting the railroad by doing it, though probably they don't notice the difference."

Twyning felt the nails of his right hand bite into his palm and he looked down at it with a curious detachment. He had a desperate impulse to change his seat, but the car was filling up by this time. The conductor passed by and Twyning spoke to him. "Put me off at Kersey Street," he directed.

"I call all the streets," the conductor replied. "You listen and you'll hear."

"Oh, I know where Kersey Street is," the little old man volunteered. "I'm going to get off there myself, as it happens. I have to stop and see a customer on the corner before I go on downtown." And he added matter-of-factly, with a curious glance at the man beside him, "I notice you use perfume."

Twyning was startled into an ejaculation. "Perfume?" he repeated.

"Very attractive," the little man commented. "I have a weakness for it myself, but so few men have the courage to use it. I did for years, but it drew down upon me so much ridicule that I eventually had to give it up, for business reasons."

"I haven't any perfume on," Twyning said, in a tone of horror.

"Oh, but you have, my dear man," the other insisted. "I assure you, my nose is not to be deceived in such matters."

The bottle, Twyning remembered—oh, his thoughts were clear enough—had leaked. Until this moment that small circumstance had escaped his attention. And he remembered suddenly and with peculiar vividness two incidents of the evening before—the fact that the driver of the taxi had looked at him in that curiously attentive way when he opened the door of the cab; the fact that Barry, as they drove out from town, had given him that quizzical smile.

What was it Barry had said? Some word about his cold.

"I don't use perfume," Twyning protested again. "I can't smell it."

"I can see you have a severe cold," the other agreed. "But there's certainly some scent on your garments."

Twyning said, with a desperate effort to laugh: "Oh, I remember now. I was shopping yesterday afternoon, and a salesgirl behind the counter sprayed me with a little atomizer as I went by. You know the impudence of them, the sort of thing they do."

"Where was that?" the little man asked brightly.

"At Martin's," Twyning said at random, naming a leading department store.

The little man shook his head. "It couldn't have been there," he said. "I recognize this particular scent. It is called by some French name that means, I believe, the Kiss of a Rose; and it is a specialty put out by one of the chain drug stores. I declare," he added quickly, "here we are at Kersey Street!"

Twyning rose with abrupt relief. The little man led the way toward the door and they alighted.

"That's Kersey Street across the way," the other told him. "I must step into this store on the corner here." Twyning nodded, turned to hurry away. "Good morning," said the little man urbanely, and Twyning replied with some unintelligible sound.

A little distance down Kersey Street he saw his car.

A policeman was standing near, and when Twyning approached the machine the officer spoke to him. "You're Mr. Twyning?" he asked.

"Yes," Twyning said, with an affectation of cordiality. "Yes; I see you found my car. Good work!"

"I was getting ready to tag it," the officer explained. "It's been standing here since before daylight. But I got the general alarm on it, so I reported it in."

Twyning had opened the door.

"Well, I see you didn't tag it," he commented.

"No. No," the policeman agreed. "This is yours all right, is it?"

"Oh, yes," said Twyning. "Yes, this is mine."

He fitted the key into the gear lock and started the engine, and then as an afterthought he drew a bill from his pocket and tendered it to the officer. The other looked at him steadily and shook his head.

"No," he said; "no, I guess not."

"Why not?" Twyning protested, his cheeks, for no reason, flushing. "No harm in that, is there?"

"Well, I guess I don't want anything for this," said the policeman, and Twyning thought there was a curious grimness in his tone.

He meshed the gears with an angry violence and turned the car to drive away. This episode, at least, was done. But at the corner, as he was about to wheel into the avenue, the little old man who had ridden in on the street car stepped in front of him and held up a hand, and Twyning was forced to stop or run him down. The little man, with a swift movement, opened the door of the car and took the seat beside Twyning.

"You're going downtown," he said briskly. "I know you won't mind giving me a ride."

Twyning was in a curdling rage, but there seemed no recourse. The other man seemed to take his assent as a matter of course, and Twyning started the car with a jar.

The old man was, it appeared, incurably voluble. He commented on the make of the car, and when Twyning made no reply, the other said, "It's very curious. It was in one of these cars, the same type, that Mr. Cost was killed."

Twyning sat rigidly, made no vocal answer; there was none that offered. But his blood stood still.

"Very sad," the little man explained. "Did you know him—Mr. Barry Cost?"

"Barry Cost?" Twyning said haltingly; and then, with an affectation of surprise: "Yes, I knew him well. Killed? What do you mean?"

"You're perspiring," the little man remarked. "Now I feel that it's quite cold today. But then you're larger than I am, more full-blooded. Yes, Mr. Cost was killed sometime last night." He added curiously: "A strange thing. You remember I told you that this perfume on your clothes is called the Kiss of a Rose? There was the same scent in Mr. Cost's car, and there was a little vial which had held some of the perfume, in the reservoir just beside it. The bottle was practically empty and it floated ashore there."

Twyning's eyes were fixed on the traffic, thickening ahead of him as he approached the more congested part of town. He made some meaningless sound and his knuckles were white from the force with which he gripped the wheel.

"There isn't a chance of the man who did it getting away," the other man commented thoughtfully. "He took a taxi near by, and the taxi man smelled the perfume on his clothes. It must make him somewhat conspicuous. I suppose he has a cold or he would notice it himself. He appears to have planned the affair in advance. He had his car parked near by, and a policeman happened to tag it during the evening. I suppose the murderer discovered the tag and didn't dare drive his car away. At any rate, he telephoned in that it had been stolen, so the police removed it and we're going to return it to him without warning him of what we know."

Twyning's head swung stiffly so that he was able to look at the older man; and the other, without meeting his eyes, added in a sprightly voice: "I happen to know so much about it because I'm Inspector Tope of the homicide department at headquarters. . . . Look out!"

His word of warning came too late. The shock of this final blow had been so great as to paralyze for the moment Twyning's muscles and his nerves. The traffic ahead of him had halted, but Twyning, blind to this, plowed at fair speed into the rear end of the car just ahead of him in line. At the impact, his engine stalled and they came to a jarring halt; and he slumped forward across his wheel, hands dangling at his sides.

The little man whistled with relief. "Whew! That was a narrow squeak!" he said. "Neither of us hurt! Lucky we weren't killed! I expect you'd better get out, Mr. Twyning. I'll telephone for another car to take us the rest of the way downtown."

Pictorial Press, N. Y.

Mother
first to congratulate
Commander
Byrd

ON the return from his successful flight over the North Pole, the first person to greet Commander Byrd as he stepped from his ship was his mother.

* * *

Every mother hopes and prays for the happiness and success of her children. In return, she asks nothing.

Of course you will remind her of your love on the day set apart for mothers. How she will cherish your Greeting Card on Mother's Day!

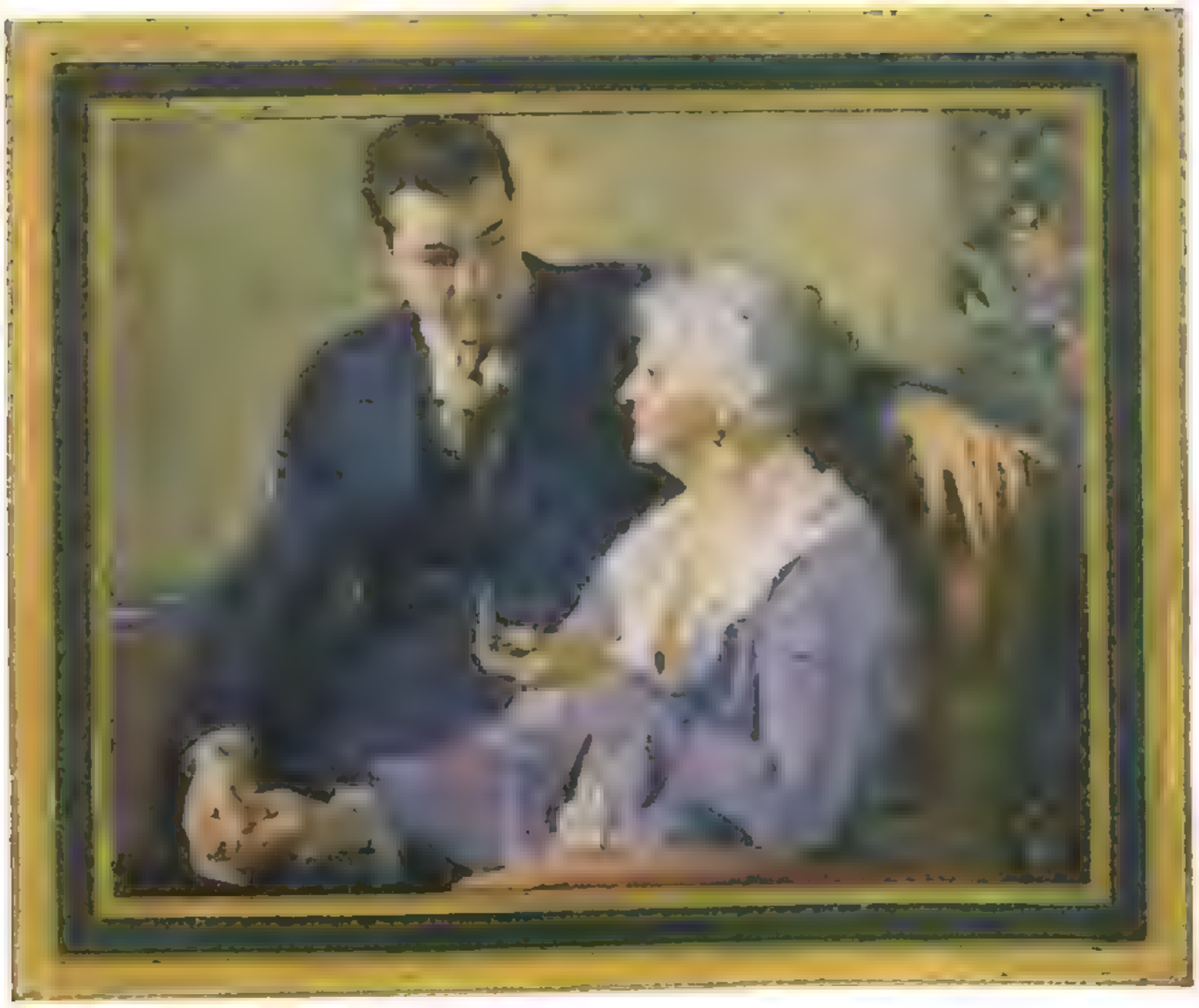
MOTHER'S DAY
IS SUNDAY, MAY 8

Mother's Day is dedicated to all mothers—everywhere. Many people are in the habit of sending cards on this occasion to grandmothers; to the mother of wife or husband or friend; to all gentle, kindly mothers in the family group.

There is a Greeting Card for every occasion. Good shops everywhere carry generous assortments to choose from.

The best cards are sold by dealers who display this sign

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards



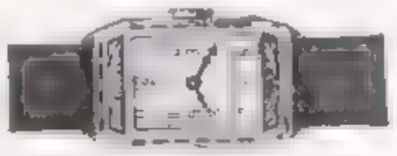
SAY IT FOR A LIFETIME . . . . . WITH AN ELGIN

MAKE EVERY DAY "MOTHER'S DAY" IN THE SERVICE OF YOUR GIFT

A box of candy. A spray of roses. Or even a Greeting Card. *Any* gift is a thrilling gift to mother . . . if it comes on the wings of your devotion. But why not an ELGIN Watch . . . as your message to mother on Mother's Day this year? An Elgin will take the time you cannot take to remind her constantly of the mint of love you have stored away for her. To her, its ticks will be your heart-beats; your continued recognition, through all the coming years, of her life-long service and fidelity. . . . Mother may not have to check the time, like a clock-ordered business man . . . she gives it away so freely in the service of others. . . . But she still has an eye for beautiful adornment and a respect for a faithful and unfailing servant. Imagine her gaiety when she slips on that exquisite, ultra-thin Elgin Wrist Watch, a tiny poem in white gold or platinum. And imagine your satisfaction . . . when you reflect that her ELGIN will deliver to her ceaselessly and eloquently, through its service and its beauty, that message of everlasting devotion which, all too often, you forget to send. . . . Elgin is conceded the world's standard for watch integrity, and to such efficiency is wedded exquisite beauty of design.

ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY



THE WRIST WATCH, *above*, is encased in 18-karat solid white gold, set with diamonds, and priced at . . . . . $150.
THE WRIST WATCH, *at the left*, in a case of 14-karat solid white gold is priced at . . . . $60.

© Elgin, 1927

TENNIS—PRO AND COIN

Continued from Page 19

combined, which has made of her game a perfect machine, recognized, I believe, by the greatest players, both men and women, as the pattern for future development in tennis.

Rene Lacoste, more than any of the Frenchmen, has studied Suzanne and used her tactics. He is now the champion of America, the first foreigner in twenty years to hold our title. He will, I believe, continue his success, for his game is grounded on sound technic and basic principles which are bound to succeed.

I shall state again briefly the things Suzanne has been taught about tennis which have done more to make her great than all her natural ability: To practice, practice, practice until she could control the ball well enough to play it from any position in her own court to any portion of her opponent's court; the absolutely essential five-finger exercises. No one is born with that skill. It comes from constantly doing the same thing over and over. The result is control.

Next, Suzanne was taught to put that control into use. She received the concentrated, predigested, tried, perfected and finally combined methods of the then best players in the wide world, such as Brookes and Wilding, of Australia, Norris Williams, of America, and the Dohertys, of England. The best methods included the holding of the racket and the making of the strokes, as well as the best direction and destination of the shots.

Suzanne has told me that the backhand was very difficult for her to learn. It was entirely due to her father's persistent and insistent demands amid tears and scenes that she learned to make this stroke correctly. It is now the best executed of all her strokes.

This goes to prove that the best is not always the thing that comes to us most naturally. In fact, I am now of the opinion that it is not natural to do the right thing in games—the overlapping grip in golf, for instance.

Suzanne was schooled in tactics, just as our West Pointers are drilled and drilled in what is and what is not good soldiery. With them, just as with Suzanne, we are apt to confuse training which has become second nature, with inherent genius. If a general makes a crafty move at exactly the right moment, to break up the enemy's defense, is it something new or an old method opportunely used?

Further, Suzanne was taught to minimize her errors. The same good advice has been given to many a poker player out of luck: "Minimize your losses."

Sacrificing the Spectacular

One very simple thing she was taught and which her strokes were adapted to accomplish was to clear the net. Strangely enough, this is a simple thing which is as much neglected in tennis by very good players as looking at the golf ball until you have hit it is neglected in golf.

Another very effective way that Suzanne minimizes her errors is by not trying to make a kill on her opponent's difficult shots; she tries merely to return the ball safely. Then she does not herself hit any harder than is necessary to score the point.

There is a fiction that her father was accustomed to spreading a pocket handkerchief on the court and keeping Suzanne at practice until she was able to hit the target four times out of five.

Suzanne laughingly denies the legend. Her target was the vital area of the court adjacent to the sidelines.

On the recent tour she showed me the territory in her opponent's court at which she directs her fire. It is any spot two feet from the sidelines, three feet from the base line and four feet from the net. Drives that do not reach a spot within this vital territory of her opponent's court are wasted, according to Suzanne.

I discovered that most of our crowds were surprised that Suzanne's game was soft—that she did not have a tremendous punch in her stroking. She sacrifices speed to gain in accuracy, and none can dispute that the results have justified her course. This method of play, however, frequently develops uninteresting tennis, but it is uninteresting only in the same sense that an efficient workman is. A baseball pitcher who strikes out the opposing batters or causes them to hit weakly to the fielders is making baseball uninteresting, or at least dulls its spectacular features, but he is a good pitcher.

So it is with Suzanne. Only one who is playing against her, or an expert, can see her delicate workmanship. For the most part she appears to be hitting lightly. But I assure you that her soft balls are most difficult to return cleanly. At times they appear almost to float over the net, but as you set about confidently to kill them something goes wrong. Your returns find the net or drift over the lines.

Characteristics of Play

That happens because the ball carries unsuspected pace or spin slyly imparted to it by Suzanne. The most subtle feature of her game is a change of pace—that elusive quality that Red Grange carries to the football field. A tackler gauges his speed and launches himself headlong at Grange, but usually he has passed the spot at which the tackler aimed, or has not yet arrived. This disconcerting effect he achieves by increasing or decreasing his speed. But he does it almost imperceptibly, and the tackler does not suspect what has happened, until Grange glides by untouched.

When the first few matches of our forty engagements had been played I realized that Suzanne had been scoring repeatedly with a sharp cross-court drive. I gave the matter thought and devised a method of getting up to the net to volley that particular shot. The next night I put my theory into action, and to my joy discovered that it worked. I anticipated the shot and maneuvered into position to score a placement.

But Suzanne realized that I had perfected a defense for that shot and, to my consternation, the next time I expected the cross-court drive she sent over a deep lob that left me foolishly at the net. Thereafter, when I was expecting the lob she returned to the cross-court drive; and when I thought it would be a cross-court drive it usually proved to be a lob. It was most trying to cope with her.

It was Suzanne's headwork rather than her strokes that broke up Miss Wills' game in their match on the Riviera last year. By a burst of powerful driving that had Suzanne almost on the verge of a collapse, Helen had taken a lead of five games to four in the second set. Then suddenly the spectators groaned when Helen apparently abandoned this highly successful method and began to soften her game.

It was Lenglen's underlying strategy of wearing Miss Wills down that really won the match for her. She conserved her own energy throughout the early part of the match and at the same time kept Miss Wills running about furiously to make returns. Miss Wills surprised the gallery by her ability to meet the requirements of Suzanne's game and even hold her own. But in this contest, which appeared to be fairly even, and at length to shift to the side of Miss Wills in the second set, after she had lost the first set, 6–3, the advantage really was with Lenglen, because she was letting Helen wear herself out. In the closing games of the second set, after leading five games to four, it was Helen who let down; while Suzanne, who had been husbanding her strength, sped up enough to win four of the last five games and take the set, 8–6.

Helen Wills could not win that match, and I doubt if she will ever equal the Suzanne of today. Suzanne can be beaten, but never by superior tennis, because superior tennis does not exist in the women's ranks. A grim, determined fighter of the type of Mrs. Mallory might possibly defeat Suzanne in a match, but it would be a victory based on the psychological effect of Molla's intensity and not on her tennis skill. If Suzanne can be upset nervously, she can be beaten, because when she is upset her game collapses, her amazing control vanishes and she becomes an ordinary tennis player.

Now that Suzanne is a professional, her feud with Miss Wills, or with whoever replaces Miss Wills as the second-best woman player in the world, becomes purely academic. It is not likely ever to be fought out again on the courts. The foremost women players now in the amateur ranks, without any effort to rank them, are: Miss Wills, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Mallory, Mrs. Jessup and Miss Goss, of the United States; Mrs. Godfree, Miss Joan Fry, Miss Eileen Bennett, of England; Mademoiselle Helen Contoslavos, Didi Vlasto and Madamoiselle Deve, of France; Señorita Alvarez, of Spain; and Frau Neppach, of Germany. The outstanding players of this list, in my opinion, are Miss Wills, Mrs. Godfree, Mrs. Mallory, Miss Ryan and Señorita Alvarez.

In analyzing tennis players I frequently find myself characterizing them with phrases that seem to select the strongest points of their play. Thus I always think of Miss Wills as "Helen the powerful and serene"; of Mrs. Godfree as "Kathleen the dependable"; of Miss Ryan as "Elizabeth the crafty"; of Mrs. Mallory as "Molla the determined." Of course, their play is marked by other capacities than those, but these outstanding qualities in each case have been mainly responsible for their success.

Miss Wills' greatest assets are the tremendous power of her stroking and her serene temperament. Yet, in a sense, both these admirable qualities handicap her, because they are not flexible. The inability to change pace is the chief weakness in Helen's game. She cannot successfully vary the length and pace of her shots, as Suzanne does. It seems almost, to an observer, that her notion of a change of pace is to slow down her entire game instead of occasionally varying a stroke during a rally. There is no finesse in such a method.

Lost in a Soft Game

Helen is not clever at the soft game, so she must maintain her powerful energy-consuming pace throughout a match. When she slows down she is penalized by a loss in effectiveness, and such penalties are certain to be imposed on her in a hard match, for no one can maintain the furious speed of her hard-hitting game without an occasional lapse. If she could she might win, even against so great an opponent as Lenglen; but she would not be human if she did not tire under her own tremendous exertions.

On a heavy damp court Helen is not effective, because such playing conditions themselves slow down her game and take the power out of her stroking. That accounts for her comparatively poor showing in England, where the ball is slow, the courts soft and the atmosphere moist—all circumstances that contribute to the soft game, at which she is not effective.

There are signs that Helen Wills' game changed some as a result of her play on the Riviera last year. She got in the habit, in France, of trying to win her matches in love sets. This, I suspect, was because of Lenglen's failure to enter the tournaments with her, and the tendency of the spectators, in the absence of a match between them, to compare Suzanne's love victories

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with Helen's 6–3, 6–4 triumphs over the same players. At any event, Helen suddenly demonstrated that she, too, could win in love sets when she felt like it. The result was a noticeable improvement in her game.

When May Sutton Bundy went to England in 1905 as a young girl and won the championship of the world, she scandalized the English tennis galleries as well as the players by trying to win every point. It had been the custom of the English stars to dally with young or inferior opponents and permit them an occasional game. It was considered sporting not to be ruthless or too serious.

But after Miss Sutton had played in several tournaments her opponents realized that when they won a point or a game from her they had won something. When they won from an English player they could not be certain whether the points were gifts or whether they had earned them by their own good play. After three trips to England Mrs. Bundy popularized love-set matches.

Suzanne always tries to win as quickly and as decisively as she can. "They learn more when you slaughter them," she once told me.

Once at the Tennis Club at Nice, of which Suzanne was a member, a proud mother appeared with a young daughter who she intimated was a prodigy. She wanted to have her play against the best lady player of the club, as no less gifted performer, she implied, would be capable of making the match interesting.

The club member she spoke to was Charles Lenglen, Suzanne's father; and Suzanne then, though only fourteen years old, was the champion of France. Without telling the fond mother who Suzanne was, Papa Lenglen sent Suzanne out to play against the prodigy.

"I quickly discovered she was a very poor player, and won a love set in a few minutes with the loss of only half a dozen points," Suzanne said. "I don't know which was the more humiliated, the daughter or the mother."

Suzanne seemed to chuckle at the memory of the incident.

"But wouldn't she have been immensely encouraged to win a game from the champion?" I asked.

The Davis Cup Threatened

Suzanne seemed surprised at this viewpoint. "I do not enjoy matches with opponents I must encourage," she replied. "And it is kinder to them to expose their weaknesses than to conceal them from them."

This spirit of seriousness has been responsible for the development of France's quartet of tennis stars—Rene Lacoste, Henri Cochet, Jean Borotra and Landry. They are, taken as a group, the four greatest players in the world, and I see no way of stopping them from winning the Davis Cup. They play frequently against one another, not practice matches but hard-fought contests, and after each meeting all have learned something more.

On their performances last season, Lacoste, Borotra and Cochet are ranked by Wallis Myers as the three leading players in the world. Johnston, Tilden and Richards are ranked fourth, fifth and sixth by Myers. Vincent Richards is now ineligible for Davis Cup play, because he is a professional.

The loss of the Davis Cup—and I believe, to France—is close at hand. I hope it will not be in 1927, for William Tilden is making a gallant effort to get into the best playing form of his career. He is fired with a determination to regain our lost championship and retain the cup another year, in the hope of sufficient improvement in the younger players to carry on.

Tilden expresses himself as more interested in tennis than he has ever been. It is typical of him only to become interested when the task has become difficult. He was for so many years in a class by himself that he had to resort to all sorts of devices to make the game interesting, such as allowing good opponents to get him within a point of match, then pulling himself out of the hole; at other times, seeing how many consecutive games he could win in the tournaments. He succeeded in winning fifty-six, which is more than nine love sets in succession. This was accomplished in the finals of one tournament and the early rounds of another. Often he partnered with the juniors so he would have to struggle for victory.

I have always admired Tilden's sportsmanship, but never more than now, his tremendous gameness and his patriotism. I am skeptical, however, about his success in the coming season. If he has set his mind to play at both Wimbledon, England, and in France, he is very apt to overdo it. In the past few years he never seriously competed until the National Doubles, late in August, and he always seemed to be at the top of his game during the Davis Cup matches the following month.

The Road to Eminence

Tilden is not so young as the Frenchmen, and he has a bad knee. I cannot help but feel he is unwise to attempt so much if his main desire is to save the Davis Cup. Besides, the Frenchmen can learn more from playing Tilden than Tilden can gain by playing the Frenchmen; therefore it would seem wiser to me for Tilden to remain at home and let the invaders come to him.

Every victory the Frenchmen gain gives them additional confidence, and it is about all they need to carry away one of the greatest of all international trophies—the Davis Cup.

We have no young players who can take the place of Johnston and Tilden. Tennis players are not developed overnight. Lacoste, Borotra and Cochet have been improving steadily for several years. All of them have had the most expert professional coaching, something that our young players do not often receive. They play oftener in tournaments than the Americans, and, as a rule, against better players, for they meet one another many times a season.

There are no meteorites in competitive tennis. I know Maurice McLoughlin was called the Comet, but that was because he flashed and disappeared, not because he arose to greatness suddenly. He won the title first in 1912, but he had been playing tennis steadily since 1903. He needed four years to reach Number 38 in the American ranking list. In 1909 he had climbed to sixth position and in 1910 he was fourth. There was nothing comet-like in his rise to the American championship.

I first saw Tilden play in 1913, and he was not then a good player. He showed much promise, but he was primarily a swatter. He hit the ball hard, but his stroking had no direction or control. It took him seven years to win the American championship.

Little Bill Johnston was the junior champion of the Pacific Coast in 1910, after several years' serious devotion to tennis. But even then he was five years more in winning the national title.

Preëminence in tennis is not a gift. Given natural ability, one must learn the proper methods, practice and have plenty of tournament competition. Anywhere from eight to ten years on that schedule will lead to the top.

The French are neck and neck with the United States today and are certain to forge ahead in a year or two; and then when Johnston and Tilden slump, as they must after fifteen or so years of play, the French will go far in the lead and remain there until the United States develops some young stars who are now very likely unheard of.

But the French have another advantage over the United States. They play exclusively on clay courts or on wood courts, which afford tennis at its fastest pace. They develop speed and power of stroking that is a big asset when they compete in the United States on the comparatively slow turf courts. All the Frenchmen hit the ball on the rise—that is, before it reaches the top of the bound. This speeds up their game tremendously.

The French are thoroughly grounded in tennis. Lacoste and Cochet spent several years losing matches and learning strokes. Borotra was at first only a volleyer, but last year he gave evidence of painstaking effort to improve his ground strokes, and the result was that in the National Championships he defeated Johnston and Richards on successive days.

Lacoste has been particularly methodical in his development and has improved year by year in contrast with most young American players, who have shown great promise and failed to live up to it because they did not have the patience to learn every stroke thoroughly and master it.

Vincent Richards, for instance, never fully mastered his backhand, and in his recent matches with Lacoste, the Frenchman won by driving deep to Vinnie's backhand. Richards also failed to perfect a reliable service. His first service was almost untouchable when it got over the net, but in this respect he was often erratic. His second service was comparatively weak, so that on days when he was not getting the first ball over he was under a serious handicap.

McLoughlin had little or no backhand when he first won the American title, but toward the end of his career he improved it to the point where it was not a downright weakness. Yet in 1913, when he played at Wimbledon and won his way to the challenge round against Anthony Wilding, the wonderful Australian, he was easily beaten in straight sets, because Wilding pursued the simple and highly effective method of driving every ball possible to the American's backhand corner. But, oh, how McLoughlin could smash from any part of the court, and what a terrific, well-controlled service he had! At his best he seldom lost a service game, and on many occasions he would send over three and even four service aces that his opponent could not lay a racket on.

Lacoste is not a spectacular person at the net; his service is not devastating; he has not the genius of Tilden nor the terrific pace of Johnston. Yet his all-round game is superior to that of any other player. He is now, I believe, the equal of Tilden and has not yet reached his greatest heights. He is only twenty-four years old.

The French Invaders

Cochet's game is far more brilliant than Lacoste's, and just as effective, but Henri is subject at times to fits of temperament. He gets annoyed at ball boys or at swallows. When he is playing his game no one can beat him. But it is uncertain whether he can bring his mercurial spirits under control. In that respect he is reminiscent of Max Decugis, the French champion of a decade ago, who had the strokes to be a world champion but never quite scaled the heights because he was nervous and excitable and given to fiery displays. He would sometimes bite the ball and toss away his racket.

Borotra, the third of the trio of French aces, is primarily a volleyer. His game off the ground is not bad, but many seem so to regard it, because they judge it in comparison with his overhead game, which is superb. Yet, be that as it may, Borotra was good enough last year to defeat Tilden, Johnston, Richards and Lacoste.

Landry is the youngest of the quartet and has not yet played in America, but I look to see him replace Brugnon, the fourth member of last year's Davis Cup team.

These Frenchmen hold all of the important tennis titles of the United States and England, as well as their own country. Only the Davis Cup has eluded them. They are sanguine that the oversight will be taken care of this year or next. The feeling in France is that it won't be long now.

Professional coaching, as well as competition between amateur and professional, has done much to improve the standards of golf in the United States, and I know of no reason why tennis professionals have not a place in sports. I do not believe for a moment that professional tennis can be exploited and express itself in exhibition tours such as that undertaken by Mr. Pyle. But there must be something at stake, a title as well as money or a trophy. Competition will hold the public interest, but exhibitions will not.

There are enough professionals already in America to furnish fair competition with the amateurs, but there have been no open tournaments to allow them the privilege of meeting in competition.

I know of no reason why there should not be an annual professional tennis championship and perhaps in time a tournament open to professional and amateur alike.

Frequently I have been asked whether Argutter, the professional of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills, could defeat the best American amateurs. I don't know. He may have the game to do it, but he has not had the test matches such as important tournaments alone afford. When he wanted to play in a tournament he had to go to Europe, because America, with more tennis players than all Europe, has not yet got used to the idea of tournament competitions for professionals in tennis.

What is an Amateur?

Because professionalism in tennis, if not entirely new, has at least not yet established itself, it is subject to some strange, illogical discriminations. Possibly the debates growing out of Mr. Pyle's activities may contribute to the hastening of the sadly needed definition of an amateur. To point out a curious inconsistency we may look to the amateur rules of golf and tennis. What the United States Golf Association calls white, the tennis officials call black, and vice versa. Yet if we were to congregate these men in one room and call in a stranger, he could not differentiate the golf official from the tennis official, for they are business men of more or less the same financial and social standing; and though they would doubtless agree to a large extent on business policy, they cannot agree on the amateur rules of these two games.

For example, in tennis, an amateur can receive traveling expenses; in golf, an amateur cannot. In tennis, an amateur can write an instructive article, but, in golf, an amateur can write only how he plays golf, not how golf should be played, because that would infringe on the professionals' field.

In tennis, an amateur cannot report a tournament in which he is playing. In golf, an amateur may play in a tournament and at the same time report it.

There are open tournaments in golf, permitting amateurs and professionals to meet. In tennis, there is no such provision.

I have had good reason to know of these inconsistencies, for I have made an honest endeavor to live up to the letter of these rules in both tennis and golf, and had a very agonizing experience in the South last winter when I was playing tennis one moment and golf the next. I am not exaggerating when I say that I was obliged to hold many meetings with friendly advisers and officials to prevent me from being one moment within the law and the next a criminal.

One could go on for hours relating inconsistencies in the amateur rules of various sports-governing bodies. They are in a new field and can be expected to make faulty regulations. Professionalism and amateurism have never been in such close contact in this country before.

S. W. Merrihew, one of the well-known men in amateur lawn tennis, has for years urged a simple and effective rule which would define a professional as "one who accepts money or its equivalent for playing or teaching tennis." He would not bother with the various devices and amendments created from time to time to prevent players from capitalizing their reputation in

(Continued on Page 71)

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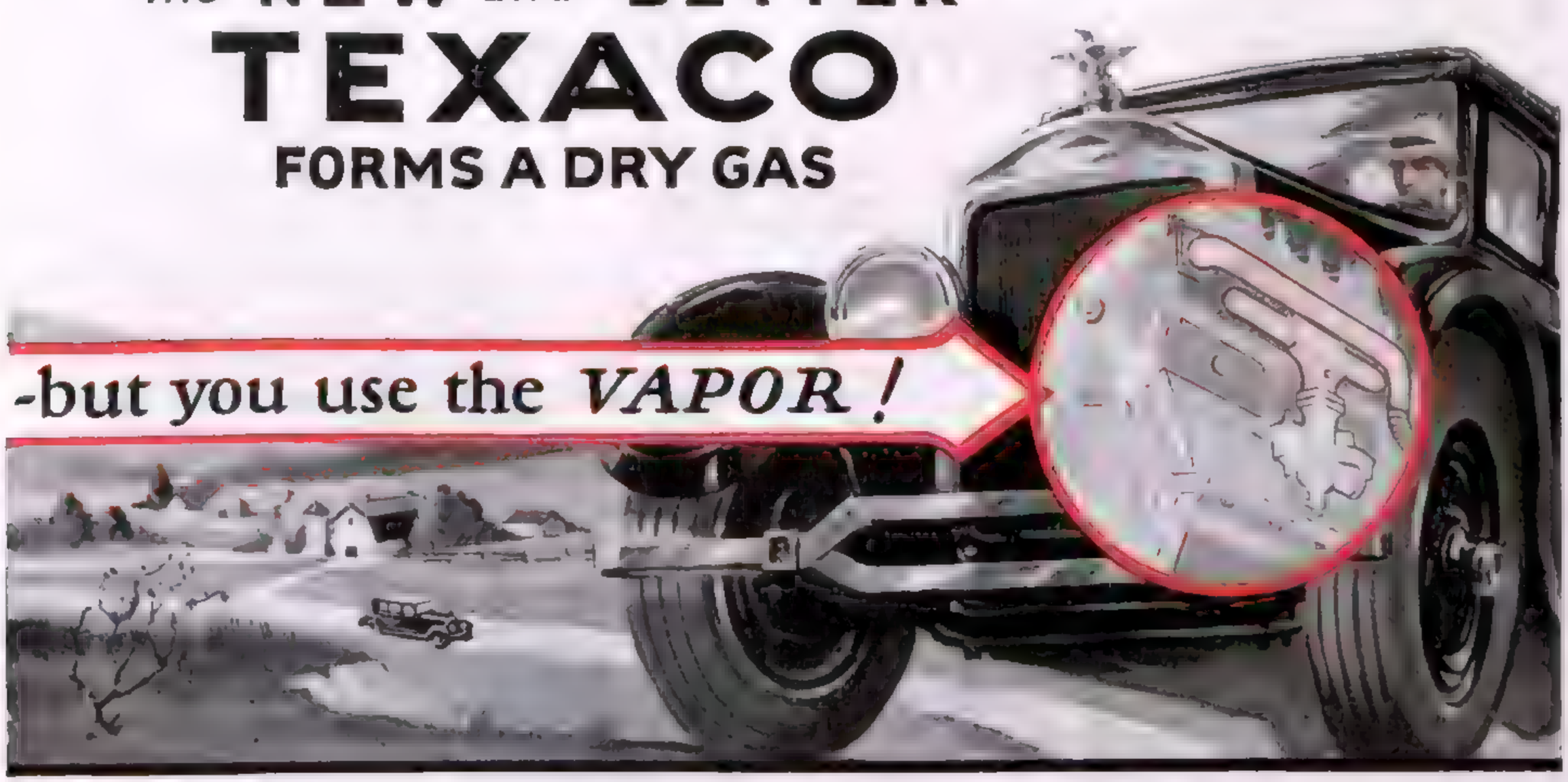

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(Continued from Page 66)

other ways except playing. You can't possibly prevent a tennis reputation from being capitalized. Vincent Richards, for instance, sold life insurance and is frank to admit that his tennis reputation gained him interviews with prospects who might not otherwise have given him an interview.

Originally the purpose in distinguishing professional and amateur was to protect the amateur, who, not devoting his whole time to sport, was therefore presumably inferior to the professional in competition. But in recent years the interest in sports has increased vastly, so that the reward of being an outstanding amateur often is the opportunity to become a professional.

Tennis has grown amazingly in recent years. The game is no longer confined to clubs, but is being played in the public parks and on school grounds. There are in Kansas City, for instance, 300 public courts and only 25 courts on private-club grounds; in St. Paul there are 75 public courts and 12 private courts; Detroit has nearly 100 public courts, on which 300,000 matches are played in a season. In the neighborhood of 1,000,000 Americans are playing tennis. Any game that grows popular is likely to be commercialized. Therefore wise and calm judgments are needed in determining the relations between amateur and professional. The solution in golf has been amicable; it should be so in tennis.

I am not greatly agitated over the question. To me it is simply a case of getting used to something new—galoshes, for instance. I first saw a woman wearing them at Dartmouth in a New England winter. To me they seemed ridiculous and ugly. This effect was heightened because they were left open and flapped dismally.

But shortly I did not wince when I saw a maid clad in galoshes. Finally I was wearing them myself and leaving them open so that I could kick them off readily when I went indoors.

If ten years ago anyone had said galoshes would become a common and æsthetic feature of feminine apparel, and give the American language a new word—namely, "flapper"—laughter could have been pardoned. So pardon me if I predict a new and saner code of amateurism and the passing of the present hauteur toward professionals. Sports is not really a pastime in America. It is an industry, and industry must have its wage earners. After all, what does it matter whether you are an amateur or a professional so long as you play the game?

LETTERS FROM FRATERNITY

(Continued from Page 40)

When we arrived at the Carry it was near noon, and we stopped to eat our lunch. We then leisurely walked on down to turn of road near Round Pond, when we met Jo Porter and Fred Killman looking for their dogs, which had become lost.

They said the last they heard the dogs was about eleven o'clock, that they had found where they come into the road a half mile below, had apparently gone toward the Carry. But there was so many tracks it was uncertain which way they had gone. But we told them we had been on the Neck, and had not heard them in that vicinity.

So we all walked on down the road. Then we heard Oscar hallooing off near Folly Pond. Jo told him their dogs were lost, and Oscar came into the road a quarter of a mile below us. As we came up to him, a man named Bradstreet, on his way home from the harbor—he lived on the Neck near Starbord Rock—told us he had met Dave Manson down in Deep Hollow, with a large fox on his back and two hounds at his side. Jo inquired the color of the dogs, and Bradstreet told him. . . . What Jo and Fred said had better be forgotten, but Oscar laughed till his eyes ran over.

Dave had picked up their dogs on his way, and took them along to add tone to his fox. And when he arrived in town he was joined by many dogs on the way, as well as men, women and children.

Dave led the procession across the bridge, up around the soldiers' monument, and back to his shop, his hounds baying, dogs barking, and children cheering. There Dave made a speech, telling the pleasures of a successful fox hunt.

MAR. 12, 1923.

DEAR BEN: Sent five applications for trout to Augusta day before yesterday. Dunton Brook, George's River, Thompson Brook, Montville Center Brook, and Sheepscot stream. . . . Just returned from village with mail. Received letter from Augusta. My applications for fish are on file for allotment this spring. I'm in hopes to get 40,000 more for the Sheepscot. . . .

MAR. 28, 1923.

DEAR BEN: Received your letter of the 24th last night. I am glad these letters prove interesting to you. . . .

For several years I was a persistent hunter of sea birds on the outer ledges. There was no close season then. My first lessons were with men of lifelong experience. I am sure they knew how to handle a small boat on a dark night in a rough sea. And the landings they used to make that will never be recorded in story, but if told, for skill and daring would make Zane Grey's horseback riding look like 30 cents comparatively. Two of the men I used to hunt with lost their lives in the night on half-tide ledges. Israel Turner, a veteran pilot, lost his life in South West Harbor, in the night. David Manson, the fox-hunting barber of Vinal Haven, lost his life in the night on a sunken ledge.

And I had two experiences that I would not care to take again. One was a hairbreadth escape that makes me shudder to think of. The man who never had the experience little realizes what it means to land in the night on half-tide ledges that lie far out to sea. I have often rowed up to a ledge in the darkest hour of night, just before dawn, only to be hailed from the darkness, "Keep off." The other fellow had beat us, and made the landing. To look into that boiling surf and listen to the roar of the breakers used to make the cold chills run down my back, but the men I was with only laughed and steadied the boat. They were old lobster fishermen and knew their trade.

MAR. 31ST.

As for planting the—trout—fry, I expect H. will be here, as he intends to come as soon as the roads are settled.

I made my first plant of trout fry—government fish—May 12, 1902, and the next year May 8, made my first plant in the Ruffingham brooks. As far as I can remember, have been planting more or less ever since.

I believe a serious mistake is being made in allowing inexperienced people to plant young fry. I am sure it requires extreme care, and weather conditions has much to do with a successful plant. For instance, I met a man a few weeks ago at the P. O. He works for a truckman in Belfast and told me he had often planted fish. I asked him how he managed them on arrival at brook, and so on. He said, "I put them in." I said, "I suppose you gradually changed the water in the cans before you distributed the fish along the shallow water." "No," he said, "I emptied them into the brook." I then asked if he received "instructions as to how they should be planted," and he replied, he didn't remember. I then said, "You simply dumped a whole can in one place." And he replied, "Yes." And he told me he had often gone to Camden after fish. And always dumped a can in a place without ever changing the temperature of water. And I told him he had probably killed 9/10 of all the fish.

To give you an idea of what I mean, last year B. volunteered to help. On arrival at stream he was in a great hurry—as he only went with the hope of doing some fishing. This was on the headwaters of the Sheepscot, and the fry had been brought from Camden, more than 20 miles away. The fry arrived in fine shape, but the temperature of the water in those cans must have been many degrees above the brook. And as I drew off a pail of water and then put back the same amount from the brook, B. wanted to know what that was for. Then I drew off two pails full, and put back one. And while watching the result, B. wanted to know "what I did that for." Then I said, "I'll show you. I hate to kill these fry, but I'll do it just to show you why it is necessary gradually to bring the temperature of those cans to that of the brook before putting them in."

So I took the ladle and dipped up 4 fry and said, "Now come here and see what will happen when we put these in the water." I carefully put them in a shallow near the bank. Result? They darted here and there 3 to 4 times, and all four turned belly up in probably less than 10 seconds. It was practically instant death. I then said, "Now do you understand why it is necessary to change the water in that can to the temperature of the brook? If you do not, I'll show you in a few minutes as soon as I get those fish breathing brook water." It doesn't take long. Almost as quick as you can change, if it's done gradually.

A few minutes later, when I had all brook water in can, I said, "Let's see what will happen when these are placed." They were all right. We watched them for several minutes; none went into a flurry or turned belly up.

I once lost two cans of trout fry by allowing P. to place them. He put them in the George's River at the Bumpas bridge with no result; he simply killed them.

A man who knows nothing about fish, or cares for nothing but his fee for transporting them, should never be allowed anything to do with planting them. This is my opinion after watching the game for twenty years. The superintendent of every hatchery should accompany his fish to the brooks and see that they are properly planted. Then there will be results worth recording.

APRIL 4TH, 7 P.M.

I've had a slight cold and sore throat for several days—am feeling better now and may try the pickerel tomorrow.

Just at sunset tonight, as I was coming from the village, I stopped on the way and listened to the sweetest song I ever heard. A robin—the first that I have seen. Why is it the birds appear so much happier in their spring flight than in the fall when on their way south? Did you ever notice the crow in the fall when migrating? Hundreds of them sometimes will be strung along for a mile or more—on silent wing—with never a sound. But not so in the spring. I believe they like this northland best.

The brooks are beginning to flow wide open, and the low places in the fields are full of water. Another day like this and the floods will have started.

Well, enough of this.

Sarah joins me in best wishes to you and yours.

Sincerely,
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No questioning that! Big Yank wins the price-fight every time. He packs a mighty punch. He's the unfailing favorite of men like you and me. Fellows who want better quality—more comfort—longer wear—but who don't want a cramp in the pocketbook when they pay for it.

Other dollar underwear before this, of course. Underwear that cost a lot more, too. But never underwear like Big Yank!

Tub-proof longer-wear fabrics to choose from. *And 6 Big Features*—the first All-Star cast in $1.00 underwear!

6 GREAT FEATURES

1 *Triple Stitched Seams* Making "Big Yank" Rip Proof.
2 *Elastic Spring Back* Prevents webbing from breaking—adds ease and comfort because it gives and takes to conform with all body movements
3 *Thread Riveted* At all strain points

4 *Finished Armholes* Stitched with a fine grade of tape, not hemmed.
5 *Form Fitting Seat* Based on shaped gusset which conforms exactly to the human form.
6 *Spread Crotch* Gives easily and naturally in all positions without discomfort.

Ask your dealer for Big Yank today. Or, if he has not received his stock, send only $3 for 3 suits. *Satisfaction Guaranteed!*

BIG YANK
ATHLETIC $1 UNDERWEAR

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Here's my $3. Send me 3 suits of the best underwear I ever saw for the money.

I wear size
Name
Address

(Write your dealer's name in margin below)

Fix Your Own Radiator Leaks!

Just pour in Por-a-Seal and the leaks stop instantly—it's safe, sure and permanent. Don't wait until a little leak gets bigger but at the first drip from your radiator, radiator hose or water jacket get a can of Por-a-Seal. Better yet—keep a can in your car for emergencies—you can't run far on a dry radiator.

Por-a-Seal cleans out rust and corrosion too. It's like giving the cooling system a tonic. It's good economy to clean out the system occasionally—it's cheaper to prevent than to cure—and Por-a-Seal will prevent new leaks from starting.

See your nearest Accessory dealer and buy a 10 oz. can for 75c, good for any size motor—it will save you many dollars.

--and worn wires too!

Short circuits burn out your lights and discharge your battery in a jiffy—and worn wiring is the chief trouble maker.

Just a few laps of DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape will reinsulate worn wires and save the cost of new electric bulbs and battery recharges.

DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape has hundreds of other uses around the car, home or shop. Where safety and permanency are required use DUTCH BRAND because it has unusual insulating properties, long life, is frayless and will "stick and stay stuck."

Good Motor Accessory, Hardware or Electrical dealers always have DUTCH BRAND on hand. In four convenient sizes 5c, 10c, 20c and 35c—it costs no more than ordinary tape.

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Cartoon and Comedy

As it Was and as it Is

Home, James

What a Difference Just a Few Years Makes

Home, Jessie

TRAVELOGUE—The Mayor of Venice on His Way to the City Hall

For $4.40 you can WAX-POLISH *the* Floors *of* Six Average Rooms

Easily–Quickly–Electrically

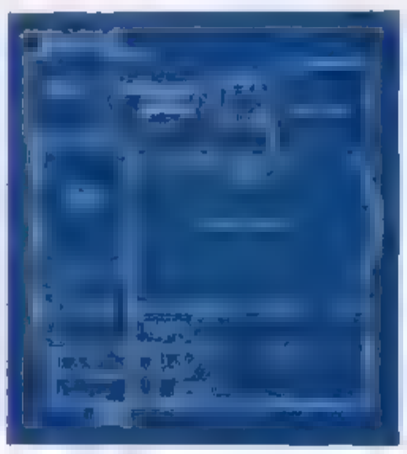
—without Stooping, Kneeling or Soiling Your Hands

TELEPHONE your dealer that you want to RENT a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for one day. There will be a $2.00 rental charge. And tell him to send a half-gallon ($2.40) of Johnson's Liquid Wax with it.

That's ALL you need to bring 1500 sq. ft. of flooring to bright gleaming beauty. It makes no difference whether the floors are old or new—of wood, linoleum, tile or composition. Nor how they are finished—with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. *All floors* respond wonderfully to this rejuvenating Johnson's Wax *Electric* treatment.

It's so simple *anyone* can do it. Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floors—you will be amazed at the beauty of the lustrous, deep-toned polish so easily and quickly produced. The speed of the brush is responsible for the beautiful burnished accomplishment.

And after you have once gone over your floors with Johnson's Liquid Wax and Electric Floor Polisher you will find it easy to *keep* them in this same sparkling, wear-resistant condition.



WAXED floors will give your home an unmistakable air of refinement. Your rooms will take on new charm and distinction. The decorative value of your rugs and furnishings will be greatly enhanced. In fact, the whole house will look more beautiful and artistic when the floors glow with an electrically polished coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax.

You Can Rent this Electric Floor Polisher

For $2.00 a day your neighborhood store or your painter will RENT you a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. This wonderful machine practically runs itself—you simply walk along and GUIDE it with your finger tips—you don't have to push it or bear down on it. With it you can wax-polish *all* your floors in the time it formerly took to do a single room by old-fashioned hand methods.

Or, you can buy a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher outright for your own exclusive use. The investment is small for so great a convenience. Ask your dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or write us.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Floor Finishing Authorities" (Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

Towers topped only by Taxi Planes

Consider the big city at the end of the next fifty years — streets on three levels — towers topped only by taxi planes — aerial traffic lights.

Whatever filing needs new changes develop, there will be files bearing the Nicholson File Company trade mark made to meet them.

In the future as well as the past, the Nicholson File Company trade mark will stand for sharp, durable teeth, correct balance and rigid testing after every manufacturing process.

Look for this trade mark when buying your files today. It guarantees you the best file workmanship the world has ever seen.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U.S.A.

NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

A File for Every Purpose

LOST ECSTASY

(Continued from Page 27)

So now Bessie wandered about the house and grounds, talking to the servants, who adored her, singing her snatches of little French songs, smoking interminably, and even quietly interrogating Herbert when one evening he came to dine and she got downstairs before the others.

"I don't think Kay is looking very well. Do you?"

"It's still warm."

"This isn't her first summer," she said, rather sharply. "She's thin, and I don't think she's very happy."

"I can't say as to that. She's rather quiet. But then she never is—boisterous."

"Now see here, Herbert," she said. "I've seen a lot of lives ruined by people keeping their mouths shut when they should have talked. I happen to be fond of Kay, and there's something wrong with her. She doesn't laugh and she doesn't eat. I don't think she's sleeping either. It isn't between you and her, is it?"

"Good Lord! No!"

"Do you know what it is?"

And for a moment she thought he was going to tell her. Then he pulled himself up, all correct in his dinner jacket, with his tie neatly tied, and remembered that there were some things one did not talk about.

"Really," he said, "I hardly feel that I can discuss Kay, even with you, Mrs. Osborne. Why don't you talk to her yourself?"

She turned away from him, exasperated.

Then, the next and last day of her visit, she walked into Kay's bedroom, to find her face down on the bed, and a little, a very little snapshot picture clutched in her hand. She had dropped asleep like that, and with no more compunction than she would have felt in extracting a splinter, Bessie Osborne took the picture from her as she slept and carried it to the window.

She was still gazing at it when Kay wakened and sat up. Bessie turned and looked at her. "It won't do, darling," she said. "He's a handsome rascal, but it just won't do."

Kay slid off the bed and went over to her. "Why won't it do? He's a man—a real man."

"He looks it, honey. But he won't do, just the same. What's his name?"

"McNair—Tom McNair."

"Very well, I'll take it for granted this Tom McNair is in love with you. I suppose he has told you so." Kay nodded. "And that this love is all you have in common. That's true, too, isn't it?"

"What have any other two people who love and marry?"

"Plenty," she said quickly. "Tastes, habits, ideas of life. You don't realize all that now, but you will later on. This—this early ecstasy we call love, it's only a part of the whole business. And when it's gone—and it always goes, my dear—you have to have something else to fall back on. I suppose you met him out at the ranch?"

"Yes."

"What is he—foreman? I thought Mallory ——"

"He isn't anything. He just works there. I don't think he owns a thing in the world, unless it's his horse and saddle. Oh, don't tell me I'm crazy! I've gone through all that. And I've fought until I'm worn out. I can't fight it any more. It's just happened—that's all."

"Do they know here?"

"More or less. They think I've given him up."

"But you haven't?"

"Not if he wants me. I ought to tell you this about him: I asked him to let me stay and he sent me away."

If Bessie made any mental reservation about this heroic attitude of Tom's, she concealed it. "That was very noble of him," she said, and Kay accepted it literally.

But Bessie did not feel as she went back to her room an hour or so later that she had effected any real change in Kay's attitude. The mention of disinheritance she had put aside with a gesture. Talk of her father and mother's sense of injury and deep resentment had brought tears to her eyes, but had not weakened her. Nor could she be induced to make a promise to do nothing rash without consulting Bessie herself.

"I might not keep it," she said honestly. "It's not stubbornness. I'm just afraid. I made a lot of promises to myself out there, but somehow ——"

Late that night Henry Dowling, retired and reading the catalogue of a sale of old English furniture by way of soporific, was less surprised than he might have been when his sister came in and perched herself on the foot of the bed.

"What about the L. D., Henry?" she inquired, helping herself to one of his cigarettes. "Are we selling it, or giving it away?"

"There's no profit in the deal, if that's what you mean," he told her grimly.

"It's a relief, of course. Still, when you think of father and all the lovely ladies ——"

"Don't be vulgar, Bessie. And for God's sake, don't be sentimental!" He leaned back among his pillows and surveyed her critically. "What in the name of heaven made you do that to your hair?" he demanded.

"The search for youth. Lovely, romantic youth, Henry," she told him flippantly. "What you've forgotten you ever had, and never will understand."

She went to bed herself on that, leaving Henry to ponder over it. He knew she had meant something by it—possibly about Kay. Well, that was all over now—well over.

He turned again to his book:

"Six Hepplewhite chairs in excellent condition. From the collection of ——"

*

THE shipping was going on. The cars were on the sidetrack. In the caboose the conductor sat most of the day by the stove, reading a newspaper and waiting for the coffeepot to boil. Slim had set up his tent a quarter of a mile up the line, and back behind the buttes the final cutting and working were taking place. The cattle huddled together, milled and roared, and into the mass of heaving backs and tossing horns the cow ponies made their way. Once they knew which animal was wanted, nothing could stop them.

Off by themselves were the cuts, the two-year-olds already sold and going to Omaha, the mature beef for Chicago, and the throwbacks that had drifted into the herd and had now to be separated again. The wind roared over the vast expanse of empty country, so suddenly awake and alive; cattle ran, with horses and riders pursuing them; and down on the line the engine whistled shrilly.

Tom was in his element. Jake had gone in to Ursula, and he was again in charge. The infernal racket was music to his ears, the prosperous condition of the cattle soothed his sore spirit. After all, if this was his life, it was a good life. The weather, although still cold, was bright and clear; when he changed horses the Miller's great muscles under him responded with new vigor.

Even the knowledge that it was his last round-up for the L. D. could not entirely depress him. He was young—young and strong and whole, and soon the cars would be loaded and he would be on his way to Chicago.

Chicago!

It was evening, and they were loading at the track when Jake came back from Ursula and called him aside.

"I've got kinda bad news for you, Tom. Allison has a warrant out for you."

"What for?"

"That Indian business. It turns out it was Weasel Tail, and he's pretty bad."

"What do they want me for?" he demanded, aggrieved. "The ornery devil tried to murder me!"

"I know that, but ——"

"Besides which," said Tom, raising his voice, "he killed one good beef animal and got away with it. I went back and saw the carcass that morning. I'm telling you, Jake, if Allison thinks any jury in this country would convict me for what I did, he's welcome to try. But he's got to get me first."

He was furiously angry; his voice rose, his jaw was thrust forward. Jake took him by the arm and led him farther from the pens.

"Look here, Tom," he said pacifically, "I'm kinda in a hole about this. If I let you out of the state now I'm in trouble. I was thinking ——"

"Give me my ticket. The rest's up to me, isn't it?"

But Jake would not give him his ticket, and in a savage temper he turned and went back to the pens. That was the last Jake was to see of him for some time; the flickering flares, the timid milling of the cattle at the foot of the chute, the incredibly slow ascent, a pandemonium of noise and great terrified bodies, and Tom, sullen but efficient, prodding them and at intervals staring down the road.

When the sheriff finally came he was not to be found.

Allison left his car in the road and came heavily across to the pens. A big man, an ex-puncher of the old days who had come up from Texas with the early herds, Allison was popular with all the cowboys in his county. But he was not a soft man, and they knew it. They guessed his errand when they saw him, and after the manner of their kind, tacitly united against him. And because he knew them, he smiled grimly as he surveyed their expressionless faces.

"Tom McNair here?"

"No. What's Tom been doing?"

"I guess you know all right. Where is he if he isn't here?"

"I ain't seen him since just about sundown," said Bill glibly. "Any you fellows seen Tom?"

Nobody had. They stood around Allison, politely interested. Maybe he'd gone to town to see a girl.

"I thought he was in charge here?"

"Well, that wouldn't worry Tom none if he wanted to see a girl."

Allison was suspicious, but he could do nothing. Tom knew every back trail of the neighborhood, every gate in the wire.

The sheriff refused Slim's offer of coffee and stood around for a few minutes with his coat collar turned up against the freezing night wind; then he turned and lunged back through the darkness to the road and his car, the warrant still in his pocket.

But as a matter of fact, he was very near success once on his way back to Ursula, had he only known it.

Tom had no idea of being cheated out of his trip. Long before the lights of Allison's car appeared down the road he had made a plan and prepared for his escape. True, the horse he roped in the darkness turned out to be a green horse, but the Miller was weary and he needed speed. He managed to saddle it and tie it up, and to slip off into the night when Allison appeared was a simple matter.

But from that time on he was in difficulty. The horse was kinky from the start; even holding him while opening gates in the wire was a test for Tom's long lean body, and every time he was mounted he threatened to break again. And seven miles out of Ursula, Tom rode unseeing under a sagging telephone wire and was neatly pitched off backward, with a cut across his forehead which blinded him with blood. When he picked himself up the animal was gone.

(Continued on Page 76)

Hip boots—flaming colors—a flying line and a flash of silver scales. The thrill of winning—the joy of living. And waiting at the mountain lodge, a clean cut little custom car for the fascinating journey home.

As distinctive as
the woman who prefers to drive it.
The Little Custom Sedan by

JORDAN

When Parents Fail

THIS is a clumsy world for children. They are constantly running into the barbed wires of our grown-up principles and conventions. Every year thousands of them get into trouble which brings them before the Juvenile Courts for punishment or wisely tempered mercy. Rarely are these unfortunate youngsters really bad. Nearly always the hidden cause behind their waywardness is lack of training or proper guidance at home. Oftentimes, physical conditions cause their abnormality. When health is restored the vicious tendencies often disappear.

Warm-hearted men and women in all parts of the country are doing splendid work in helping to salvage these bits of human driftwood. Organizations have been formed which send volunteer representatives to the Juvenile Courts to take boys and girls on probation and so save them from slipping into lives of crime. The kindly folk who do this work are "friends at court" to these youngsters.

Delinquent children are by no means found to come only from homes of poverty. From well-to-do and even rich homes have come children with tendencies toward crime which have amazed their parents. Too late these fathers and mothers learned that in reality they never had known their sons and daughters.

May Day—Children's Day

May First has been set aside by the nation as a day on which mothers and fathers, philanthropists and public-spirited men and women, interested in America's future, join in one great purpose—the big, important work of checking up the health of the children of this country.

It is a great forward step to set aside a definite day to have eyes, ears, noses, throats, and teeth examined for possible physical defects. But why stop halfway? Examine minds just as thoroughly for possible mental troubles.

In May, then, after you good fathers and mothers have found out whether or not your children are sound and healthy, physically, you will want to have an old-fashioned, heart-to-heart talk with the youngsters and learn what they are thinking about, who their companions are, and where they spend their time.

More especially will you want to do this if you have ever spent a few hours in a Juvenile Court where you will have learned that the young offender, in nearly every instance, lands in court because of bad companions or want of proper home training.

Lacking a friend at home, a child may need a friend at court.

Each year more than 200,000 children are brought before the Juvenile Courts charged with more or less serious offenses. Seventy-five per cent of all adult offenders begin their criminal careers before reaching the age of 21. The steps are fast from petty thieving to murder.

In the three-year period, 1923, 1924 and 1925, the homicide mortality rate in the United States mounted to the highest point ever recorded

In 1926 there were approximately 10,000 homicides. In recent years our homicide rate has been 600% greater than that of Canada and 1400% greater than that of England and Wales.

Even the best of children develop tendencies hard for parents to understand. These faults, if uncorrected, may produce serious consequences. As Judge Arnold, of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Illinois, says, "The first job of a parent of a boy is to understand him, not only physically and morally, but emotionally."

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "The Mind of the Child". It may help you to deal fairly and wisely with your children in solving the many vexing problems that come up in connection with them. Send for it. It will be mailed without cost.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 74)

He swore furiously and tried to bind up his head. The blood froze almost as soon as it ran. But his anger only made him more determined, and in his high-heeled boots he set out to walk the seven miles remaining. That was when Allison almost had him. He passed within thirty feet of where Tom had dropped down into a swale when he saw the headlights.

But with the sheriff out of the way, Tom's problem was only partially solved. Time was passing while he plodded through the mud, and he was exhausted not only from his fall but from the hard work preceding it. His head needed attention too.

He finally fixed on Clare. The Hamels had a car, and Clare could be trusted not to talk. He was more cheerful after he thought of that—even faintly amused. Clare would like it: she would like to think she was saving him! He grinned at the thought, and made better progress as he reached the better roads. Outside the Hamel house, he reconnoitered. The houses about were all dark and Clare's window was raised an inch or two. He put his face close to it and called her: "Clare!" He could hear her stirring. "Clare! Come here! It's Tom!"

She slid out of bed, trembling. "What's the matter?"

"Get something on and come out to the shed. And don't wait to fix up. Be yourself!"

When she got out to the shed where the car was stabled he had rolled a cigarette and was lighting it, and by the match flare she saw the blood on his face.

He put a hand over her mouth before she could scream.

"Wire cut, that's all," he said. "You run in and get some warm water and adhesive, like a good girl, and then I'll talk to you."

But when, his wound cleaned and plastered, he told her what he wanted, he found her less amenable than he had expected.

"That's easy to say," she said. "What about me? They'll lock me up. And you know pop. He'd ——"

"You can get back by daylight."

"With these roads? You know I can't. I'll be lucky to get back at all."

"What's all this fuss you've been making about me if you won't take a chance?"

"Why should I take a chance? You threw me over for that Dowling girl. Do you know what they're saying here in town? They say you were crazy about her, and she just laughed at you."

"Oh, they do, do they?" He flung his cigarette away angrily. "Well, to hell with them! Will you do what I want, or won't you?"

"You couldn't take the car and leave it?"

"And have them telegraph ahead and grab me off the train?"

She was silent, and the next moment he picked up his hat and started out.

"Tom!"

"That's all right. I know when I'm up against it."

"Listen, Tom. You do like me a little, don't you?"

"That depends," he said guardedly.

"You know I care, Tom. I'm crazy about you."

"You act like it!"

"Listen, Tom. If I do it you'll owe me something. If I'm found out, the way this place talks ——"

"Well?"

"I'm going to say we're engaged."

"So that's the little game, is it?"

"It isn't a game. You'd want to act square, wouldn't you? And that Dowling girl's gone; you'll never see her again." And when he still hesitated her voice rose shrewishly: "I'll be taking a chance, even at that. I'm not fooled about you, not for a minute. You won't make any girl happy. You're too hard."

"Is that so!" he said. "Then what's all the fuss about?"

"You're the sort who will take all they can get, without paying for it," she told him bitterly. "I've heard that before about you, but I never believed it."

"I haven't run up any bill yet," he said stiffly. But, nevertheless, the drift of her argument was telling on him. After all, what difference did it make? Kay was gone; he would never see her again. What had he to look ahead to? Three or four more years of riding and he would be through. A man couldn't ride forever; his joints got stiff. There came a day, if he kept on too long, when he couldn't get out of the way and the horse came down on him, and it was only the horse that got up again.

He was very weary, very cold. His head ached, the blood drummed in his ears.

"All right," he said. "Have it your own way. Now let's get out of here."

It was only later on in the little car, sliding along the greasy roads, that his conscience began to bother him. He took one hand from the wheel and put his arm around her, and she moved closer to him, relaxed and happy.

"I'm crazy about you, Tom."

And when she held up her face to be kissed, he stopped the car and took her into his arms with a gesture of pure passion.

Back at the siding the loading had ceased for the night. The new empties had not come up, and the men had laid their beds in the warm cook tent and were snoring heavily. From the loaded cars came occasional wails and the heavy ammoniacal odor of great bodies closely confined; and in the caboose the train crew slept on their leather couches, in the glow from a red-hot stove.

It was afternoon the next day before the last of the weary cattle had filed wearily into the cinder-bedded cars, lifting heavy heads now and then to cry out against this new and dreadful procedure, and against their masters, the sweating, weary men who drove, cursed and cajoled.

But although two deputy sheriffs watched the train and the pens, and made a final careful inspection of it before it pulled out, Tom McNair had not appeared.

The locomotive took up the slack carefully; the cattle braced themselves against the strange and disquieting motion; and in the caboose, Bill and Gus the Swede, who was traveling on Tom's contract ticket, settled their gear and proceeded to catch up on long arrears of sleep.

It was about midnight that night that the cattle train, having puffed and snorted up the long divide, stopped by a water tank to shift off the extra locomotive; and Bill, wakening, looked up into a face which was faintly familiar under a bandage. And the face was grining cheerfully and pointing at Gus.

"What'll we do with that?" it said. "Throw it off?"

"Tom!"

"You bet you!"

He turned to Gus' coat, hanging from a hook, and calmly took the contract ticket from a pocket. "Do you suppose he'd listen to reason?"

"Depends on what you mean by reason."

"Two reasons then—you and me!"

"We can try, but he's sure aimin' to get to the big city."

Voices outside warned them that they had not much time. They had wakened the Swede, too, and he sat up and yawned. "I yust got asleep," he complained.

"Shall we fling him off, or give him a chance to go peaceable, Bill?"

"Yust try it," said the Swede, wide awake now and getting up. But there was no time for parley; already the long train was giving premonitory symptoms of departure, and at any time the rear brakeman would swing up onto the step of the caboose. Before Gus had time to square off for a fight, he was caught by the elbows and hustled off the train, and Bill was throwing after him the black valise, which contained his change of clothing.

Tom had only time to call out a word of warning. "You lay low until I get to

(Continued on Page 79)

HER CAR –
WITH A TOUCH OF HOME CHARM

TO WOMEN goes the major credit for the present style trend in closed car upholstery. With their innate love for beauty they have demanded car interiors that display the same orderliness, neatness and good taste as their own homes.

The predominating vogue of CA-VEL fabrics for fine car upholstery is the result. Car makers find these velvets of enduring beauty, so highly favored by furniture makers and discriminating interior decorators, ideal for their needs. That is the reason why more yards of these beautiful textiles are now used than of any other material.

Every practical consideration is in favor of the car upholstered in CA-VEL. The richly colored beauty you admire so much remains fresh and attractive longer even than the life of the car. The lustrous surface is never ruffled from body pressure. Hard wear never creates a shabby appearance.

Car upholstery is a major consideration. If it is CA-VEL, you are assured of lasting satisfaction. And when the time comes for a re-sale you will congratulate yourself. Collins & Aikman Company, Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

Treat Mother like a Sweetheart

Give her Whitman's Sampler

The charm and traditions of the Sampler make it the most significant and expressive gift for Mother's Day. Its variety adapts it to the infinite variety of mothers. Its sweetness and purity are symbolic. It gathers goodness from the ends of the earth and its goodness is genuine. Every mother responds to the sentiment expressed in Whitman's Sampler.

For those who wish it, the Sampler is covered with a special wrap for Mother's Day—a cross-stitch design with Lincoln's famous tribute to his mother. All Whitman agencies take care of mailing and advance orders as well as your current needs of all Whitman packages. Look for the Whitman sign on the leading drug store nearby.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia

New York Chicago San Francisco

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(Continued from Page 76)

Chicago," he said. "If you don't, something's going to happen to you that'll surprise you. After that you can blow the top off of hell and spit in the hole."

When the brakeman came running up with his lantern he saw a stupefied figure picking up a black valise from beside the track. But he had no time to ask questions. When he got into the caboose he found the two men he had left still apparently sleeping.

If he sensed some small drama, if he realized that a change had taken place in the personnel of the two contract men, he said nothing about it to them. And the conductor, when spoken to, only chuckled dryly. He knew Tom. If Tom was smart enough to outwit Allison, that was his business. His ticket was all right.

The long journey continued, broken only by the stops every twenty-eight hours, when the cattle were taken out of the cars and at the pens beside the track were watered and given hay. Mealtime was a casual matter of way stations and the end of the division.

There the crews changed, and the cabooses and engines. But the interminable game of stud poker with a pack of swollen filthy cards went on. Sometimes the conductor took a hand; again the brakeman would descend his ladder from the cupola above, or the forward brakeman would wander back over the tops of the swaying cars and sit in for a while.

Tom was happy, after a fashion. He was physically comfortable, rested and warm. In the morning he bathed out of the open butt marked Wash Water, and he had managed to buy some underclothes and socks. His wound was healing too. He looked neither ahead nor behind. Clare was as though she had never existed. He meant to come back from Chicago, of course; where else could he go? But he anticipated no serious trouble from Allison, or did not care to think about it if he did.

Now and then he thought of Kay, but there was heartache there, and he tried not to.

Occasionally he would look up from the game to glance out the window. As the bare, treeless plains began to rise into the wooded hills of Iowa and Wisconsin he was conscious of beauty he was unable to express.

"That's sure pretty," he would say.

"Prettiest country in America," the brakeman might observe. "Look at them hills! Trees right to the top!"

"Hills? You call them hills? You come out our way and let me show you something!"

But the towns began to daunt him as they grew in size; the lines of automobiles drawn up, the well-dressed, swift-moving people; and cowboy fashion, both he and Bill expressed their discomfiture in jeers. "Look at him, Tom! I'll bet they'd pay a bounty on him back home."

"No! Not enough hair on his hide."

They became gradually conscious of their clothing and their big hats. And undeniably—oh, very undeniably—there clung to them both the odor of the cattle cars. Once a pretty girl at their table in a restaurant sniffed and then moved away, and Tom was indignant.

"What's the matter with us?" he asked, aggrieved. "The way she acted, we might be a pair of skunks."

"Well, we aren't a couple of perfume bottles, at that," said Bill philosophically, and went on with his meal.

There were others, of course, who stared at the big cowboy in his wide hat, with his swaggering walk, his broad shoulders and slim waist. Now and then a girl made some signal to them—or to Tom, rather—and they would fall into step beside her, one on each side.

"I didn't know the circus was in town. Where'd you fellows come from?"

"Out of the West, where men are men," they would chant in unison.

But these little dalliances were necessarily brief. They would saunter back to the track, swing into the caboose and go back to the poker game again; the floor was littered with the stumps of endless cigarettes. One brakeman produced a bottle of moonshine, but there was not enough liquor to cause any trouble or to interfere with Tom's luck at the cards. He was a hundred dollars to the good when they reached Chicago.

XI

COWBOYS in the garb of their occupation are common enough in the fall in the stockyards district. They excited no comment when, having turned over their cattle, they went to a small hotel near by and engaged a modest room. There was no hurry; a week or even ten days in the big town was their privilege, and their contract tickets guaranteed their return trip.

Tom was in high spirits. He sang as he shaved, and as he carefully polished his boots on the under side of the mattress; and when later on they found themselves on Michigan Avenue he swaggered, rather, and eyed the girls as they stared at him.

"It's a hick town," he confided to Bill. "I'll bet there's not a fellow in it could snap a bronc."

But Bill was not happy. The size of the buildings, the noise and confusion of the traffic, daunted him. When they finally wandered to the lake front he settled himself there with his back to the town.

"Lemme be," he said. "I want an eyeful of this water while I get a chance. Looks like there's enough water there to irrigate the whole Northwest and have some left over."

A policeman sauntered over to them and inspected them. "Rodeo coming to town?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Tom. "We're the advance agents. We're just settling to move some of those buildings back. This town hasn't got room enough for us."

That night, still seeking the gayety they had hoped for, they found a combination vaudeville and moving-picture house and went in. But the picture purported to be a Western one, and after watching it somberly for some time Tom groaned aloud in disgust." After that they were asked to leave. They went back to the hotel and sat drearily in their bedroom, hearing on the street and all about them a life with which they had no contact. They had not even found a bootlegger.

It was on the second day that Bill, turning on his bench at a figure which had suddenly loomed up beside him, sprang to his feet and let out a whoop.

"Ride 'em, cowboy!" he shouted, and then fell into rapt and admiring silence. From head to foot, Tom had lost his identity. He wore a violently blue ready-to-wear suit, a trifle short in the waist and tight across the back, tan shoes and colored socks, and to top it all, a soft hat which sat rather high on his head.

"Some outfit, eh?"

"You tell 'em," said Bill. "You go back in those clothes and stand trial, and the jury won't only acquit you—it'll kiss you."

They were a queerer combination than ever after that, Bill in his old clothes, which he obstinately refused to change, his battered Stetson, his stocky figure, his bowed legs—the short man's penalty for years in the saddle. And Tom in his outrageously bad clothes and his tight yellow shoes which hurt his feet. But still gayety escaped them. They tried for it. They went back to the same theater the next night and found the stage entrance. But it was cold and dark, and Tom's feet burned like fire; and, after all, the girls who came out were not the creatures of enchantment they had seemed, but tired-looking young women who might have been Clare Hamel or any of the town girls who walked the streets of Ursula at twilight.

Partly out of bravado, partly out of sheer loneliness, Tom spoke to one of them, but after a quick look up at him she shook her head.

"On your way, little boy," she said, not unamiably. "And don't let the door man see you. He'll whistle for a cop."

On the third day Bill announced his intention of going back home, and Tom hesitated. So far it had been dull enough, but the thought of going back, to Clare, to that fool Indian business, was worse—much worse.

"I'm staying," he said at last. "There must be some way in this man's town for a fellow to forget his troubles, and I'm looking for it."

"Looking for trouble's what you mean," Bill said pessimistically. "And if you're looking for it you'll sure find it."

Bill left that night in a day coach for the West, and Tom was left alone. He wandered about, limping slightly, but neither trouble nor pleasure offered itself. Once he found a shooting gallery, somewhere near East Madison Street, and spent some time popping away with a small .22 rifle at rows of white clay pipes. A small admiring group of men formed around him, and because he was lonely and because applause was new to him, he swaggered a bit and kept on.

"Sure can shoot!"

"Huh, you call this shooting? Come out to my country when bears are ripe and I'll show you something!"

But even admiration palled on him. He went back to the hotel, and with the tan shoes still on his feet, patiently soaked them in hot water and went to bed in them. He slept badly, but they had stretched somewhat by morning.

It was in the intervals of waking that he began once more to think of Kay. So far he had fought her back with fair success. The round-up and the drive had left him little time, and on the train the incessant poker game, broken only by stops for food and sleep or to look after the cattle, had been a consistent distraction. But that night, lying diagonally on a bed which was too short for him, she came to him again in all her youth, her charm and her love for him. A hundred pictures of her began to torture him; he saw her gallantly riding, the wind blowing back her short hair; he saw her attentively watching him while he made coffee, up on the North Fork.

"Why, it's quite easy, isn't it!"

"Mean to say you've never made coffee? You'll be a fine wife for some fellow!"

And most of all, he saw her that last night.

"The best thing that can happen to me is to break my neck and be done with it."

"It would break my heart too."

He gave up the effort to sleep and began to pace the floor. Suppose he didn't go back West at all? Suppose he stayed in the East and tried to make something of himself—cut the whole outfit, Clare and Bob Allison and all, and got a job here?

But what could he do? Go into a store and sell neckties, like that little shrimp he had bought his from a couple of days ago?

"If you like a bit of dash, here's one. Lots of class to that tie. They're using more color this year."

That was a man's job!

After half an hour of pacing, the loose boards of the floor creaking under him, he was brought up by a light tapping at the door, and opening it an inch or so, saw a girl outside in a pink kimono over her nightdress.

"Are you sick or anything?" she asked. "I can hear you walking. I'm in the next room."

"Sorry I waked you up. I'm breaking in a pair of shoes."

"You're—what?" she asked, and then burst into uncontrollable merriment. He grinned sheepishly. But she did not move. She stood gazing up at him with bright, interested eyes. "You're a queer one," she said. "Don't you think you owe me a cigarette for disturbing me?"

"I'll have to roll one."

She laughed again at that, and while he closed the door and got into his trousers, she stood, smiling and amused, outside. When he opened the door again she stepped in and closed it behind her, watching him interestedly while he made her cigarette.

(Continued on Page 81)

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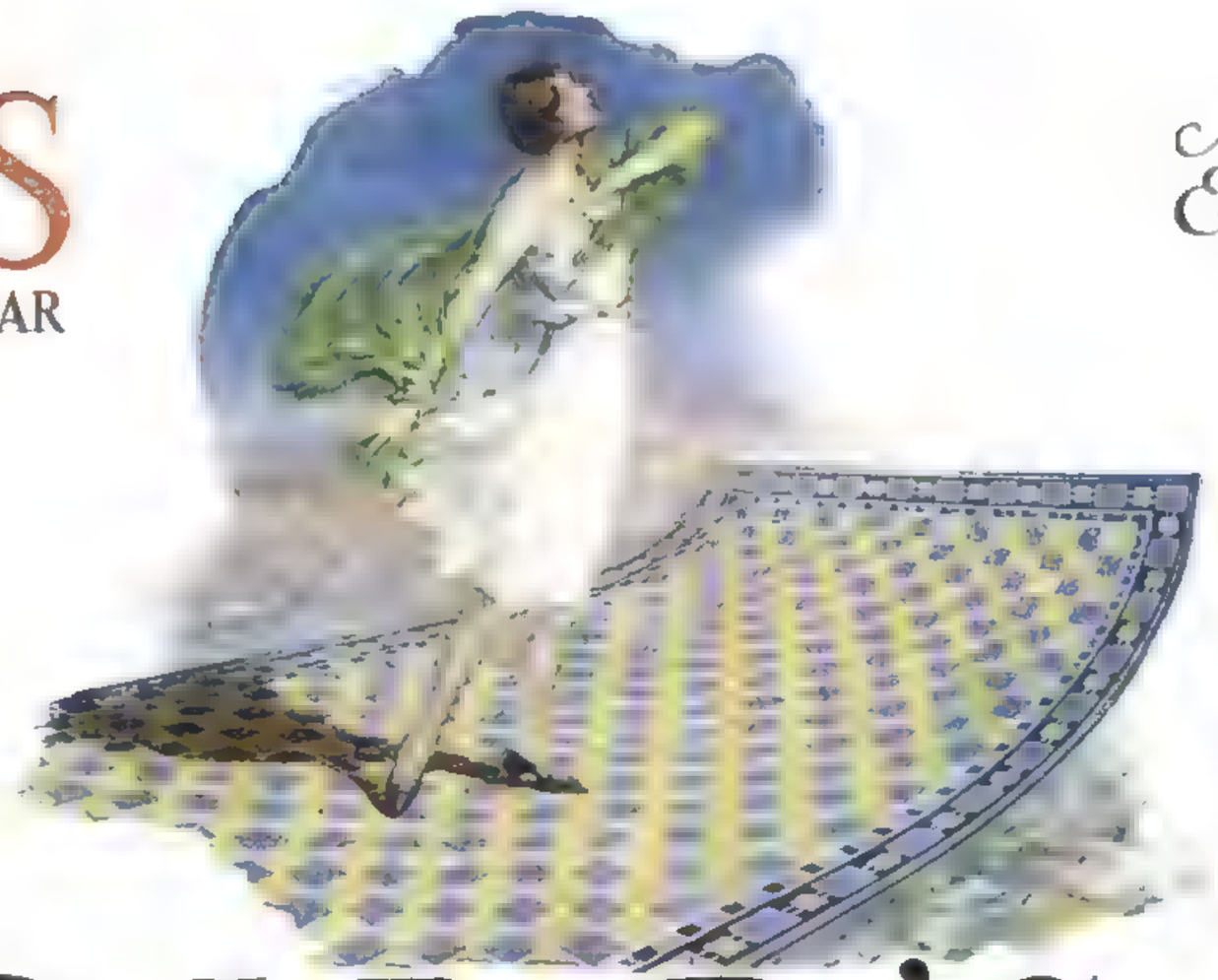

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BIRD'S

ROOFS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 79)

"Cowboy, aren't you?"

"Yeah. . . . What do you want to smoke and spoil a good set of teeth for anyhow?"

"It hasn't hurt yours any."

She was young, pretty and quite composed. When he turned from finding a match for her, she had seated herself on a chair and drawn her feet up under her. He was surprised and slightly shocked.

He lighted her cigarette and then indicated the door. "All right," he said. "And now run along to your little bed, sister. I'm busy."

"Busy! What about?"

"I've got behind in my sleeping tonight. I'm trying to catch up."

She eyed him shrewdly. Whatever her idea had been in coming in, she probably abandoned it then, but she made no move to go. "Let me finish this anyhow."

He smiled at that, rolled himself a cigarette and sat down on the bed.

"That's right. Now what else, besides the shoes?"

"I've told you. You soak 'em and ——"

Suddenly she laughed.

"You're a funny boy," she said. "You could do that in bed, if that's the idea. Come on, tell me. Is it a girl?" He stiffened. "It is, isn't it?"

"You finish and vamoose, before we both get thrown out of this hotel."

"Oh, that's all right," she said easily. "They know me. . . . Doesn't she like you?"

"That's not the trouble."

"Is she married?"

"No."

"Or you?"

"No."

She got up, flicking the cigarette into his washbasin and drawing her kimono around her.

"Then what's the matter with you?" she said. "Go and get her. With your looks, you should worry."

The next moment she was gone. He stood staring at the door after she had closed it behind her. Go and get her! Go and get her! Well, go and see her anyhow—see how things stood between them. He reached into his trousers pocket and began to count his money.

With daylight, he was somewhat less assured, and his feet hurt him damnably. But when he went downstairs there was the girl again, on her way out and looking quite neat and bright, and not at all the sort she had seemed in the night. And she came up to him and said, "Remember what I told you. That's the stuff!"

He never saw her again; she played her small part in his life and disappeared. Later on he was to know others like her—girls pouring out their youth like wine to satisfy the thirsts of men—but he never saw her again.

At noon that day he sat in the day coach of a through train, on his way East. No poker now to distract his mind, no girls to wave gayly at the caboose windows. No one even to talk to, save a woman with two children on her way to hunt up a husband who had deserted them.

"I should think you'd let him go if that's the way he's acted."

"Let him go! And me with these kids to bring up! He's got to see to them. He brought them into this world."

Tom considered this last statement with a certain humor.

"Must be a queer sort of fellow!"

"He's all that and then some."

But she got off toward night of the first day. He missed the children. He had not known many children, and the feeling of their little bodies crawling over him was new and warming. Even when he found that his new blue clothes were undeniably spotted from these contacts, he smiled at the thought of them.

"Funny little fellers," he muttered. He was saying "feller" again.

He slept in his seat that night, and emerged at noon the next day from the train considerably disreputable as to clothing and unhappy in his mind. Suppose he did see Kay. What could he say to her?

"Here I am! The sheriff's after me back home, and I'm engaged to a girl there. Also, what I have in my pocket is all I have in the world. But aside from that, I'm all right, so if you'll just step around to the preacher's with me ——"

He stopped in the middle of a street when that struck him, and narrowly escaped being run over by a taxicab.

"Not city-broke yet," he told himself ruefully, and went on.

And then he found that the Dowlings were in the country. He was suddenly very tired and depressed. His big shoulders sagged under the tight blue coat, the hat which was too small sat at a less rakish angle. But he had come too far to go back now, and the excitement of being near to Kay upheld him. He set his teeth, went back again to the railroad station, spent more of his small hoard for a ticket and got on another train. This was different however.

All around him were prosperous men reading newspapers, casually getting up at their stops and later climbing into cars with cap-touching chauffeurs; well-dressed women and girls, mincing along the aisles in high-heeled slippers; glimpses here and there of big houses, with carefully shaved lawns under trees beginning to turn with the early frosts.

And he had planned no campaign. The chances were, if he went to the house, that they would not let him see Kay. They might not even admit him. "Not if they see me first!" he told himself grimly. "I'd be as welcome as a rattler in a prairie-dog hole."

He decided to telephone and ask her to meet him some place. So careful had he become of money—he who had never considered money in his life before—that he reluctantly paid for a call, but the information he received was by way of being a relief.

She was not at home. She was at the country club.

When he found that a station hack would cost him a dollar he decided to walk, and weary and lame as he was, the four miles seemed endless. But a sense of exaltation carried him on. It was journey's end. He forgot the big houses, forgot weariness and the loneliness, and the homesickness for the back country where he belonged.

There beyond those gates was Kay and journey's end.

XII

MORE than three weeks had passed, and Kay had had no letter from Tom. Twice a day she waited for the mail bag to be brought up from the village, twice a day she ran through its contents feverishly, and twice a day, fairly shaken with disappointment, she began again her feverish watching of the clock until the next mail was due to arrive. The strain began to tell on her.

She wakened one morning to see from her balcony the dahlia heads in the fall garden drooping on their stems and the ground frozen hard. An icy wind from the northwest was blowing before it leaves that sailed like birds and then settled to the ground. It seemed to her that a cold hand had come out of the West and caught her heart.

"Good gracious, Miss Kay, do come in! You'll catch your death of cold."

"I'm all right, Nora."

But she was not all right. The girls and men she knew were noticing it.

"What's the matter with Kay anyhow? She has positively no pep any more."

"Maybe Herbert's been naughty."

"Herbert's idea of being naughty is to forget to go to Sunday school. Try again."

She tried arguing with herself. It was not over, this affair of Tom's and hers. Things did not end like that. Two people who loved each other did not simply separate, without a word, without a farewell. Life might separate them, but not their own voluntary act.

In an increasing agony of mind she reviewed their last meeting, trying to find in it some explanation of his silence. She discarded all her old standards—the ones she would have used in judging Herbert, for instance—and tried to see the affair from Tom's viewpoint. Had he, thinking things over in solitude in the mountains, decided like Aunt Bessie that there could be no happiness for them together?

Or—she knew by that time the curious pinnacle on which the cowboy places womanhood—had he found something shameless and bold in the way she had met him, in her surrender? It was she who had forced the issue between them that night, and in the end it had been Tom who had sent her back, loved but repudiated.

And then, into her despair, came a day or two when hope bloomed again. Tom had not written because he had not dared. He was in trouble. And while she suffered for him—was indeed frightfully anxious—she was still happier than she had been for weeks.

She had dressed for a dinner dance at the country club, and came downstairs, to find Henry in the hall. She had an odd feeling that he had been waiting for her. She came down, a slim little figure in a gay dress of silver cloth, and he watched her almost furtively.

"Off again!" he said. "Gay life you are leading, Kay."

"Frightfully gay."

"By the way"—how transparent he was—"by the way, I have a letter here from Jake. You might like to see it. It's about that fellow who used to take you riding out there. What's his name—McNair?"

But there was a certain delicacy in Henry; he did not look at her. He pretended to search his pockets for it, and that gave her a little time. Then, when he had found it, he gave it to her and turned away.

"Better not stay too late tonight," he mumbled. "You've all winter to dance."

She took the letter and went out to the waiting car. She felt quite calm as she switched on the light, although her hands felt rather numb; and she had to ask Hawkins when they reached the main road to stop the car. She was not seeing very clearly.

She ran hastily over the earlier portions, which in Jake's labored script referred to the shipping. Then she found it:

> We have had a little trouble out here. Tom McNair found a Indian killing beef, and being hasty, fired a shot at him and hurt him pretty bad. At least that's the Indians' story, although Tom says different. Anyhow, Tom has got away, as there is a warrant out for him.
>
> If it comes to a show-down, I think we ought to defend him, as it was our beef, but that's up to you. The best man in Ursula, according to my thinking, for that kind of case ——

Of course they would have to defend him. And she must try to get some word to him, some reassurance. She ordered Hawkins to drive through the village to the telegraph station, and there she sent a wire to Tom in care of Jake:

> Have just heard. Sure everything will be all right. Please write details.

She was so kind to Herbert that night that he was almost delirious with happiness, but although he tried to get her off by herself, she managed to elude him.

"Don't you want to sit this out, Kay? There's a moon outside."

"Well, it usually is outside, isn't it? No, I think I'll dance."

In agony of spirit, Herbert compared that failure of his with Tom McNair's probable method under the same circumstances:

"This my dance? All right, we're not dancing it."

"But I want to dance."

"You've got plenty of time to dance. You've only got a chance to sit out with me now and then, and this is one of them!"

And girls and women fell for that sort of thing! Well, if they liked it, he would try it too.

"I'm going back with you, Kay. I don't like you riding alone so late."

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"Don't be silly. Hawkins is driving. I'm not alone."

"I'm going just the same."

"And make Hawkins bring you all the way back here? Don't be foolish!"

He tried to say, "To hell with Hawkins. That's what he's for." But the words stuck in his throat. "I suppose that's so," he said, and smiled painfully. He had failed; he had known he would fail. Damn being a gentleman, anyhow! It had never got him anywhere. That roughneck out in the West had it all over him; knew what he wanted and went after it. The thousand and one repressions of his code Tom McNair had never heard of. Damn McNair too!

He tucked Kay in her own car and then sadly got his own little bus and drove back to town; not recklessly, but with due caution; even the memory of that early reckless drive to the ranch, that dare-devil sardonic figure at the wheel, could not force his law-abiding instinct to violate the speed limit.

It was the next day that Kay took her courage in her hands and went to Henry. "Are you going to defend Tom McNair, father?"

He eyed her, his chin sunk on his breast, his mouth pursed. "If the fellow had stayed and taken his medicine, I might have considered it. Now ——"

"I don't see what that has to do with it. It was our beef."

"That's no excuse for shooting a man. He got himself into this scrape; let him get himself out."

He ran his hands over some papers on his desk—he was intrenched behind it, an old trick of his—and she knew he had said the last word. But Henry, after his usual fashion with his family, had blundered; Bessie could have told him that. It was Bessie who, when Katherine had wanted a crest and motto for her note paper, had flippantly suggested "Get, beget and forget," as the Dowling motto for their womenkind.

To the truths and half truths from which Kay had built up a superman in Tom was now added a yearning pity and a hot-eyed championship. She saw him making his escape with every man's hand against him. She saw him riding hell-for-leather along dangerous trails, skirting precipices, sitting on his tired horse, a dramatic and wonderful figure outlined against the setting sun, and gazing from under his broad hat down the mountain slopes for a revengeful sheriff and a posse!

When, the following Sunday, the family motored in to church—it was the opening of the church season, so to speak; during the warm weather Henry played golf—she prayed for his escape and his safety. It seemed strange and incongruous that she should be kneeling there, in that decorous opulent silence, praying for a cowboy who had shot a man. She was almost self-conscious when she sat back and looked around. But her mother was opening her prayer book at Morning Prayer, and Henry, leaning back for easier access to his pocket, was feeling for the twenty-dollar bill with which he always decorated the top of the plate. Henry had been a vestryman for many years.

That was the day before Tom's arrival; it was a Monday afternoon when she saw him. She had been playing tennis. Now she sat on the terrace of the country club drinking tea. Around the wicker table were half a dozen girls and a man or two, all indolent from exercise and the sun. They talked little desultory personalities, yawned, sipped their tea and drew on cigarettes, in the effortless ease of people who knew each other intimately.

"Where's Hugh?"

"Gone home. He was pretty well teed up last night."

"Anybody coming over tonight? You coming, Kay?"

"I don't know. I'm tired of dancing."

"Seems to me our Kay's kind of sore on the world lately." One of the men said this. "What's the matter, Kay? Not troubled in your little mind, are you?"

The group glanced at her, smiling.

"Maybe Herbert's been acting the cave man again," someone suggested. And with this picture of Herbert there came light-hearted, delighted laughter.

"But I always say this," a girl drawled: "When Herbert does settle down he will be all right. Don't you let them discourage you, Kay."

Kay was hardly listening. She was used to their humor, their little jokes among themselves. But she roused enough to answer them: "What I was thinking was whether to listen to any more drivel here, or go home and read a book and learn something."

"Quick! I can't bear suspense. What did you decide?"

"I'm going home," she told them, and got up.

It was then that she saw Tom. He was standing at the foot of the steps gazing up at her, and at first she did not know him. So faint was the resemblance of this rather haggard and certainly untidy youth in his absurd clothes to the heroic figure of her dreams that she hesitated. Then he smiled, and with that half-humorous, half-reckless smile she got up.

The group around the table was absorbed in itself once more. They had seen nothing, and deliberately, so as not to catch their attention, Kay moved to the steps. Her knees were shaking, her lips felt stiff and dry. And Tom never took his eyes from her.

"Tom!" she said. "Why, Tom!"

"It's me, all right."

He had whipped off the disfiguring hat, and he looked more himself. But she was aware, too, of a silence behind her, broken by a voice carefully noncommittal:

"Cool in summer, you know, but with enough thatch on top to keep out the rain."

She flushed; the reference she knew was to Tom's hair, which had been carefully clipped to the skull except for the top, which was much as Nature had intended it. But Tom had not heard it.

"Listen," he said. "Can't we get away from that bunch of mavericks over there and talk somewhere? I've sure got a lot to say, and just about between now and the next train back to say it."

There came another voice, this time feminine: "But who? And what? And why? I ask you!"

She did the only thing she could think of—took him up on the terrace, passed the group with her head high and ordered tea.

"I wired you the other day, Tom, but I suppose you never got it. I didn't know you'd been in trouble."

"Trouble?" He was genuinely surprised. "What sort of trouble?"

"Why, you shot an Indian, didn't you?"

"Oh, that!" He threw back his head and laughed. "Shooting Indians doesn't count. Don't you worry about that."

But he had raised his voice, and at the near-by table the Greek chorus took it up: "It appears that another redskin has bit the dust. Reloading his trusty revolver, our hero ——"

Tom heard it. Kay went a little cold as he turned quietly in his chair and surveyed the intent group behind him.

"Did anyone over there refer to me?" he said, with deadly calmness.

Out of the general stupefaction only one individual retained his self-possession; he jumped to his feet and came over, smiling.

"I apologize," he said. "My fault entirely. It isn't often we dubs can sit here and get a thrill like the one you have just given us."

Tom eyed his outstretched hand suspiciously. It was a white well-cared-for hand. Suddenly he grinned.

"No," he said. "I couldn't fight that. It would be murder. . . . All right, partner, we'll forget it." He shook hands.

Never afterwards could Kay remember that nightmarish afternoon in any detail. She saw Tom swallowed up by a crowd of thrilled and amused young people, to which gradually gravitated a half dozen or so of older men. She saw girls flattering him, drawing him out and turning aside to mutter, "Isn't it precious!" She saw bottles brought out from lockers, with tall glasses and soda, and Tom in the center of the hubbub, bland and cool, but growing increasingly expansive.

"No, sister, I haven't got my gun with me. I'm a little hasty-like at times, and so I take it off when I'm going to be in a crowd like this.

"Can I ride? Well, say, that's what I don't do anything else but."

His drawl and good looks fascinated them. They drew him out; when they wanted to know how he had come East and he told them in the caboose of a cattle train, they would have been less thrilled if he had said he had made a pair of wings and flown.

But all the time Kay felt that they were somehow cheapening him, taking advantage of him for a half hour's amusement. And later on they would talk and take him off. She knew them. "As Kay's cowboy would say ——"

She did not know how little he had eaten that day, but she did know they were giving him too much to drink. And to add to her confusion and growing distress was the certainty that the episode could not be kept from her people. It was madness; they were all mad, and she was the maddest of the lot.

They were certainly drinking too much. One youth was raising a highball glass to Tom.

"Are we all friends?" he inquired solemnly.

"We are all friends," said Tom with equal solemnity, and emptied his glass. The crowd had grown in size and noise. Her head ached and her heart was heavy. When at six o'clock, the man who had precipitated the situation at the start appeared with a necktie tied around his head and a feather stuck in it, wearing a striped blanket around his shoulders and solemnly beating a tom-tom consisting of a wooden chopping bowl from the club kitchen, she had reached the limit of her endurance.

She worked her way through the crowd. "I'm sorry, Tom," she said, "but I must be getting home. When are you going back?"

He was exhilarated, but more with excitement than with liquor. He had been sitting negligently on a table, and now he got up.

"Going home? But I haven't talked to you yet."

"You've been too popular. I'll have to see you another time."

He looked at her oddly, then he drew himself to his full height and glanced on the crowd around him with a certain arrogant good humor.

"Now," he drawled, "you children run along and amuse yourselves somewhere else. I've got some business to attend to."

They took their dismissal with laughter, scattering about the terrace. The short October twilight had ended, and out of the darkness cars began to drive up, golf clubs were collected, there was stir and movement. But Kay was aware even then of polite but acutely interested espionage; she could not think, she could not talk.

"Now we've got rid of that bunch of loafers ——"

"I must go, Tom. I must."

"And is this going to be all of it? How-d'ye-do, good-by?"

"Be careful, please. They're watching."

"What do I care? What do you care?" He moved impatiently. "All right, I'll go back tonight. That's all I wanted to know."

"I'll come over this evening, Tom. I may be late, but I'll come. You can get your dinner here; I'll arrange about it."

"One of these play boys has asked me to eat with him. . . . You'll come, will you?"

"Of course."

He was still suspicious. In a way the sight of Kay in this new environment had not had the effect on him that it had had on Kay to see him transplanted. He had expected something of the sort. But each scene and group at the club had been unconsciously emphasizing the difference between her familiar world and his. Here was not only luxury but the involved machinery of play, and to utilize it, people to whom play was a part of their daily lives, like food, or beds to sleep in.

It made him feel inferior and fiercely resent that inferiority. His pride was in arms, and to do him justice, he had seen at once through the curiosity of the crowd.

But after one look at her face his voice softened. "I don't want to make you any trouble, girl," he said. "I've come a long ways just to look at you."

"Is that why you came, Tom?"

His charm for her was reasserting itself; she felt breathless.

"What else?" He glanced around, but no one at the moment was observing them. "Look here, you may hear things about me as time goes on. You will, maybe; I'm human. But this goes, now and for keeps: There's only you for me. I've been trying to think different, but it isn't any use." Then the lights were switched on and he drew back.

She looked back at him from the top of the steps. He was standing alone, gazing after her with a sort of smoldering intensity, a queer, incongruous and lonely figure. She felt a choking pity for him, so out of place, his big muscles bursting through his horrible coat, the fatigue of his long journey and even the dust of it plainly in evidence. But with that pity there was pride too. He was a man; beside those easy, well-dressed popinjays who had been amusing themselves with him, he loomed head and shoulders. He was a man!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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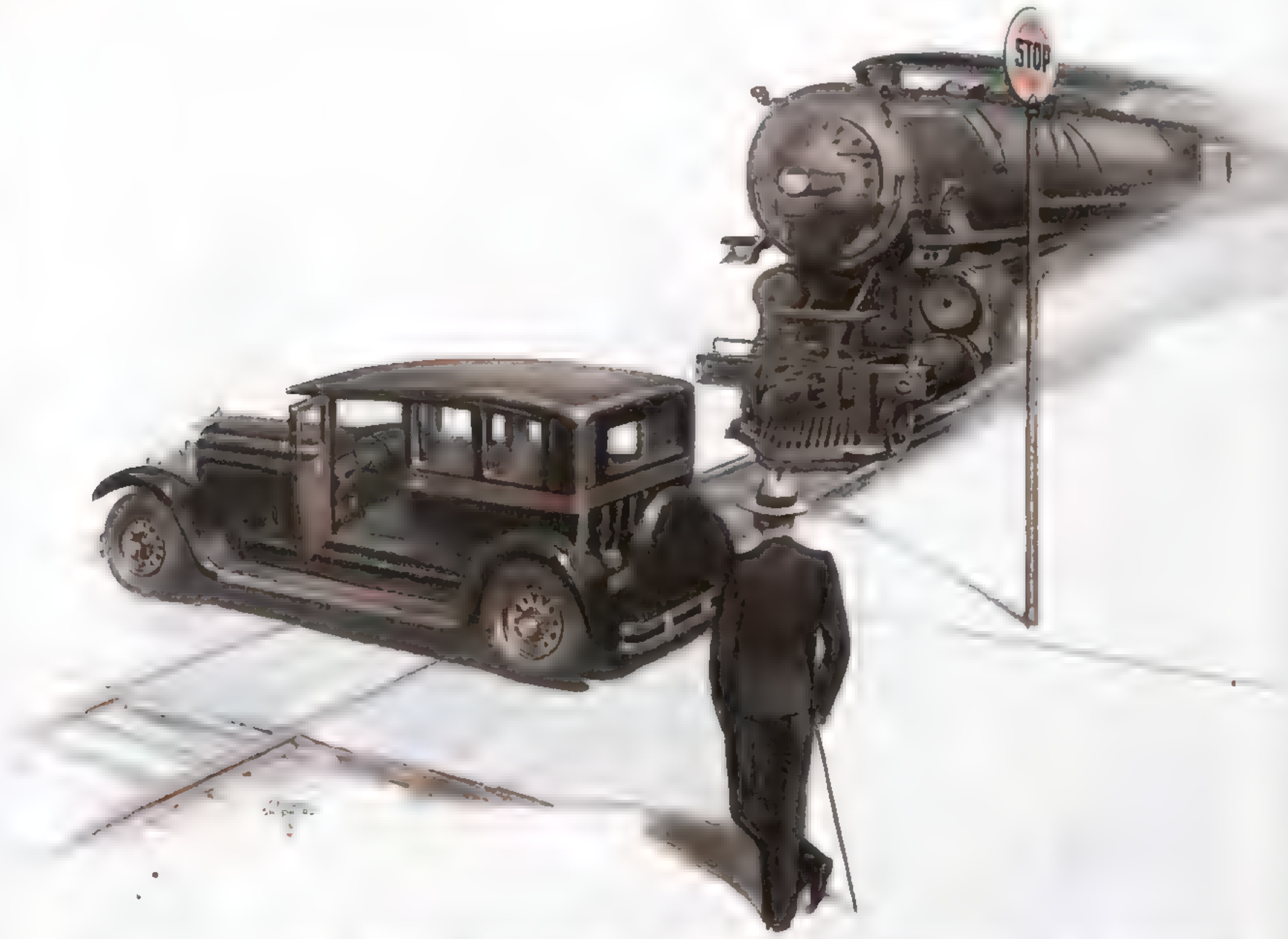

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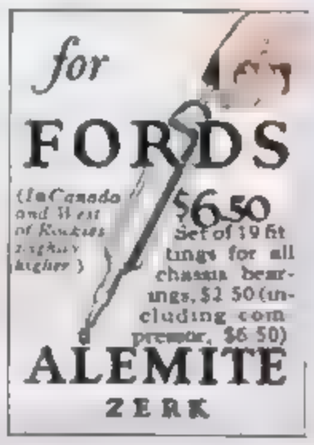

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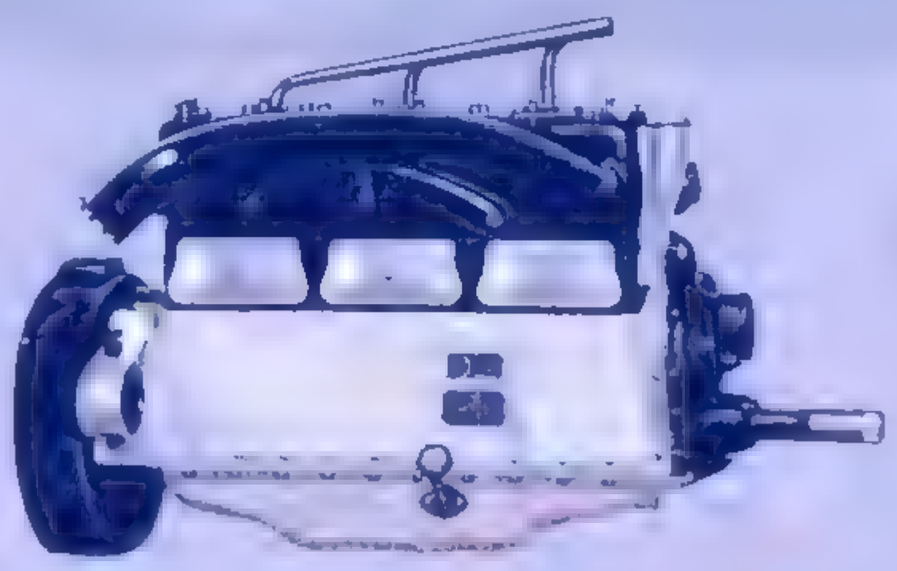

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DM-362

THE BLUE BEAR OF YAKUTAT

(Continued from Page 17

pronounced uneasiness, avoiding the vicinity, taking to the shelter of the timber when this strange scent came strong, and traveling for some distance before showing herself again in the open. From this, Taku knew that the creatures that left that particular scent had best be avoided by his clan. Still, he had been treated to no startling evidence of their power for harm.

He wandered one day to the far end of a bed of wild strawberries, crossed through an intervening strip of brush and came out into another opening, accompanied by his sister Atak. Berries were there in profusion, ripe and red. He feasted busily, paying little heed to his surroundings. An odd sound, apparently emanating from the throats of animals that were strange to him, drifted to his ears. He lifted his head and saw several figures emerge from the edge of the brush. These creatures were queerly shaped, appearing to be all height and with but little breadth, standing very erect. Taku regarded them curiously. The wind was at his back, so he could not catch their scent.

Then several things occurred in bewilderingly swift succession. The creatures, discovering Taku, burst into excited chatter. A curling breeze carried a whiff of scent to his nose, and it was that scent that his mother feared and avoided. At the instant that his own swift apprehension mounted with the first whiff of scent, his mother crossed through the intervening strip of brush, heard the voices, caught the scent, saw the group of berry-picking squaws, and just ahead of them a male native who was leveling some long object at Taku. With a single snorting grunt of apprehension she was off, crashing through the brush. As Taku whirled to follow her his ears were assailed by a thunderous report. Simultaneously something struck his hip, burning him and knocking him from his feet. He bawled with pain and panic as he rolled into the sheltering brush, regained his feet and stampeded on in his mother's wake to the safety of the gloomy forest.

Taku's hurt was superficial, being merely a flesh wound that was not deep. The rifle ball had scored a groove in his rump. It was painful, nevertheless, and the flies troubled it. He repaired to a mudhole and wallowed there, plastering the wound with mud to protect it from insects. It healed rapidly and he experienced no ill effects. He did, however, experience a vast aversion to the man scent and avoided it most religiously thereafter. One taint of it, drifting from afar on the wind, was sufficient to send him to cover.

He encountered these creatures but seldom, as the inhospitable Yakutat coast harbored but few natives, and for this there were sound reasons. Chief among them was the fact that there were but few harbors that would shelter even canoes and from which men might set forth to fish or to hunt for seals. The coast-dwelling natives of Alaska, from the Siwashes of the southeastern coast on to the Aleuts of the Alaska Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands, round to the Eskimos of the Arctic regions, all are seafaring peoples, subsisting largely upon fish and seals. Then, too, the hills rose abruptly from the Yakutat coast to towering, glacier-clad peaks, and aside from bears there was but little game. All told it was not a region to recommend itself to any considerable native population, and those who dwelt there were few. Save for infrequent encounters with natives, Taku's days were serene and untroubled.

In the late summer his menu changed suddenly again. His mother, as if knowing the day, led the way to the course of a stream. The first run of spawning salmon was on. The old bear stepped into a riffle and waited. A pair of big fish, weighing perhaps five pounds apiece, wriggled toward her through the shallows. She seized one and carried it out on the bank to devour it at leisure. Taku plunged into the stream and pursued the darting fish as they passed. He came out on a rocky bar where the water spread out thinly, so shallow that the backs of the migrating salmon were exposed as they threshed up through it to the deep pool above. Taku seized one, Atak another, and they repaired to the grass-grown bank and feasted. The salmon run increased, fish coming in flashing swarms to run upstream, spawn and die. There were times when the waters of the streams seemed literally blocked by the salmon hordes.

Taku, who had first been a browsing and grazing animal, then had hunted for ground squirrels in the high meadows, later to turn berry picker, now became a most ardent fisherman. For two months he lived almost exclusively upon fish. The shores of the streams were trampled flat by the feet of fishing bears. As he had met them first upon the tide flats, later in the high meadows and again in the strawberry patches, now Taku found all of the bears of the Yakutat country haunting the course of the fish creeks. The stream beds reeked with the smell of fish as the struggling millions spawned and died. For two months Taku's nose was never free of the fish scent.

During the salmon run his fish diet was varied but once. His mother, bedded in the timber, suddenly rose and sniffed the wind. Taku, too, caught a heavy rich odor that was attractive. His mother rose and headed straight into it. The scent was strong and clear, as easily followed by Taku's nose as a man might travel by sight down the center of a broad highway. They came out on a stretch of beach upon which a gigantic form reposed. A sixty-foot dead whale had been brought in with the recent storm and left stranded.

Thousands of screaming birds circled round and perched on the carcass. Several other black bears fed there before them. Taku's mother selected an unoccupied spot and set her teeth in the whale, ripping open the skin and exposing a heavy layer of fat. Taku found this most palatable and he gorged heavily. There were occasional brief fights between two bears when they chanced to feed too close together. Usually there was more bluff and demonstration than actual battle, and the smaller of the contestants beat a hasty retreat. Gorged to repletion, Taku's family retired to the timber and slept. When they returned again to the whale it was even more liberally surrounded by bears. Taku's mother sized up the situation, then rushed snarling upon a two-year-old bear. He bawled and retreated with ludicrous haste and the three bears took his place at the whale.

Presently Taku's mother lifted her nose, snorted violently twice to free her nostrils from the putrid smell of the whale, and sampled the wind. Beyond her an old black he-bear was swaying uneasily, his muzzle elevated. A certain uneasiness seemed to pervade the feasting bears. Taku's mother tore off another bite of blubber, but kept a wary eye peeled on the curtain of brush. The big he-bear took one last hurried bite and made off at a fast shuffling walk. Then a brown she-bear and her black yearling son bounced away at a run, looking back over their shoulders. All the black and brown bears that fed there were of Taku's own clan, the browns being merely the common brown color phase of the black bear.

Suddenly the brush parted and a brown monster emerged. This was one of the great Alaskan browns. He surveyed the scene and growled. Taku's mother snatched one last bite and left at a spraddling run. The big brown roared and galloped toward the dead whale. The last two bears feeding there departed at top speed and the big warrior moved up to feed on the whale.

When next Taku's mother visited the spot there were none of her own clan in evidence, but three big brown fellows fed there. She repaired to a near-by fish creek and resumed a salmon diet. After three days she returned again to the whale. The screaming hordes of birds still circled round. The three bears advanced along the beach. A cluster of birds swarmed over two smaller objects near the whale, rising with protesting clamor as the bear family approached. The two smaller spots proved to be the carcasses of two of the formidable brown monsters. Their hind quarters had been removed, but the rest, including the summer pelts, which were valueless, remained. Suddenly, from the edge of the brush, the man scent came strong. It was not fresh, having been left from the day before, but it was sufficient to stampede Taku's mother before she so much as tasted a mouthful of whale.

It was thus evident to Taku that the man beasts were responsible for the death of these two great bears, hence they must be the most deadly of all creatures. His fear of them increased.

The natives had fashioned a blind in the edge of the brush from which to shoot bears that came to the whale. Also the natives themselves had feasted most heartily on putrid whale meat, and it resulted in the death of six persons in a near-by village of thirty-odd souls.

The bear family thereafter haunted the salmon creeks. Then one day the old bear, rising from a nap in the timber, turned away from the stream on which they had been fishing. She mounted a bear trail, climbing higher and higher into the hills. She came out at last into the stunted brush above timber line. It was as if her appetite for fish had been completely satiated and she wished never to taste another. Taku and his family did not return once to the fish creeks that year.

The nights were growing colder now, with a tang of frost in the air. This ripened the berries that grew in unbelievable profusion above timber line. Blueberries, moss berries and other fruits were to be had by the ton for the picking. Once again Taku's diet had changed, and for weeks he gorged to repletion on berries. A heavy snow covered the hills, but the days soon were warm again. Taku's insatiable appetite had resulted in his acquiring a great deal of fat. He was plump almost to the point of bursting, and now, strangely enough, his appetite seemed on the wane. He picked round in the berry patches that were free of snow, but was disinclined to eat heartily or to travel far. A growing lassitude assailed him and he spent more time in sleeping than in wandering about.

His mother led the way high into the hills and seemed to be hunting for something—not food. At last she located a shallow cave under a ledge and deepened it. At best it barely sheltered her body and those of her cubs, with only a two-foot margin to spare. She lingered in this vicinity for several days, eating nothing whatever. Taku and Atak, too, had lost all desire for food. The first flakes of a storm filtered down on the hills and the two cubs followed their mother into the den. It snowed for two days and nights, drifting across the opening. Taku, waking after a long sleep, emerged into the open and wandered about. Atak also came forth, but neither of them ventured more than a few yards from the den. The old bear slept on. The outer air was intensely cold and Taku found it little to his liking. His excursions abroad became more infrequent, his intervening naps of increasingly long duration. The next heavy storm sealed the mouth of the den, drifting deep across it. It was comfortably warm inside. For a few days Taku was a bit restless, waking occasionally to shift his position. Then the deep drugged slumber of the hibernation sleep claimed him.

Now it has been said that when a cub bear dens in the fall it continues to grow throughout the long sleep, and that it is much larger when it emerges in the spring. It requires food to be transformed into

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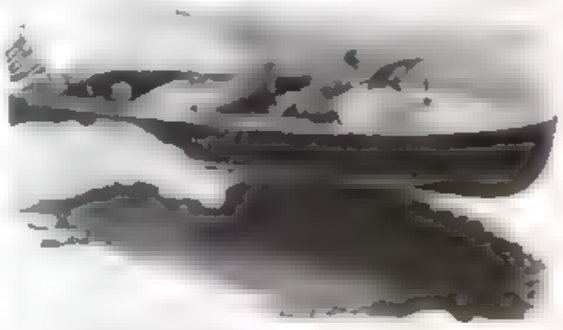

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flesh, blood and bone to produce growth, and for six months Taku was to partake of no food, so it is certain that he could grow but little if any during his fast. But this did happen to him: The fires of life were kept burning by that heavy layer of fat that had swelled his hide almost to bursting. It nourished him while he slept. And as his bodily vitality grew less, his coat of hair, fed by that fat, grew longer, forming a heavier covering to keep his body warm. And when, six months later, he emerged to prowl the spring drifts, this long coat of hair caused him to appear larger and heavier than when he had denned in the fall, garbed in a short coat of fur.

During his long sleep two curious things had happened to Taku. The tough pads of his feet had grown tender from disuse and it was difficult for him to travel far until they should toughen again. His stomach, similarly from disuse, had shriveled into a solid knot of gristle through which no food could pass. For the first few days a few blades of grass, less than a pint daily, was all the nourishment he could manage. The juices of the green grass and a few willow twigs caused his shriveled stomach to resume a measure of activity, to stretch and expand. At the end of a week Taku could partake of a quart or more of vegetable food daily and his stomach soon became so distended that it seemed a bottomless pit capable of receiving all the food of any kind whatsoever that Taku could find to put into it.

His second summer was merely a duplication of the first; the dining for a few weeks upon the grass of the tide flats, the search for mushrooms and skunk-cabbage shoots, digging for ground squirrels in the high country, returning to the flats for strawberries, two months on the fish creeks and the final berry spree before denning. Thus, in following his mother for two seasons and emulating her example, he had developed what were to prove the habits of a lifetime. That same procedure was to become almost routine; which was well, for he was soon to be thrown on his own resources.

In May a big black he-bear traveled with Taku's mother for a week, then deserted the family. As denning time approached, the old she-bear became more and more grouchy with her two yearlings. She had taught them all that it was necessary for them to know to enable them to shift for themselves. She knew full well that during her long winter's sleep she would give birth to one or two cubs, possibly three, and experience had taught her that her time would be amply occupied in instructing them for the next two summers without being troubled by this present pair of obstreperous youngsters.

Taku and Atak, also, resenting their mother's increasingly touchy temper and her heavy-handed discipline, were willing to call it a day. When she denned Taku did not go in with her. Instead he scooped out a shallow nest for himself in a sidehill and went to sleep by himself. Atak likewise denned a few yards from her mother. When the two young bears emerged in the spring they would be two-year-olds, ready to shift for themselves. And it was shortly after Taku's appearance on the following spring when a white man first saw him and studied him through a pair of powerful binoculars, amazed at the color of his pelt. The man mounted to the glacier where he had seen this strange bear, but the animal was gone. The man's report of the matter revived a legend that had been handed down from the time of the earliest Russian traders in Alaska.

When Behring's expedition resulted in the discovery and annexation of a thousand or more islands and a vast area of the mainland at the northwestern extremity of that new continent of America, it opened up for Russia a new empire that was rich in timber, minerals, fisheries, and, of more immediate concern to the Russians of that day, very rich in fur.

Behring's countrymen established posts at various strategic points and bartered with the natives, exchanging trade goods and trinkets dear to the savage heart for furs that were even more dear to the hearts of the Russians. Among the numerous varieties of pelts brought in by the natives from the land of abundance, the traders observed the skins of several varieties of bears. The Eskimos of the northerly coastal regions brought in the white skin of polar bears from the ice floes of the Arctic. From the barren reaches of far-western Alaska the Aleuts brought great hides of the giant brown bear of Alaska, the largest that the world had known. From the timbered shores of Southeastern Alaska the Indians brought the skins of black bears and brown, some even of a taffy shade. There were grizzly pelts for which the coast natives had traded with the tribes of the interior. In this same fashion a few pelts of the big cream-colored grizzlies that ranged the northern interior near the Arctic Circle found their way into the trading posts on the coast.

Then, after a lapse of many years, during which the traders believed that they had definitely catalogued all the fur bearers of this new country, there appeared, among many pelts brought in to be bartered, the hides of two blue bears. There was no denying it—the fur was blue, more pronouncedly blue even than the fur of the blue fox of the Arctic. The natives were questioned. They had traded for the hides from a tribe that lived along the southern shores of that indentation known as the Gulf of Alaska. That region was known to the natives as Yakutat. The inhabitants of Yakutat region were few. The blue bear, which was very rare, lived thereabouts, and the skins could sometimes be secured in trade with the few natives who resided in its range.

When the annual take of furs was put aboard ship for Russia the news went with the shipment that a race of blue bears had been discovered, along with such data as were available. Travel was slow in the day of the Russians in Alaska. Two years later word was brought out by returning boats that as many hides of the blue bear as could be obtained were to be shipped with all possible dispatch. So legend has it. This word was spread among the native hunters and a premium, over and above the regular trade price that was paid for bear hides, was offered for every blue pelt brought in. This demand resulted in but two more hides of the blue bear, which were duly shipped to Russia when the furs went out in the spring.

It was productive of a half dozen pelts in as many years, but no more. Meanwhile various Russian noblemen whose trophy rooms were adorned with the skin of many a rare beast came to hope covetously for pelts of this rare blue bear to grace their collections, and to offer generous sums for such skins. All told, so the story has it, possibly a score of blue pelts were shipped. After a period of years this demand, with no more pelts forthcoming to satisfy it, gradually diminished, then died out. The tale of the blue bear then became something of a myth, believed in by but few of the new order of Russian traders themselves, though the natives insisted that once there had been a tribe of such animals in the Yakutat country.

The Americans, taking over Alaska from the Russians, acquired also the legend of the blue bears of Yakutat. Then the tale flared up intermittently again. A prospector reported having seen a blue bear far out upon the glaciers. Few believed him. A year later other prospectors reported having seen a blue cub. Then a wandering Yankee fur trader exhibited two pelts that he had acquired among the natives along the Yakutat coast. They were old and badly worn, having been tanned long since and in use by the natives. Even so, they were unmistakably blue, evidence of the truth of the legend that a race of blue bears, now vanished, had once lived there. Then a prospector brought in the fresh pelt of one. Word went out that this was the last of a vanishing race. Subsequently, however, white men reported having seen others. This was doubted. During the course of a dozen years perhaps a dozen pelts were brought in, each one reported to be the last. A mass of conflicting testimony and theories sprang up. It was general belief that the blue bears were remnants of a vanishing race left over from the ice age and making their last stand in the glaciers back of the Yakutat coast line. It was also stated that they were seen only far out on the ice fields; that they resided in caves in the ice. One man testified that their sole diet consisted of insects that became chilled in migrating across the glaciers and fell to the surface of the ice. This, it was said, accounted for the small size of the animals, for no large blue pelts had been taken. They had become known as the blue glacier bear. Presently scientists began to take cognizance of the reports and to give a measure of credence to the possibility that the remnants of a race of blue bears, left over from the ice age, still persisted in ever-diminishing numbers. The ancient demand of the Russians was now replaced by an active demand on the part of curators of museums.

A number of hides of slate-gray, smoky and whitish shades resulted from this demand. These, however, came from all parts of Alaska, and each of them proved to be a color phase of a grizzly bear. It also resulted in a few genuine blue pelts of the glacier bear, and all these came from the Yakutat region.

Scanlon, desiring a group of these animals for his local museum, also to learn something of them before the vanishing race had passed, examined several of the pelts that had been sent out to various institutions. They were all various color phases of the grizzly, some of them verging upon blue, perhaps, if one used sufficient imagination. They came from Southeastern Alaska and from the Kenai Peninsula, from the interior as well. All these localities now claimed to be the home of blue glacier bears, yet none of them had produced anything to substantiate the claims other than to exhibit the hides of a few off-color grizzly bears. And it was certain that the blue glacier bear was not a grizzly. The claws and the very few skulls that had been available proved it to be more closely allied to the black bear than to the grizzly. Also, the few real blue pelts that appeared in museums had one and all come from the Yakutat region. Then Scanlon outfitted for a trip to Yakutat.

He established his camp on a flat at the edge of the timber and waited for the bears to come out of their dens high in the hills and descend to the tide flats to search for the first blades of grass. The snow still extended well down to the water line, though it was the first week in May. It might be a week, possibly twice that period, before the bears would be coming from their dens, Scanlon thought. He decided to explore the country meanwhile. Mounting steadily through the timber, traveling on the hard-packed spring drifts, he soon came out above the spruce-clad lower slopes and gazed upon a bleak white world. A solid glare of snow and ice extended as far as the eye could reach, stretching up into the ragged peaks to the point where a canopy of fog flattened all inequalities.

A bear track shows up for a great distance in open snow-clad country. A survey through his glasses apprised Scanlon of the fact that a considerable number of bears had emerged already from their dens. Following out a line of tracks, he discovered a dark object at the end of it, a bear bedded in the snow. The animal rose and moved about in leisurely fashion. The distance was great some three miles—but as Scanlon focused his glasses upon Taku he gave utterance to a sharp exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"A blue glacier bear!" he declared with a trace of awe. "The fates are with me. After all this long journey to a country

(Continued on Page 90)

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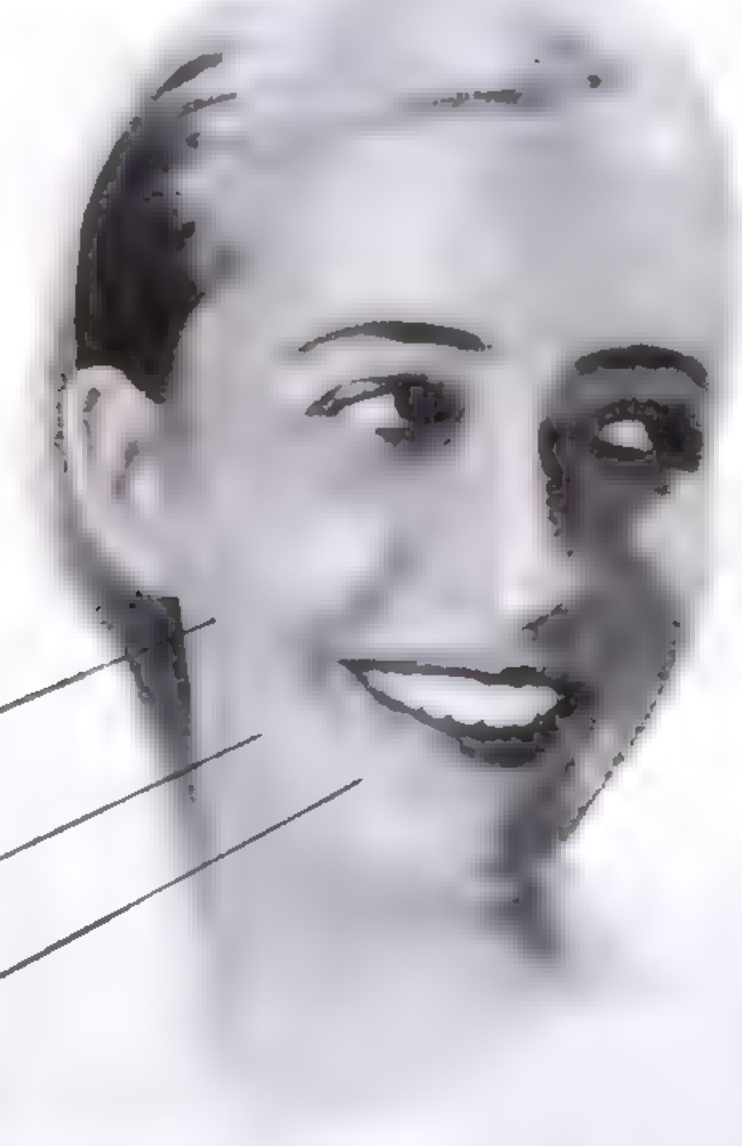

1 The mouth glands need daily care lest they become sluggish. There are three on each side, one pair back near the throat.

2 Two more tiny mouth glands are here in the cheeks.

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THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER APRIL 9th

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where there are hundreds of bears of several different varieties, the first one to greet me is a blue bear."

He studied the bear carefully.

"I'm letting my imagination play tricks with me," he said at last. "It's too far to determine the color of a bear. Any bear, blue, black or brown, would show up the same color against the snow at that distance. I've been thinking about blue bears for so long a time that the first one I see looks blue three miles away."

He swept the snow fields in all directions with his glasses and located three other bears at varying distances. One of these was crow black. The other two seemed lighter, one of a very light-brown shade, almost creamy.

"That's odd," Scanlon said reflectively. He lowered his glasses and glanced aloft. The light played strange tricks in mountain regions, as he knew from experience. The magnification of distant objects, causing them to appear much closer than was actually the fact, was, of course, the usual phenomenon common to the knowledge of all who cruised the hills. However, on occasion Scanlon had seen days when light conditions were such as to reverse this illusion—when near-by objects seemed to be very far distant. Cloudy days, or clear days with a trace of fog in the air, sometimes produced this latter effect. He glanced aloft at the high curtain of fog that obscured the higher peaks. The lower air was clear. Possibly the light rays, filtering down through that screen of fog, had produced a light effect on this particular day that clarified and brought out colors even at a distance.

Again he trained his glasses on the first bear that he had discovered. Taku's pelt still appeared to be blue. He examined the other bears each in turn. One seemed raven black of pelt, another of a chestnut hue, while the fourth wore a light, almost taffy-colored pelt. Satisfied at last, Scanlon started toward the blue bear. Difficult canyons and crevasses in the ice fields intervened and the going was tough, but he persisted. Night was shutting down when he reached the spot, but Taku had gone. Scanlon examined the tracks. They were not those of a grizzly with long overreaching claws, nor those of the Alaskan brown bear, but instead the typical tracks of the black-bear clan.

A sudden theory came to Scanlon. On this, his first day out, he had seen four bears, each one with a different shade of pelt. The others, he knew, were merely common color phases of the black bear. The black bears, in various localities, sported coats of an amazing variety of shades—jet black, chestnut, light golden brown, ranging even to taffy shades at the lighter extreme—and albino black bears, white as snow, had been known to occur. The much-discussed cinnamon bear, despite the reports of early explorers and trappers, had been proved definitely to be but a color phase of the black bear, not a distinct breed. Scanlon knew that from first-hand experience. On a dozen occasions he had seen black she-bears followed by one black cub and one cinnamon cub, and he had seen as many cinnamon she-bears followed by similarly opposite colors of twin cubs—conclusive evidence that the cinnamon bear of tale and legend was no more than a twin brother of the black. Could it be that the far-famed but almost legendary blue glacier bear was but another color phase of the black? Scanlon pondered, but he was too much the scientist to jump to conclusions.

For several days he made diligent search for the blue bear, but Taku had moved on. Indeed, had Taku suspected that a man was on his trail he would have moved far and fast. During his thirty years of life he had experienced a number of unpleasant encounters with the human animal. Twice he had been wounded at such long ranges that he had neither seen nor winded his assailant, and he feared greatly this mysterious power exercised by men.

In his third year Taku, chancing across a blue she-bear of his own age, had mated with her, and two of the resulting triplets, though he did not know it, had worn blue pelts, the third one being black. Year after year Taku had mated with black she-bears and with brown. The blue strain in him must have been very positive, for of all his cubs that had been born throughout the years, whether of black she-bears or brown, fully half of them had been blue. Out of all the thousands of bears that ranged the Yakutat region there were perhaps two score—most of them direct descendants of Taku—that now wore blue pelts about in the hills.

Taku, unaware of the fact that fate, in the shape of a man, was stalking him, descended from the snow fields for his first bite of spring grass. He followed the regular routine that had been taught him by his mother and to which he had conformed throughout the years. But he had become a very wise old bear, and in following this routine he exercised certain precautions. He had learned that men frequented the ocean front; so when he descended to partake of the first grass of the season he sought the tide flats far up at the heads of the deepest inlets that led in from the coast. And he fed mainly at night, having learned that men were seldom abroad at that time. Bedding in the heavy timber or high in the snowfields by day, he descended with the setting sun, and did not emerge from the last fringe of alders to feed in the tide flats until dusk, retreating again to cover at sunup. He exercised the same caution during the strawberry season as well, feeding in the flats only at night During the salmon run he contented himself with fishing well up the courses of the creeks instead of down at their mouths near the coast.

So while Scanlon hunted ceaselessly for the blue bear that he had seen on the first day out, he had no further glimpse of Taku. Bears, however, were abundant, and he shot several specimens of the big Alaska browns, carefully saving bones and skulls by which later to determine the specific differences between the subspecies of the race that inhabited the Yakutat region and the monsters of Kodiak and the Alaska Peninsula. Hundreds of black bears he saw, and browns of varying shades, and twice he had glimpses of blue bears that eluded him. At last, however, at the edge of a tide flat he brought down a two-year-old blue glacier bear with a prime spring pelt.

At the time of this occurrence Taku was wandering restlessly some twenty miles away. It was the mating moon of his clan and he prowled ceaselessly in search of some lovelorn she-bear. After several days of roaming he met again the blue she-bear with whom he had first mated well over twenty years before, and he joined her. She was accompanied by a pair of yearlings, one black, one blue. Taku, however, was accustomed to having every honeymoon cluttered up by from one to three yearling bears. She-bears mated only every second year, and always they were trailed by youngsters of the year before. Taku had no particular love for these rowdy young bears nor yet any pronounced dislike. He merely accepted them as a necessary evil that seemed an inevitable accompaniment to his annual love-making.

The old bear would have none of him and growled her disapproval when he drew near. But Taku, not at all abashed, continued to travel with her. That is, he held to the same route, remaining always within a few hundred feet, bedding for the day when the she-bear halted, moving on when she resumed her wanderings.

He made frequent tentative advances, but his prospective mate warned him away with bared teeth and bristling roach. Another male bear—a black three-year-old—joined the party. He, too, traveled the same course, accommodating his movements to those of the object of his affections. Also he kept his distance from

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NASH

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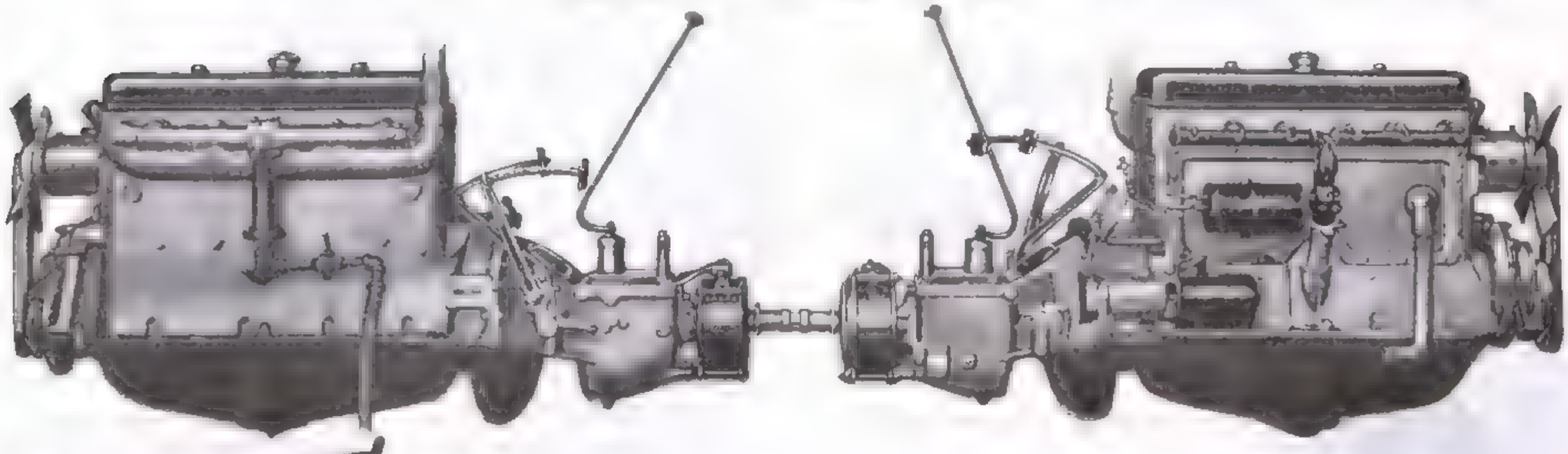

15 *extra hours* on the NASH motor to be certain it is *right*

The illustration shows two Nash Advanced Six engines hooked together in the great Nash testing room.

One of these motors is driving the other, to limber it up. After a few hours of this, the motor now being driven will limber up another.

Then, after 8 to 10 hours on its own power, it will be taken apart. Bearings, connecting rods and pistons will be carefully inspected. Valves will be ground and reseated.

Next, this Nash motor will go to a silent room, where the trained ear of an engine expert will listen to its operation. When he is sure it is absolutely right, it will be mounted on its chassis.

Then another rigid examination, in the car, out on the road. 15 extra hours in all are consumed before the motors shown above are ready for their owners.

How easily Nash could save this time and expense. You would never be able to see the difference.

But every Nash owner knows there is a difference!

There are extra hours of extra care in every Nash, to lift it above the level of the average car—to be certain Nash performance *leads the world!*

EXTRA HOURS OF EXTRA CARE IN EVERY NASH

You can't putt straight with an egg!

Ball A

Ball B

Ball C

The "U. S." ROYAL

What the X-Ray shows and putting tests prove

You can't judge a golf ball by its cover. Deep down beneath its shiny paint may lurk an egg-shaped heart that will spoil many a true-aimed putt.

A golf ball will not roll true simply because the *outside* is round. *Inside* trueness is equally important. Hundreds of X-Ray tests prove that this inside trueness cannot be taken for granted. And now upon a scientific putting machine, which putts each ball truely and fairly, eliminating the human element, we prove the playing truth of the X-Ray photographs.

Look at the photographs. No retouching has been done.

BALL A: can a ball as off-center as this one give accurate performance on the greens? On the putting machine it missed 84 out of 100 putts.

BALL B: with balls like this in your bag, how many of those all-important putts will you miss unnecessarily? This ball missed 56 out of 100 putts on the machine.

BALL C: note the misshapen center. And as might be expected it missed 52 out of 100 putts on the machine.

THE "U. S." ROYAL: the center of gravity is accurately and permanently located at the exact center of the ball. Our exclusive method of manufacture insures this. Compare it with Balls A, B, and C. On the putting machine the "U. S." Royal sunk 100 putts out of 100.

The truest putting golf ball in the world. And in addition no ball gives greater distance or is as well painted and finished. The cover is as tough as a golf ball cover can be made without lessening resiliency and distance. *It is fully guaranteed*—from your professional or authorized dealer—price 75 cents each.

"U.S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS

Made by the United States Rubber Company

(Continued from Page 90)

Taku, for the old blue bear growled his jealous rage and disapproval whenever this presumptuous intruder neared him. One day he rushed the black bear savagely and put him to precipitate flight down the mountainside, only to find that he followed along when the party moved.

At last the she-bear thawed toward Taku and permitted his closer approach. Matters were complicated by the appearance of a third suitor in the shape of a cinnamon-coated male bear. There were various combats between any two of this trio that chanced to come into contact, many angry roarings of jealous rage. Taku thrashed the brown interloper soundly, receiving several lacerations from his enemy's teeth and half a dozen deep rents from his claws as souvenirs of the affray. The black bear, however, though he continued to live in hopes and to travel the same route, respected Taku's prowess and fled without coming to blows whenever the blue bear rushed toward him intent upon shedding his blood. Taku came off victor and retained the blue she-bear's affections. After the space of a week he wandered off to resume his bachelorhood for another year.

He quit the tide flats, satiated with a grass diet, and mounted to the high meadows to dig out ground squirrels and to hunt in the timber for mushrooms, grubs and edible roots. Following a bear trail one day he came to a spruce that had been well clawed in years past—one of his old rubbing posts. He rose and stretched his forepaws high on the trunk, then raked them down. It did not occur to him, but for the past dozen years now his claws had failed to reach above the old marks made long before.

When Taku had come from his den his blue fur had been long and lustrous. Some five weeks later these long hairs had commenced to drop out. This shedding process increased to a point where it itched somewhat. Taku rose and rubbed his back against the trunk of the spruce. A quantity of blue hair adhered to the rough bark and the spruce gum that had exuded from the claw marks of former years.

Two days later Scanlon followed that particular bear trail and came to the spruce. He examined the blue hair and shook his head ruefully. Within the past week he had observed many such signs, evidence that bears were beginning to shed. The most of the pelts that he might hope to secure now would be shedders, badly rubbed in spots. Here, at least, would be one blue glacier bear whose pelt would be worthless even if he should get a shot at the animal.

"Not until fall now," Scanlon said; "when bears put on their new winter coats. Ten days from now there won't be a decent bear pelt in this country, except maybe for a few cubs and yearlings."

Taku, meanwhile, had visited several other rubbing posts, and he continued to visit them when he came down into the timber from the high meadows where he hunted ground squirrels. A bit later he descended to the flats, eager to taste the first ripe wild strawberries of the season.

He came out at the edge of a long open space. Just behind the last fringe of brush a bear trail skirted the open, a trail worn by wise old bears that made a practice of reconnoitering from concealment before venturing into the open.

There was not a trace of man scent as Taku cruised along this trail. The fact that a she-bear and two cubs fed there seemed doubly reassuring.

Taku stepped forth a little earlier than was his wont, tempted by the luscious scent of the ripe red fruit. He fed along for a few hundred yards, then stopped and lifted his head. Dimly, the outline broken by the brush on the downwind side, he made out an upright figure. There was no movement and the wind was wrong, so he could not catch the scent. His eyes were none too good.

For a long minute he stared, and from behind a thin screen of head-high brush, Scanlon stared back at the big blue bear that he had hunted for so long a time. Taku, reassured by the fact that nothing occurred and that the shape did not stir, dropped his muzzle and plucked a dozen strawberries before lifting his head again. But he kept a wary eye cast in the direction of the object that had roused his suspicion. Also, from long habit, he took a course that would bring him quarteringly downwind from that spot.

It was not within Taku's province to know why men hunted bears. He knew only that they did. His blue pelt, so gorgeous but a few weeks before, was now sadly tattered. His flanks were almost bare and his back had been rubbed down to the new coat of short hair that was beginning to grow in. Tufts of remaining long hair, not yet rubbed off, sprouted at odd points on his neck and legs. Matted pads of dingy blue hair still adhered to his sides in drab patches. All told, he was a most unlovely object.

Taku, unaware of this, and also unaware that such an item might influence adversely a man's desire to slay him, suddenly caught a curling whiff of man scent. With one terrified grunt he launched into headlong flight.

Scanlon stayed on through the summer, following the bears along the fish creeks. At last he discovered the evidence for which he had been searching. He saw a black bear, Taku's mate of the preceding year, followed by two cubs, one black as a raven, the other a light silvery blue, proving that the blue glacier bear was but a color phase of the black bear, the same as was the cinnamon, though rare. Later, just before the bears quit the fish creeks for the annual fall berry spree above timber line, Scanlon saw a similar bit of evidence. A she-bear with a light brown pelt—Taku's love of two summers before—came into Scanlon's field of view accompanied by twin yearlings, a dark brown and a blue. Thus Taku's offspring of two successive seasons had provided the necessary proofs to substantiate Scanlon's theory. Shortly thereafter the collector mounted to the high berry patches to which Taku had resorted a few days previously.

As denning time approached, Taku ate even less than usual at that season of the year. His teeth were no longer good, being worn and rounded by long use. His muscles no longer responded with their old snap, and his keen enjoyment of life had waned. He was old, as gauged by the average lifetime of those of the black-bear clan. Sometime soon now, this year or the next, another three years at the very best, he would fail to put on sufficient fat and would go into the winter in poor shape. He would go to sleep in his den and fail to awake in the spring.

He wandered one evening onto a ridge. In a few days now he would den. His new coat was a thing of beauty—all silvery blue. And from behind a near-by point Scanlon, at the end of a long hunt, was peering down the barrel of his gun. Taku suddenly collapsed with a rifle ball through his brain.

So it was Scanlon who first dispelled the myth that the rare blue glacier bears were but the few remaining relics of a vanishing race left over from the ice age. Instead, he insisted, they were the first of a new type. As the black bears, pushing on into the north behind the receding ice, had made a stand in this land of remaining glaciers, Nature had been engaged in slowly perfecting a color phase that would blend well with the background of blue ice, silvery snow fields and the gray ocean fogs of Yakutat, a proceeding that was destined to be thwarted by the magazine guns of the white men. The blue glacier bear, he testified, was no more than a local color phase of the black bear, the same as was the cinnamon. All these facts, later destined to be verified by the findings of other scientists, Scanlon brought back with him. And also, to grace his museum where others might view it for themselves and marvel, he brought back the beautiful pelt of Taku, the blue bear of Yakutat.

The WOLVERINES are coming!

NORTH of the last frontier, north of the white man, you'll find him on the go—the wolverine.

Fearless, amazingly strong, the wolverine pushes his way across uncounted leagues of wilderness woods—a king of his domain by right of his ability to go where he pleases, to take what he wants when he wants it.

Nowhere in the woods is there an animal so strong for his size, so tireless in his travelings.

He gives his name now to something new in the smaller car field, a car that is thoroughly American in design and construction, a car made for Americans and for American conditions.

This new automobile is small enough for easy handling and for low operating cost, but no power nor brawn nor beauty was sacrificed in making it small. It is fast—fast on the getaway, fast on the open road, and quick to stop.

It is the Wolverine—strongest of its size.

Watch for the Wolverine announcement in this magazine . . . NEXT WEEK

The WOLVERINE

The newest AMERICAN *car by one of the oldest* AMERICAN *builders*

VILLA BEATA

(Continued from Page 15)

It was a description that Margaret Adair was amused to repeat to Jeremy Dana when, a day or so later, he was brought to meet her. The boys had seen him again in the world of water. And Donald, having with his worldly wisdom asked permission to invite their new friend to tea at the villa, delivered a cordial invitation at the top of his lungs across a considerable surface of the Mediterranean. Not many people were the happy recipients of even such informal welcome at this house, for Mrs. Adair lived in her magic casement quite without a wish for visitors. But she felt some curiosity about this man who had so charmed her children.

She saw a tall wiry figure in gray flannel, a thin, roughly chiseled face with eyes that smiled from under thatchy brows, and a gravely humorous mouth almost too sensitive for a man. She liked the fine spatulate fingers that held the panama hat close to his leg with a boyish shyness. He was about of her own age, she guessed, perhaps a year or so older, modest and gently bred—for a griffin—a little quaint perhaps; quiet, with a delightful hesitant way of offering bits of ideas in the hope that they might turn out to be worth laughing at. She was aware of being glad that he had come.

Not so Jeremy Dana. He was aware of nothing but that this ineffable girl with her hair bound like a copper helmet on her head, her brows refusing to remain on the same level, her searching lovely eyes going straight in to the back of his head, was the loveliest creature he had ever seen. The firm touch of her hand started a tingle in the tips of his fingers that ran right up his arm into a new pulse in his throat.

The two boys, in smocks, and gray leather sandals on their bare feet, had met him at the door and brought him in, standing one at either side of their discovery, deliciously elated and smiling widely. Dana followed his hostess out into the loggia, wondering what his voice was saying; it was something anyway that seemed to please her, because she laughed softly, and his heart closed about the sound of it.

At the far end of the balcony a stoutish steel-spectacled dame in a crisp white apron sat with her sewing basket. She made him a little bob, half a curtsy, when Mrs. Adair said gently, "This is our dear Libbie, Mr. Dana. We shouldn't know what to do without her."

The full force of this remark was not evident to Dana at the moment, though it became painfully obvious to him later that Mrs. Adair never did anything at all without her. No Spanish duenna was ever more persistently in evidence than Libbie. Nor could he know, as the days passed and the shrewd middle-aged woman quite definitely made up her mind about him, that more and more often she suggested that she had something better to do when Mrs. Adair would request her presence in the offing. Libbie always had to give in, as her mistress was calmly insistent, and she was always there.

On this first day they gathered seven basketfuls of crumbs of information about one another. Dana of course knew the name of Basil Adair. He had seen some of his work. Hadn't he painted that remarkable portrait of Mrs. Coates and her three daughters—yes, in the Metropolitan—a wonderful group of fair women? No, he himself was not an artist. When he was not griffining, he explained gravely, he had been an architect. But the trouble was, all his buildings had leanings toward the drama.

"Quite out of plumb, like that staggering tower in Pisa. Which in itself, though you couldn't get the guild to acknowledge it, is an enduring refutation of the need to be so sticklish for perpendicularity—a nice Bab Ballad sort of word."

He had been urged, by more architects than stage managers, to build plays, and had done it. With the result that he had now a Broadway production which was standing up quite satisfactorily. He considered Jarvis' question as to which metier he liked the better of the two with sincerity, and decided that advantages lay with the playwright.

"You see, for example, this loggia. I can put it into any number of plays, but clients might object to its getting into all their houses. They might cherish an old Tudor plaster-and-beam ideal. And I have a feeling that I couldn't keep it out. It will be like the head of King Charles I."

"And Mr. Dick," said Donald with a nod.

Jeremy Dana made these confidences rather haltingly, with his shy manner very strong upon him, a little because he felt they were talking altogether too much about himself, and a great deal because every time his eyes dared lift to the face of Mrs. Adair he lost the thread of his remarks. He was not self-conscious enough to feel that he was cutting a poor figure; he merely sought to cling to the normal custom of conversation under an overwhelming desire just to sit and look at her. He would have been utterly astonished to know that all four of his listeners, not only the boys and the redoubtable Libbie, who had bitten off innumerable unfinished threads to hide her unparliamentary laughter, but the very woman who seemed to render him an inarticulate fool, found him a rarely delightful guest.

When he finally summoned the fortitude to wrench himself away from the spell that Margaret Adair cast about him, he stood hesitating in his effort to make some suitable suggestion for his entertaining them in return. The clamant cry of his heart which he was trying to suppress was the direct petition: "Tell me when I may be with you again." It would not do, that unrestrained remark. He cast a rapid eye over more seemly alternatives. There was nothing to be done with his hotel—a very comfortable caravanserai, but no proper setting for this unwordable woman. Did they ever go sailing? After all, one need never apologize for the Tyrrhenian Sea! And there was a procurable boat that lived at the Grande Marina.

But he had to content himself for the present with a thrilled acceptance of this plan by the youngsters. Mrs. Adair was not to be lured away yet from her defenses. She was not unaware that this abridgment demanded some adult compensation. He would perhaps come to dinner with them afterward? There seemed to be no reasonable doubt that he would.

It was a bit curious that both Libbie and her mistress were quite silent on the subject of this new acquaintance after his departure. Visitors were sufficiently a rarity at the villa to be the cause of some discussion. But Libbie went on sewing and biting threads without speaking, though her eyes went often surreptitiously to that lovely thoughtful face. Mrs. Adair, when Evandro came to take away the tea things, moved over to her seat on the marble parapet under one of the arches of the colonnade, and sat looking outward and upward at the great piny umbels of the towering cypress trees, quite black against the westering day. The boys had gone to set their gruhn on his homeward way. It was almost uncannily silent in the loggia. And very strange to think how love began

II

IT IS perhaps as well known in Sorrento as anywhere that Americans are odd to the point of idiocy. The Signora Adair was very beautiful, very gracious, a great lady, to be sure, and undoubtedly enormously rich—all Americans are rich—but she was very odd.

When she bought the villa four years ago was she content with a house that had been good enough for a *principessa?* But no. First, if you please, she builds a tank for water, and an electric pump comes from Rome to fill it. There are pipes run all through the house, and tubs there are to wash in, like big china dishes. It is true that the *forestieri* are very dirty people and forever washing themselves. But is the gardener to use his tin watering pot on the outdoors? No, there must be a rubber *manica* like that of the fire engine at Castellammare, and the water pours through it like a river every day, keeping the garden fresh and green and lush with blossoms when all the rest of Sorrent' is burned as dry as a clay plate. Water—that one carries from the public fountain in a long-necked vase upon the head! They use it as one might use the air. God send their well never runs dry!

At the hotels, one knows, the water runs in pipes, sometimes. And the guests have each one a canopy of mosquito gauze over his bed. Does this suffice the mad signora? Not at all. She has the *falegname* to come and build frames for every door and window, and enough bright copper-wire netting is sent from somewhere—God knows where it came from—to cover the whole house. It is incredible the trouble they take to make themselves comfortable. There are the mosquitoes, of course, and the flies; but to say that they bring sickness —— Would not the world have been dead long ago if that were true?

And what is done to the milk of that unfortunate cow who has the doctor to examine her every month, *machè!* If one could see old Cicilia with her fingers scrubbed to the bone, and the cow washed off like a baby's ears, and the pails and the glass bottles boiled alive every day, one would say it was enough. But again no, even then the milk is not clean. It goes then into a *bagnomaria*, the saints pray for us, and then it sits with the ice. But ice, yes, brought daily in great square blocks to fill a chest as big as a lady's wardrobe. *Mamma mia!*

Yet it was true that if Sorrent' could but have gone into the villa, it would have thought the signora not quite so mad.

It was a rarely beautiful house, with great spacious rooms paved in gay majolica tiles, ceiled in cool high arches. There were white marble mantels, carved and polished in the old manner, tall bronze lamps in silken shades, pottery tubs of feathery bamboos and thin glass vases of delicate roses, fragrant lilies, sulky red dahlias, plumy branching asters; there were cushioned chairs and wide lounges that made one long to collapse into the sin of sloth; there were tables with wonderful books, cases of more books along the walls, tapestries like dim old dreams and embroideries that gleamed like jewelry.

There was a big play room with toys in it, after a fashion unknown in Sorrento, where children are supposed to play at running around in the sun. These toys were not the extravagant outfit of a rich home in America, and doubtless would have seemed a meager assortment to children accustomed to electric trains and six-foot transatlantic liners. But they were many and beautiful. The boys' bedroom with its own bath was next to this, far enough away so that with the door closed between and the phonograph muffled, they could be awakened in the morning by soft music.

Libbie did not approve of this, though she had long grown accustomed to it. It had been a fad of the late Mr. Adair's—one of his many fads—and Libbie, who had been with the family since Donald's birth, had from the very first deplored all such nonsense. Waking a boy to soft music!

Libbie was a 100 per cent New Englander, very oddly fitted into this Mediterranean setting. Custom had done a great many things to her; but it had not obliterated her memories of small boys in knitted sweaters and caps piling up defensive ammunition in snow forts; boys with caged faces and padded gloves waxing vociferous over the career of a hard white leather ball; even boys quite reprehensibly carrying out far from politely expressed designs on one another's features. There is something about boys like that that seemed right to Libbie. She adored Donald and Jarvis, and had no fault to find with them. She was aware of not having fault enough to find with them.

Of course, she understood that any such palatial surroundings would be impossible to achieve at home on Mrs. Adair's slight income, but many a fine man—New Englanders most of them—had been brought up in a plain home. She had yet to be convinced that children should be shielded from natural ugliness, from the shocks of everyday life. In fine, she had yet to agree that boys should be waked to soft music.

What had Basil Adair known about boys that his transcendental theories of their training should persist years after he had departed this life? He had been a very great painter; that she conceded. She had herself been able to see his indubitable genius; but then, he had painted portraits, something you could understand. Granted his gift for putting on his great glowing canvases the counterfeit presentment of Miss This and Mrs. That, people whom she occasionally saw in the flesh on her rare appearances at the studio; his ability to produce portraits which, if she were any judge, would be a good sight pleasanter to live with than the originals. But was that any guaranty that he knew what to do with human boys?

She had not liked Mr. Adair, if truth were to be told. It was not even true that he had a claim upon her affection because he had made her beloved mistress happy. He hadn't. Mrs. Adair had made herself happy, which is a very different thing. She had looked at the handsome, graceful, winning genius, and had seen what not of character, soul and spirit that were not there at all. There had not been even loyalty in that charming exterior, as Libbie knew, and guarded the knowledge passionately from her lamb.

Mr. Adair's theories about environment and influence on neophytic life were all of a piece with the way he lived himself. He professed to have simple tastes, and asked for nothing more than the best of everything; the utmost of luxury and comfort in dress, in food, in every contact with the necessities of his periahable frame. He had lived in a warmed and wadded nest, resolutely ignoring the existence of any less harmonious levels.

To hear him talk, you'd think a red-flannel petticoat hanging out a tenement window against blurry russet brick was a justification of any slums. He had ridden past this delectable color chime one day in a patron's limousine on his sheltered way to an out-of-town sitting, and had glowed with the exquisite memory of it for days. That there were unbeautiful, sorrowing, broken, frowzy old women who wore such garments never crossed his mind.

From the moment of Donald's birth this unreal, artificially perfect atmosphere had been insisted upon. The baby crept upon a great square of gorgeous brocade, and would have had to play with a tiny classic statuette instead of a soft rubber doll if he had not banged himself in the eye with it, as Libbie resentfully remembered. After Jarvis was born, Mr. Adair had only doubled the drenchings of beauty. Well, it was beautiful; she couldn't deny that. But Libbie could not express it to herself except by the dubious word "unwholesome." And that wasn't what she meant, because she could see that her boys were as healthy and normal as heart could wish.

When the Adair portraits came to an end with their painter, this simple woman heard with an extraordinary lack of regret that the invested income would not run to the cost of maintaining fairyland in Manhattan. But she was not so pleased when

(Continued on Page 99)

Instead of rubber as formerly, Parker Pen and Pencil Barrels are now made of Non-Breakable Permanite — Parker's lustrous light-weight material. Black and Gold, Black-tipped Lacquer-red or Black-tipped Jade.

Not a bubble of air —not a drop of ink escapes!

Try this yourself in a glass of water. Empty a Parker Duofold Pen, screw the cap on tightly, then press the button. If your cap has been tightly screwed on, not a bubble will appear, proving your pen is leak-proof. Try it with other pens as well as the Parker.

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Will Your Pen Pass It?

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The Parker Duofold Duo-Sleeve Cap has an Inner Sleeve that fits with micrometric precision when the cap is screwed on tight. Hence, not even air can escape —much less ink.

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5 VITAL FEATURES that win thousands to the Whippet

Thousands of Whippet owners report amazing fuel and oil economy. With 50,000 sold the first six months, think what savings have already been accomplished through the Whippet's Engineering Leadership in the light car field.

BEHIND the great popularity of the Whippet lies an amazing story—of interest to every man who is going to buy a car this year. A story of success without parallel in American motor car experience. Before you invest your money in any automobile you are entitled to know the facts . . . The Whippet isn't just an old car brought up-to-date. It is completely new—designed and built to meet modern traffic conditions in a way that other light cars never have before. A car without precedent—yet with a background of eighteen successful years of engineering experience in the building of quality automobiles.

In the Whippet are concentrated the major engineering advances of the past decade. You get remarkable speed—fifty-five miles an hour is all we claim—but Whippet owners frequently tell us they get better than sixty—faster than many light sixes—and in complete safety and comfort. You get exceptional economy—"30 miles on a gallon" is famous—Cannonball Baker, one of the world's most expert drivers, averaged 43.28 miles on a gallon in a drive from Los Angeles to New York this past winter. You get more leg room than in any other light car. A yardstick will prove this beyond all doubt.

4-wheel Brakes—
National Standard Equipment

And finally you get the necessary safety and protection of four-wheel brakes. At the 1925 Automobile Show 44.3% of the chassis were equipped with four-wheel brakes. In 1926, 63.2%. And in 1927, 86%. Here certainly is most convincing evidence that the Whippet is an entirely modern car!

To body engineering has been brought this same creative viewpoint. The Whippet sounds a new note in its low roof lines, the smart taper of the hood, the full sweep of the body, the low gravity center. Whippet-driving has become the vogue.

Bendix mechanical-type 4-wheel brakes enable the Whippet to stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour. They provide 192 square inches of braking surface—far more per pound of car weight than any other light car built today. Brakes are 11" in diameter.

Women particularly like the Whippet because of its unusually roomy and comfortable interior. There is actually more leg room than in any other car of this size.

vision—narrow front corner posts remove still another driving hazard that light car owners have always known. Lightning pick-up—the Whippet will accelerate from five to thirty miles an hour in thirteen seconds. It will do fifty-five miles an hour in comfort and safety. The Whippet is built low to the ground and hugs the road at any speed, without slipping or sidesway. Gabriel Snubbers absorb the shocks of the road and add immeasurably to your driving comfort. These are the reasons that win thousands to the Whippet.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, Inc., Toledo, O. WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

Whippet Prices: Touring $625; Roadster $695; Coach $625; Coupe $625; Sedan $725, Landau $755. Whippet Six Prices: Touring $765, Roadster $825; Coupe $793; Coach $795; Sedan $875; Landau $925. All prices f. o. b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

OVERLAND
Whippet

THE NEW WHIPPET COLLEGIATE ROADSTER WITH RUMBLE SEAT—$695 F. O. B. FACTORY

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Predicting a new trend—casting aside every old tradition—the Whippet has established an entirely new standard of American light car design.

New ease of parking—the Whippet will turn in a seventeen-foot radius, park at a fourteen-foot curb space. Clearer

55 miles an hour in comfort and safety. More speed than you'll ever need. Photograph shows Whippet in dramatic test run.

Alone ever[illegible]g else imaginable to render herself attractive. If she'd only adopted the Third Great Health Habit

Important to Those Who Have Acquired the Antiseptic Mouth Wash Habit

(And *Very* Important To Those Who Suffer From Bad Breath)

Bathing and tooth-brushing are the first two great health habits. There is now a third—more protective to health than either—the antiseptic mouth wash habit. Are you one of the Twenty Million who follow it? If you are, you are wise and lucky. You have reduced or eliminated UNPLEASANT MOUTH ODORS. You are daily protecting yourself against colds and tonsilitis. You are cleansing the throat of deadly, unseen micro-organisms, whose poisons are carried through the system. You are protecting yourself from painful, inflamed gum-tissues which may develop into pyorrhea. You are purifying the in-between-the-teeth crevices where the ordinary tooth brush does not penetrate. You are minimizing the dangers of rheumatism, neuritis — even kidney and heart troubles—so often due to poisons which seep through the system from beneath the free margins of flabby gums—and from diseased tonsils, too.

Economical. You DROP out Astringosol

As a safeguard against colds spray the throat twice daily

As one of the Twenty Million, you certainly should be interested in a more effective mouth wash. A more highly concentrated mouth wash. One that sets new standards of breath, teeth and gum purification. One that does more, tastes better and costs less.

Let us suggest to you Astringosol—the CONCENTRATED mouth wash—which is far more than a mouth wash.

It Does More

A single trial will convince you of the difference between Astringosol and any ordinary mouth wash. After ordinary mouth washes, unpleasant mouth odors come back quickly. That's what Astringosol—the CONCENTRATED mouth wash—prevents.

Its greater strength means greater deodorizing power. Unpleasant mouth odors are no match for Astringosol. A few drops on a moistened tooth brush kill even deadly enamel-destroying germs, not to speak of normal mouth bacteria. A dilution will stimulate soft gums, firm them up till they hug the teeth, and prevent a germ nursery under the gum edges. A gargle does wonders in purifying and cleansing the throat—the gateway of body diseases. Try it for ordinary sore throats. It does the work. Dentists use it full strength to destroy the most tenacious mouth germs known to dental science.

Refreshes the mouth—purifies the breath

It Tastes Better

ASTRINGOSOL your mouth night and morning—you'll find it altogether pleasant. Unlike most mouth washes, there's a keen, clean, agreeable flavor to it and a pleasant milky opalescence when diluted. Astringosol refreshes the mouth as a surf bath refreshes the body—and is even more tonic and healthful! When you take your daily bath, take your daily mouth bath with Astringosol.

It Costs Less

Astringosol actually costs less. In addition, it saves you money—because you need so much less. Where you POUR OUT other mouth-washes, you DROP OUT Astringosol. It goes from twenty to thirty times further than the ordinary mouth wash. Yet, while Astringosol is CONCENTRATED in form, it is quite harmless in any strength. You can easily find out what dilution you prefer.

The important thing is to make the mouth wash habit an Astringosol habit. ASTRINGOSOL your throat, your gums, your teeth and in-between-the-teeth night and morning and protect yourself with the Third Great Health Habit.

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WINDSOR Canada · DETROIT U S A · SYDNEY Australia

Use Astringosol twice a day—Visit your dentist twice a year

For a free three-day sample of ASTRINGOSOL write name and address on this coupon and mail to Dept. 23, Frederick Stearns & Co., Detroit, Mich

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ASTRINGOSOL

STEARNS CONCENTRATED ANTISEPTIC

DOES MORE · COSTS LESS · TASTES BETTER

(Continued from Page 94)

Mrs. Adair transplanted the whole affair, atmosphere intact, to cheaper Sorrento, and settled it under a very becoming blue sky to perpetuate its beauty and to live in memories of her perfect husband, in a dreamlike present, and not too much in visions of a practical future. What Libbie would like to have known was what came at the end of the book.

The one solution she could hopefully envisage, apart from the boys' growing up, which took too long, was another marriage for her lovely lady. Something from without was necessary to break this iridescent soap bubble that cut them off from reality. But it was now a very hopeless hope. In the first place, there was nobody in Sorrento to marry; not for Margaret Adair to marry, certainly. And in the second place, drat him, if the father of those boys hadn't put some sort of a ban on her taking a second husband! If she had known, this Libbie, what he lay there writing in his silken bed that night he was so suddenly to die, she would have dared his ghost's haunting her, but she would have destroyed it.

She could remember that night as if it were yesterday. Mr. Adair had been ailing for some time but was considered to be safely out of any danger, for all that his heart did not give that satisfaction to his physician that it had to various transient feminine tenants. Libbie knew about some of them, if Mrs. Adair didn't.

He had been a beautiful sick man, tenderly urging his wife to rest, thoughtfully doing the correct thing by making his will, lying patiently in his pillows so that his bed should not be unbeautifully disordered, going through the whole series of tableaux like the artist that he was. Not that he had the remotest expectation of dying, but just because it seemed another harmonious gesture, he set himself to beguiling the hours of the night by writing his wife a letter of farewell. It could, of course, be destroyed when he had finished it.

Libbie could see him now as he lay there, the big room dark, and only a light by his head shining down over the Florentine leather pad on which he wrote. She could even remember the scent of his specially prepared writing fluid—common ink offended his sensitive nostrils. Mrs. Adair was in another room, asleep at last; the trained nurse, whom he did not like anyway, tactfully banished to doze behind a screen, while Libbie sat awake to minister to his possible needs. He wrote with a look of pensive interest, seeing himself as a man taking a long farewell of all his greatness. Beside him on the table lay his will, in an envelope addressed to his lawyer, old Prescott Hamlin, who, Libbie suspected, was very much of her own opinion concerning this fellow creature. The will had come from the Hamlin office that day, and been duly signed in the presence of herself and the nurse. Adair had taken sensitive pains to conceal this formality from his wife.

Well, there he had been writing quietly in the silent room when the swift and startling end had come to all his graceful comedy. The angel of death had laid no gentle touch upon his heart, but rather had gripped it in a merciless hand. Libbie's cry had waked the nurse but not her distant mistress. There had been strong medicine to drop into a swallow of water and get past his clenched teeth. There had been a hypodermic for Libbie to prepare with shaking hands. When she brought it to the nurse, who had bared his left side for the needle, she saw the pen still clutched in his fingers, the pad in his other hand. He held them fast when she gently tried to take them.

A moment of life remained to him as the fierce stimulants fought to release those implacable fingers from his heart. She had not believed him dying, not with the nurse's medicines inside him, not when she saw him drag the paper nearer and set the pen to the blank half of the page, not even when his own face confessed that pretense had been stripped from him. He scrawled a word or two and tore away the lower part of the written sheet.

"In the envelope, Libbie," he gasped as he vaguely pushed it toward her.

She understood him, and folding it, put it with his will. "Shall I seal it?"

"Yes."

As she saw his face turn suddenly gray and the sweat start out from every pore, she knew that indeed she looked on death.

"I will get Mrs. Adair," she cried, dropping the fastened envelope to the floor.

"No," said the man, and died.

That was how it had happened. And she had herself taken the letter he had been writing and given it to the widow, without, of course, so much as a glance at it. Because if she had seen those words, she would have slain her own conscience, but Margaret Adair should not have had them. She had come to know in later months something of what he had written. It had been an exquisitely worded tribute to the love and beauty of his young wife—so Libbie gathered from bits of heartbroken confidences, when Margaret Adair was glad to have that faithful breast to weep on. But it had ended in some such words as these—and for that, egoist as she saw him, Libbie could never forgive him:

"Though I know how strong is your feeling that boys—our boys—need father more than mother, I hope you will never be persuaded to marry again."

It was a cruel, wicked thing, thought Libbie, to put that ban on a young and lovely woman. She had known of it before they left New York, and had even wondered if, perhaps, in that last moment when Adair had faced reality he had repented it. But though she took her courage in both hands and went to Prescott Hamlin, he had no comfort to offer.

"I feel, sir," said the forthright simple Libbie, stiffly seated on the client's chair in his big office, "that I should like to know all I can if I'm to be any help to my dear girl. I was with Mr. Adair, sir, when he died, and he gave me that bit of a page torn off, with writing on it, to put into your envelope. I want to ask you if I ought to know what he wrote on it."

Hamlin regarded her very intently but very kindly. He seemed to be considering a matter of some moment. Yet finally, when he rose and went to fetch the paper from his private file, she could not see why he had pondered so on showing it.

She did not know at first what he had handed her, for surely this was a narrower strip of paper than she had taken from the dying man? Surely, she had folded it over. But her memory of that moment, so wiped away by the terrible one that followed, was untrustworthy. Here was the paper anyway, and all that it bore were the words, written in the wildness of a man in mortal pain: "Take care of my wife and boys."

Hamlin had pressed it back into her hand when she sought to return it to him.

"I think it is you who should have it, Libbie," he had said gently. "I'm an old man, and there's little I can do beyond seeing that she does not lose her money. But you are going with them, and it will be you, my girl, who will take care of his wife and boys."

Well, she had tried to do it. And here they were in a far land, under a blue sky that looked too like the picture post cards to be real. Lemons and oranges were as familiar as apples to her, if purple figs were not; but to have them hanging on trees right in your own garden intensified the dreamlike quality she felt in her surroundings. She could hardly believe in the bright, smiling servants who waited on them all as if it was not work at all but some sort of game they were playing. Poor Libbie was in a land where it is always afternoon.

Jeremy Dana, when he came to gather up his small sail mates, was not vouchsafed a glimpse of their mother; he could almost bear with that disappointment, since he was later to dine with her, but prim old Libbie nearly patted his hand as she took in his crestfallen look.

Jarvis dragged him in to look at a griffin he had made of kindergarten clay, horrendous in intention, if rather innocuously roly-poly in execution. Dana was interested in the beautiful play room but puzzled by its æstheticism. He ran a lean hand through his brown hair as he looked about him, and blushed guiltily as he caught Libbie's sympathetic eye upon him. The abandoned woman made no bones about telling him her opinion.

"It's not like the play room, I'll warrant, you had," she said, in more senses than one over the heads of her young charges. "I don't hold with all this bolstering and harmonizing and sugaring," she summed it up a bit savagely. "It was Mr. Adair's artistic crotchets." All very pretty in a picture, maybe, but it wasn't real. She'd like to see a little New England ruggedness. She couldn't express it, but it reminded her of Persian cats on satin cushions. Dana set a guard to his tongue, if she didn't. He thought she had expressed it very well, though he forbore to say so.

Jarvis had almost decided to take along his little boat—a sleek master-made vessel with "Sant' Antonino" painted on its shining red prow. He was fond of the thing in a way, but the craft lacked some elusive appeal. It was so perfect.

"I'd like to make a boat, you know," he said, his natural prejudice in favor of doing things himself at war with his appreciation of this finished article.

Dana, with his hands in his pockets, did know. "Why don't you?"

"You have to have things," said Jarvis vaguely.

It was quite true that this apartment in peacock blues and greens did not offer the usual background for a clutter of shavings, had there been anything like a cutting tool in the place beyond an orderly set of scissors in a shagreen case.

"I'm afraid you couldn't make a very good one," said Libbie, with a smoothing hand on his red young pate.

"Oh, that's a great mistake," said Dana quickly. "If you'll think a moment, you'll see he could make the only boat, the very best boat of them all."

Libbie did think a moment, but not about boats. She found herself thinking that this man was a natural-born father for small boys. She was conscious of thinking it in defiance of an idolized memory of one who had found the shadow of a rose more perfect than the flower itself.

Donald was taking large copper coins from a Venetian leather casket. "You toss them overboard," he said. "It brings the wind."

"We don't want to buy too much," said Dana, and led them away. Libbie followed them to the door with their extra jerseys in case the venal Æolus should prove too cold. Dana had brought a canopied *settura* from the Piazz', and she heard him give an order in Italian to the driver as he handed in his compressible guests. "To the Grande Marina, and stop at the Poste. I want to send a telegram."

"I just wish you'd come and look," said Libbie later, coming into Mrs. Adair's seclusion with a pair of binocular glasses in her hand. "The boat's right off here, and they're worth looking at."

Mrs. Adair obediently got up from her chaise longue with a wondering smile. Outside the cool dimness of her shaded room the day was brilliant in light and color. The blue of the sea and sky, the green of the leafage of the garden, the orange and yellow of the fruit, the red of the dahlias, the white of the rampart at the edge of the cliff were all as positive as in a child's box of paints. It should have been as crude as a chromo, but it was quite simply and radiantly beautiful.

Margaret Adair perched herself in her customary archway and focused the binoculars upon the little boat, with its lateen sail as white as a chicken feather against the azure water. Out of deference to the borrowed quality of the children, Dana had brought along the owner of the boat, but this addition to their party was relegated to a purely passive rôle. Evidently he was in the hands of pirates. For there were three figures of buccaneering

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Their husband and father tells of the experience:

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Corns

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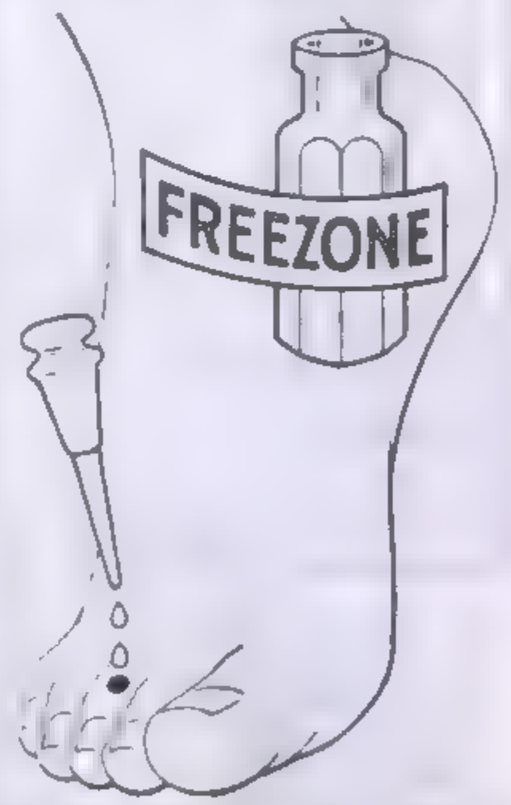

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aspect in possession, heads bound in the approved red handkerchiefs, large gilt rings ingeniously fastened to the ears, wide sashes carrying weapons of impressive appearance, if not meant to be too closely examined. The long-dead terror of the inland sea had come to life again. The corsairs were abroad upon the deep.

Mrs. Adair watched them for a while, at first with frequent exclamations of appreciation, short cries of delicious laughter. But under the brooding silence of Mistress Libbie's presence she became a bit constrained. Perhaps she faintly guessed what Libbie was thinking. Perhaps not. For certainly, when Jeremy Dana came to dinner, she greeted him with complete self-possession. She sat, indeed, in a sort of queenly state at table—a long refectory trestle on whose somberly polished top the lace and candles and fine old glass and silver carried on very conspicuously the Adair tradition. A widow she might be, but the widow of a great artist, one quite beyond being vaguely troubled by a humble worshiper.

It was a notable dinner, poignantly savored by a sojourner in hotels long absent from such a board as this. And yet the most remarkable part of it, so he said when it was over, was the happy butler. A happy butler was something he had quite positively never seen before.

They went back to the loggia, that hallowed place where he had lost and was never to regain his heart-wholeness, where the moonlight shone on her loveliness and put the finishing touches to his surrender. The boys moved about like flitting moths, having no interest in coffee and cigarettes, but Libbie was not allowed a like freedom. She sat at a distance, grudgingly, it is true, but she was there. It is quite possible that Jeremy Dana would have been smitten with astonishment had he known how like her dreams were to his own impossible visions.

It was on this evening that they discovered a mutual intimacy with old Prescott Hamlin, who had been her husband's lawyer, and was still her man of affairs at home and Dana's fatherly friend. It gave her a sense of sanction in this new acquaintance; it merely suggested to the acquaintance—what a word!—an outlet for his overburden of emotion. He could write to Hamlin about her. And it is true that he did. With quite characteristic reserve he wrote of his meeting with the boys and of her gracious later acceptance of him in her house. But the bespectacled old eyes that read this letter some fortnight later read much that no lens could detect between the lines.

Far away in America an elderly legal luminary paced the floor of his office, thinking of nothing in the world that he had learned in law school, and pondering his course. It was all of five years since Basil Adair had gone to his reward. Yes, in a problematic artist's Olympus he had been sitting among the elect this quinquennium. But Hamlin had not forgotten a word of the confession on that torn page that had been sent him from the painter's deathbed.

It had not been difficult for him to figure out what had happened. The man had been writing to his wife; it was the sort of thing he would do, with the woman right in the next room to him! He had been unwilling to forgo the luxury of that ritual, even to the indulgence in the intoxication of the confessional. He would be shriven at the expense of his own wife's happiness and faith.

But fate had played a trick on him. Those failing fingers that sought to tear away a mere line of adjuration to Hamlin had rent the page too high. And the egoist's revelation of his own worthlessness lay in Hamlin's private file, torn again at the bottom where had been the strip that he had given Libbie. Hamlin had never thought that any eye but his should see it; it was the mere lawyerlike habit to destroy no papers that had preserved it. Yet it seemed to him now nothing less than the key to Margaret Adair's prison.

He took the ragged bit of paper from the case and looked at it. There was a negligible word or two, evidently the end of a preceding sentence, on the first broken line, and below this, in Adair's cramped but picturesque uncial writing:

> It would indeed be a mockery if you were to remain forever faithful to a memory of me. I leave you to understand what I mean by that. Do not think me cruel only, to wound you in this hour. The eyes of a dying man see far beyond the shadows that close about his ——

That was all the solace of posturing that had been permitted the man. The shadow of which he wrote so glibly had really been there by his bed.

Hamlin knew very well it was a true bill Adair had drawn against himself. And he remembered what a miracle of luck he had thought it that Margaret had never seen it. But would it not have been better, even at the cost of bitter pain, if she had been set free from the domination of her delusion that she had known perfection in a man and was forever consecrate to his memory? Life was not by any means so short as Hippocrates would have one believe, nor art long enough to span it. He believed that a very happy thing might come of this chance encounter, this meeting that his Jerry Dana had written of so revealingly—might come of it only if the young widow of a man as old as sin was no longer obsessed by a dream of worthy dedication to the past.

For better or worse, she should have it, he decided, and with something between a groan and a prayer, sat down at his desk to write her a line of explanation. It wasn't easy to compose, that letter. It finally dwindled down to a mere sentence:

> You must see, Margaret, that Basil meant for you to marry.

He slipped the justification of his act inside the other and more pregnant page, addressed it and mailed it with his own hand, before a constitutional dislike for meddling in the affairs of other people—rare trait in a lawyer—could persuade him that it were better left unsent.

So on its way traveled that long-guarded half sheet of paper, whose upper edge would fit the ragged lower line of the letter that, for some unacknowledged reason, Margaret Adair, in these days, read so very often, kept so very close.

For a troubling change was coming to pass in that enchanted life of the villa. At the very first the thought of Jeremy Dana had craftily got in as a mere companion to the thought of Donald and Jarvis. Consider the guile of it. For all the years of her dedication to what remained to her of Basil Adair, her first waking thought had been of the two cherished boys who made up the whole of her heart life. She would rouse slowly in her stately bed, like the princess in the fairy story, stir with the daily miracle of returning life, and stretch two white arms in the satisfaction of perfect rest. Donald, Jarvis, and a new day. What should they do with it? When it became a diurnal custom that whatever they did they were more than like to do it with Jeremy Dana, she was caught in the obvious necessity of including him in those early sleepy speculations. Under the ægis of these innocent projects the newcomer made his way into her half dreams.

Not just at first had she been conscious of the intrusion, so ingeniously was it done. But later there were moments, as when she sat before her glass lazily braiding those long living plaits of her hair, when her eyes would meet a startled look in her reflection in the mirror. Sometimes the duplicate face would flush softly; sometimes it bit a red lip and looked away, frowning. It never capitulated, never permitted a searching gaze. What it would not look at, it could not see.

If she cherished blindness, Jeremy Dana had no such illusions about his parlous condition. There had been no need of stratagem to claim him as a victim. He had surrendered at the first touch of her;

(Continued on Page 102)

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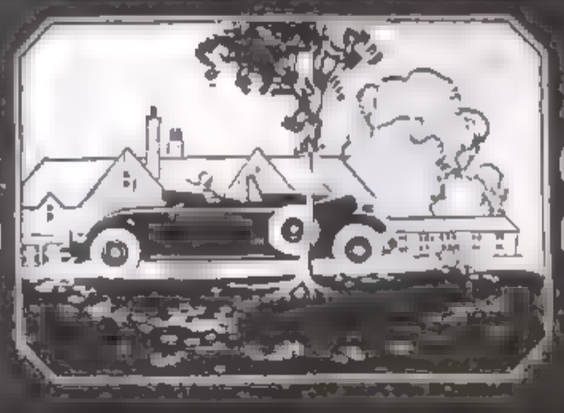

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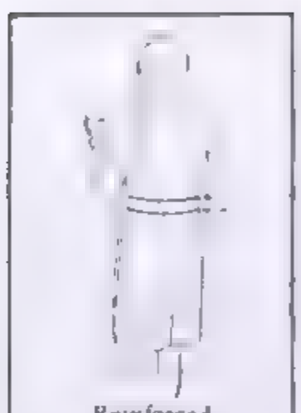

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New patterns! Fancy or plain. White or color stripe. Silk stripes. Fine weaves: Cool! Soft to the touch. But only fabrics woven for long wear!

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TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

(Continued from Page 100)

in the first meeting of their hands he had left his heart in her fingers, diffidently, humbly, but gladly. What she would do with it, he dared not think. It wasn't worth her taking, but after all it was his heart, and he dreaded the moment when she might let it fall and break.

Change had decidedly invaded the play room. It began in the arrival of a wonderful varnished box that had come from outland in response to Dana's telegram, to be dragged up from the Grande Marina in the donkey cart of the *corriere;* a Pandora's chest, for it cannot be denied that trouble came out of it. But so much more happiness than annoyance! There was every kind of shining, biting, cutting, smoothing tool that a boy might need to make a boat, and the peacock blue and green play room wore a new wig of ringlets—long curls of deliciously planed white wood. It was only Emilio, the *cameriere,* who objected—he had to clean them up. Sawdust fell about like the gentle rain from heaven, and one stepped on brads of a vastly different origin. Jarvis carpentered, and capered, and went about with grimy bandages where he had hit the nail on the thumb.

Libbie breathed deep of satisfaction in these days, even if she still wordlessly rebelled against her duennaship. She was all for giving the meeker sex a chance, was thrilled that her boys seemed at last to be going to get one, and wished a like blessing upon the giver of the first rugged instruction these boys had ever had. It wasn't all a matter of sawing wood, look you. There was the danger of saying nothing when a poor fellow was never permitted a moment alone with his lady. Yet Libbie was shrewd enough to read hope into the very persistence with which she was kept in attendance. She began almost to believe that love would prove too strong for the clutch of memories.

The youngsters, under the stimulus of Dana's quite revolutionary conception of what a young boy should know, had taken a sudden spurt of growth away from their heretofore incredible perfection. There was no other word for it—they developed a belated genius for mischief. Even Donald's famous narrations, those fairy stories that he had always told to entertain his mother and Jarvis, became tinged with a subtle deviltry. Enchanted peace gave place to high spirits, and the swaddling clothes that a *précieux ridicule* had bound about their babyhood became quite definitely disordered.

But Libbie was the first to flaunt the unfurled banner of rebellion. It occurred to her that Jeremy Dana was not going to be able to stay forever in this lotus-eating, postmeridian country.

"I'm not going to shake my old bones down that cliff this day, that's flat," she said belligerently. "I've got a week's mending to do"—Libbie triumphed in the tattered condition of the boys' clothes now—"and I'm going to sit right here and do it. You take your sunshade and go down there with these imps like a sensible girl."

The imps, naked as brown frogs save for a stripe or two of sketchy swimming trunks, were atiptoe to be off; Jarvis armed with a hammer and a bag of nails—he was at present building what Dana called a practicable raft—and Donald shouldering a scoop net for the amusement of the *peaciolini,* those swarms of silver minnows that went through his mesh like needles.

"Come on, mother!" cried Jarvis, dancing. "Don's got a wonderful new story to tell you."

Mrs. Adair had had only a half hesitation. Unwilling to admit even to herself that she stood in any need of Libbie's helpful presence, she could not well refuse. She took her parasol from Libbie's inexorable hand.

"I ought to change my dress," she said. It was indeed a rather unsuitable garment for a seat on the rough wooden stringpiece of their landing, being a quaint morning gown of pale green taffeta with a bouffant skirt and a close-fitting bodice, from which her copper-crowned head rose like a tiger lily from its calyx. Libbie thought that if Jeremy Dana were there to see her he would be forced to speak out before them all.

"Oh, don't!" shrieked Jarvis. "You look all right." It was a very faint adumbration of the truth. "Do come on."

Margaret Adair gave up and came on obediently. They went down a wide flight of shallow steps flung around one corner of the villa, crossed the garden, and began the long weaving descent of the zigzag path down the face of the cliff. The boys fled on before, leaping and prancing like fawns. The sound of their high clear voices preceded her as if they played the pipes of Pan.

Down on the pier the nearly completed raft lay straight across the way, awaiting the young carpenter's finishing touches. He had decided that it needed another bit of board at either end.

"You'll have to step over, mother," said Donald, giving her his hand as if he were very much the older of the two. "If Jarvey's hammering doesn't bother you I'll tell you the story as far as it has gone."

Mrs. Adair stepped over and sat down on the end of the pier. Jarvis, with a critical eye on angles, adjusted a short bit of plank and shook out a handful of nails to put into his mouth. They were not sterilized nails, but his mother's back was safely turned. Donald bestowed himself on one of the lower steps that led down into the water and took the temperature of the Mediterranean with his toe.

"Coolish," he said. "It will be warmer maybe by the time we go in. Warm enough, anyway, this afternoon, when Mr. Dana comes to launch the raft. He's going to bring a bottle of pukka wine to break across her bow, wherever that is! Are you comfortable, mother?"

"If my slippers don't get tweaked off by mermaids I'm quite all right," said Mrs. Adair.

It was lovely down by the water, with the faint soft moist breeze flicking at the fringe of her sunshade and slipping beneath it to touch her face caressingly. She felt extraordinarily happy—as people sometimes do when youth, love, summer, and Italy are concurrent in their lives.

Jarvis quite suddenly brought down the hammer with a terrific bang, but the shock of that was as nothing to the question he paused to put:

"I say, mother, can't a lady be married twice?"

"Why, yes," she said. The breeze seemed to have died, and the sun poured warmth. Her cheeks felt a bit hot.

Another nail went to its long home. "I'm afraid this is going to make a fearful row," he said. "Sure you don't mind?"

"Not in the least," said she truthfully. She was rather glad of it than otherwise. "What about the story, Donald?" She found conversation with him a trifle less exciting than with her younger son when he turned his mind to gathering information.

"Well, once upon a time," said Donald—"I got this idea from that grotto of ours—once upon a time there was a prince who lived in a country where everything was blue."

"Bang!" said the hammer. "Whack, bang, whack, bang."

Mrs. Adair moved a little farther forward and leaned down toward the storyteller, her sunshade doing its feeble all to shield them from the din.

She was always interested in Donald's stories, but just now her mind would wander to that queer question of Jarvis'. What could have put second marriages into the child's head? It would have done more than astonish her, could she have known that this was his last, not his first, question on the subject. He had long been conversant with the marriage customs of princes and princesses in various kingdoms of uncharted realms, and with their amiable habit of living happily ever after. He had, through that affectibility of a child which

(Continued on Page 105)

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Underwear
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Hosiery
for men, women and children

A-A Co.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 102)

is not jealousy but a sensitive response to the presence of another's love for an adored parent, become aware that Jeremy Dana—the nicest man! would like to conform to the aforesaid immemorial usages of fairyland. He thought it would be perfectly scrumptious if the nicest man married his mother, because then he and Donald could have both of them all the time.

Donald wasn't the only one who could make up stories! Jarvis had guessed at one going right on about him, and had gone so far as to cast poor Libbie for the part of malignant witch. There she was, always on hand with her spells.

There had been some confusion in his mind, owing to ill-defined goings-on of mythological persons, as to the warranty for more than one marriage. Hence his question, and all well with the world. Remained only to get the prince and princess together, away from the witch. Though his story broke down about here, because even he could see that the princess ran away to the witch far more than she was pursued.

Donald's story did not break down, though it was to suffer today an unexpected interruption. "He was a very nice prince and everybody loved him and he had such a beautiful palace that you'd think he would have been very happy. But he wasn't. His palace was made of big blocks of lapis - lapis ——"

"—— lazuli," said the audience.

"Lapis lazuli, and it had a big dome over the throne, which was all covered with blue velvet. The prince used to sit there in his blue satin robes, with a crown of sapphires on his head and an orb made of one huge turquoise in his hand. And he wished he was dead."

"I fancy he had the blues," said the audience, laughing.

"Oh, I never thought of that!" crowed Donald. "But I did get in about the flowers. All the flowers were the blue kinds - bachelor buttons and angelica and larkspur, and—and ——"

"He could have forget-me-nots and lobelia, and some of the blue kinds of asters and ageratum and Swan River daisies and Love-in-a-mist ——"

"And broccoli," said Jarvis, who was not listening closely.

Both audience and author laughed.

"Well, he had plenty of flowers anyway," said Mrs. Adair.

"But they were all blue!" objected Donald. "The grass was blue, the trees were blue, the houses were blue, the sky—well, of course, the sky was blue, and the water, but the rocks were blue and the dirt was blue and the horses ——"

Jarvis could really not be blamed for a wandering attention. Shut off as he was, with his pounding hammer, by the great round wheel of his mother's parasol, from a closer participation in the melancholy details of this cerulean princeling, he devoted himself to the last half dozen nails needed to perfect his raft. They were to play Robinson Crusoe when Mr. Dana came after luncheon ——

His mischievous eyes, roving for a moment from his handiwork, assured him suddenly that Mr. Dana was not going to wait till after luncheon. There he was, in the whitest of white flannels, coming down the face of the cliff. Jarvis opened his mouth to shout a greeting, and then oddly forbore to utter a sound. Still as a little bronze Japanese okimono, he squatted there, looking upward. Then belatedly closing his mouth, his white teeth on the tip of a little red devil of tongue, he caught up his nails and hammer and put a flourishing noisy end to his labors. If any loose stones avoided the gathering of moss on that sloping path, the sound of their rolling was effectively drowned in his racket.

"My darling Jarvis!" protested Mrs. Adair. The sunshade shifted as if she were about to turn.

"It's all right, mother! I've finished!" cried Jarvis, leaping up. He pattered past her in his bare feet, gave but a whoop of warning, and fell upon Donald hip and thigh. The story-teller, cut short in the middle of a word, rolled off the stair under the impact, and both brown bodies hit the water with a prodigious splash. Being practically amphibious, they made little of the sudden plunge. Jarvis ducked under his brother's arm in a shallow dive and made off in the general direction of the African coast, and Donald came tumbling after.

Mrs. Adair, who had swung her parasol around for the better protection of her green silks when this fountaining began, sat laughing at Donald's vigorous efforts to overtake his impertinent assailant.

And then came a well-known step on the stringpiece, and her smile faded to a faint look of panic. She made a movement to rise, glanced behind her, and resigned herself to inaction. With an effort, she smiled at Dana, and dropped her sunshade over her shoulder again.

"The boys just dropped in for a swim," she said lightly.

Jeremy Dana made no answer. In complete silence he came on to the end of the pier and sat down at her side. He did not look at her, but leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his panama hanging from his hands. It was when she saw how those hands trembled that she knew how dear they were to her.

"I hope you are going to forgive me, Margaret," he said presently. "That's about as little hope as a man can support life on, isn't it? I know I have no right to come blundering into your perfect existence and crying out because there is no place in it for me. But that is the way of man, my darling."

He turned a little toward her and tossed the hat behind him. There was a long tassel hanging from the handle of her parasol that he looked at fixedly for a moment as if it were a rare curiosity.

"I'm so in love with you, Margaret, that I'm no fair person to tell you about it. But you must be told. I could no more go away from you without having told you than I could cut off my hand. It's not that I think you could care for me. It's not that I think you would be anything but a fool to care for me. There are a number of things that it's not," he said, with a wistful touch of his quaintness. "Perhaps I should begin with what it is. Only there's no telling that. If I sat here saying I love you, I love you, till the English language had passed forever forgotten from the earth, I should only have given you a hint of what I mean."

He had found courage at last to look at her.

"I don't in the least know what I am going to do about it. I can't stay here and I can't go away. I know I am not the man to touch the hem of your dress, yet I want to touch you—your hair, your face, your hands—as men want to get off the rack. I've loved you ever since I first looked at you—I haven't really taken my eyes off you since—and it's a wonder I didn't tell you so. I can only thank my luck that until this minute I have never once been alone with you—never once, do you realize that? If I had been, I should have blurted it out, as I am now blurting it out without being able to say what I mean, and it would have been all over just so much sooner. I wish to God I were Jarvis, or your cloak—a glove upon that hand! Heavens, what true talk. I never knew. Oh, Margaret, you can't know what it is to feel so—so nothing, and to love so much!"

The color that had come and gone, to come and go again, in her face, now burned there steadily. But her heart was not beating fast. It simply struck rhythmically against her breast like the clapper in a bell. When Jeremy Dana had possessed himself of her hand, she did not know. He held it gently in both his own, separating the long smooth fingers and putting them together again as if it were some remarkable mechanism seen for the first time. But as his voice came to an odd break on the last words he crushed her palm upward against his face. The sunshade toppled backward as she put her other hand on his bent head.

Ingersoll

YANKEE $1.50

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What to do? Few jewelers can afford to repair a $1.50 watch, but the Ingersoll Service Department, because it is specially equipped, can do it for merely a nominal charge and do it quickly.

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We tell you this so that you'll know your Ingersoll will never become a tickless, timeless orphan, which is exactly what eventually happens to low-priced watches that don't have service departments back of them.

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The Ingersolls illustrated below are: Wrist Watch, $3.50; Yankee, $1.50; Waterbury in a rolled gold-plate case, $8; Junior, $3.25; Midget, $3.25.

"You have been good to listen, Margaret," he said humbly.

"And is that all?" she asked.

"Oh, my dear, there's no telling it all!" cried Jeremy Dana. "There's no hope of ever getting it told. It won't be crushed into words and it won't stay unspoken."

"Doesn't it even want an answer?"

It was as if she had stabbed him to the heart. So motionless he bent there, with his face in her hand, it did not seem that death could be more still. He did not even breathe. Then, in a movement, he was on his knee beside her, bending her backward with both hands at her waist, looking into her face.

"You don't mean—Margaret, you can't mean - is there an answer?"

Rather a curious thing to ask so eagerly and never wait for one!

Wild callings from the water brought back the world of every day. The unfortunate *marinaio*, who had been down to the steamship, had been assailed by fraternal dolphins on his homeward way. They had fallen in and out of his boat, they had lost the mail overboard and dived after it, they had all but capsized him a dozen times. The whole outfit was one demd damp moist but not unpleasant wreck.

A queerly silent but apparently happy pair of people sat on the end of the pier, as the boys maneuvered the grinning Salvatore to a convenient position for a recitation of his wrongs. They trod water beside him, giving him vociferous encouragement, if no chance to speak. He finally made an eloquent gesture of resignation and leaned smiling on his oars.

"It's all right, mother! He's only sopping wet!" cried Donald, as he pushed up to her a thoroughly soggy letter. "Sorry, but this thing fell in the water."

"Four times," said Jarvis. "Hello, Mr. Dana. The raft is finished. Come back, you, Donald. I'm for the caves."

It was indeed a very dejected letter. The envelope had puffed up like a drenched soda biscuit and had given way at every seam. On one piece of paper within some black writing was still quite legible, but on the other Adair's scented ink washed in a purple sunset down the page.

"Hello, they've torn it," said Dana.

"No. It is an old tear," she said slowly.

Her heart had turned over as she saw what she held. The line from Prescott Hamlin she had read at one glance: "You must see, Margaret, that Basil meant for you to marry." Curious that this message should touch her hand at just this hour. But of the other she could tell nothing now, in all that swimming pigment, save that it was the lower part of that letter to whose injunction she had held so long. Only her love for Jeremy had proved too strong for any forfending of the dead.

Yet what did Hamlin mean? Surely her message closed on words that bore no two meanings: "I hope that you will never be persuaded to marry again ——" And then she saw those negligible words at the upper ragged corner of the page—the only ones that had escaped the smearing of the deluge. Just at the end of her letter this serrate edge would fit in closely: "——st your own inclination."

"Oh," she said faintly, and for a moment closed her eyes.

"My love, my dear girl!"

She let her head lie back against him. "It's—it's all right. I'll tell you, Jeremy, some other time. Just for a moment—it's not bad news, my dear—just for a moment I could not understand."

"I shall not object if the round green earth remains a puzzle to you, if it's all going to be like this," said he. "Let me tell you something. When I came over to the villa this morning I felt—I really felt—that it must be for the last time. Isn't that a thought?"

She gave a little laugh. "Poor Jeremy."

"Well, I've more than that to tell you. You don't, I suppose, know that your Libbie practically sent for me?"

"The wretch."

"She pounced on me when I arrived, and told me that you were down here alone with the boys, and if—mark you!—if I had anything particular to say to you ——"

"Oh, the jade! The sinner!"

"Her exact words were—in case you should wish to discharge her—'She's sitting on the landing, and unless she jumps into the water she can't well run away!' I never saw a woman so lacking in a sense of shame."

"They are a bad lot," said the head of the house. "Even Jarvis, young enough you'd think, to trail one last lingering cloud of innocence. I think you must have been the only person in Sorrento who didn't know I love you."

"What's Jarvis got to do with it?" he asked, when he had removed this speech from her lips.

Mrs. Adair laughed.

"I may be a body almost entirely surrounded by water," she said, "but I could have made my way past you. If you will look behind me you'll see perhaps why I didn't."

Wondering, he put aside her parasol. About her spread the rich folds of her bouffant green-silk skirts, firmly and neatly nailed fast to the wooden planking of the pier.

THE GODS OF YESTERDAY

(Continued from Page 9)

There was a thin shriek in the air above him. Far behind, a dull roar rose on the wings of the darkness and the ground trembled under his feet.

"Sergeant," he said, "we'll go back."

Men were up and crawling nervously to and fro, shivering under the cold lash of that death wind that comes at dawn. There was no light yet in the east—no cigarettes, no candles; nothing but darkness and the deathly yellowish blue of radium watch faces. Minds groped restlessly over the directions of the night before, remembering, cataloguing and visualizing, putting ruthlessly behind them all thoughts of cottages and clean beds, all memories of a soft cheek, of a child's chubby hands, of clean moorland air. Memories that intruded insistently into the places that should be filled by barrages that were to begin at minus nine minutes, compass bearings that were 54 magnetic. The assembly trenches were filled now with hard-breathing humanity, humanity pressed elbow to elbow to still the fear that crawls at loneliness.

The mud was a cold steel gray now, hard and chilling to the touch, and the creeping radium hands of watches glowed sickishly in the first light of day. It was coming—coming—"six—five—four—three—two—fire!"

Overhead, the air screamed wildly into life—vivid, blasting life that spun furiously onward and forward like the blades of a giant reaper, hacking at wire and mud, pounding it into roaring, hideous oblivion, flattening the world and half its people that the other half might run over it and own it.

Dirty cold hands grasped the pegs in parapets and feet groped for fire steps. The Stokes barrage was almost over, the planks were out, thrown over the forward trenches.

Now then—hush, hush! Sh-h! That pounding, beating artery under the collar, hush! A moment—his head is bent over his watch—a moment. It comes up.

"Now, damn it, now! Over you g——"

The scream of a whistle. Dry throats rattling and splitting, feet pounding, pounding across the battered face of the ground. Bodies diving headlong, bodies melting into a rifle, a shoe and half a tin hat, bodies jumping forward into stinking filth only to club and hack and blast their way out the other side. Yellow and green faces. Sheets of white-splashed flame. Hours of it. Screaming, gasping, hideous hours. Burning, cursing, aching hours. The retch of shovels as the empty bags are filled and the parapets turned. The cold, laughing bark of Lewis guns. And overhead the close drone of an engine, the flash of a wing, a goggled face peering overside to see what troops are where, what color the flannel shoulder patches are.

"My God, it's been only twenty minutes!"

And out there, glinting and swinging to and fro on a loose end of crumped wire—Collins' wrist watch with the soggy strap frayed and dripping and the face flecked with red.

The general pulled at the lobe of his ear and stared absently at his finger tips. It was quite late in the day and the long shadows of the courtyard wall had quite flooded the *pavé* until there was no sun on the stones at all. There had been three hours when the day had hung trembling, ready to totter either way for want of a runner and a telephone wire. Men had aged terribly in those hours, but they were done now and the mud strip belonged to the division. The deeds and papers were all catalogued and filed away in the baskets at G. H. Q. The price only was waiting to be figured out.

The crouching machine had leaped once and snapped its fanged jaws. They were sunk deeply and firmly where they had struck. The man in the street would read about it and nudge his neighbor and point to the headlines and swell with pride that his taxes had bought such a thing as this glorious fight. He would be proud in his heart that his son had helped. He would forget the letter he had written to the Times during his son's training—the letter about brutal discipline, silly salutings and overbearing officers. He would congratulate himself that his ancestors had planted the seeds of his affairs in such a glorious country. He would walk with his head high now, for last night and this morning were over and would never happen again, for human nature was changing. Look at our advance since barbaric times—look at it!

We can go about our business now, safe once more. Another two or three battles such as this and the war will be over.

The general raised his coffee cup and sipped the steaming liquid. He smiled faintly as he set the cup back.

And tomorrow? He lit his cigar and laid the match carefully on the saucer edge. He knew what the song would be tomorrow. He'd heard it sung for forty-two years. High taxes, waste of government funds, burden on the working man. All of it would be sung over again to the same tune throughout the next forty-two years. No preparedness, cut down on the fleet, let the arsenals be emptied. Christianity, pacifism and humanity—until the skeins of men's affairs became snarled again, and then put the job up to the soldier. And the song would start before the patched and sutured wrecks of this morning were able to hobble again! Those beds at the base—full now, with tossing, shrieking, sweating men. Men who had paid with their bodies and their souls and their minds for the last singing of the song. Men who could have been saved the piper's fee by a little foresight, a handful of gold, larger calibered guns at Mons months before, an earlier knowledge of gas and all the things that make other men afraid to wage war.

The general raised his fist to thump it pettishly on the desk top. Instead, he stopped it halfway down and opened his fingers, and again he smiled. He was too old at his business to be annoyed at the man in the street. He stood up and smoothed the skirts of his tunic.

His gods were different gods— the gods of yesterday, if you will—and he had worshiped them for a long, long time—such a long time that he knew them as he knew his own two hands. He knew what the man in the street had been told about the reappearance of those gods and he knew that that thing was true. He knew that they were not the gods of yesterday, but the gods of today as well; and he saw thirty years through the fogs of the future, when they would again come forth on the hilltops and be the gods of tomorrow, tearing once more at the twitching flesh of men, cramming it into their slimy Cyclopean maws, stopping at nothing save the fear of strength.

There was a knock and Jardine stood upon the threshold. He closed the door behind him. "Roughly," he said, "it's about 20 per cent on the first check up. I think it'll come lower when we get confirmed reports tomorrow. That's killed and missing only, of course, sir."

"Of course," said the general.

"And I thought, sir, you'd want to know. Your son is all right."

"Thank you," said the general. "Decent of you."

"He was out contacting the Umpteenth Brigade when their left was high. Crashed once, sir, and then went out again in a new machine. Located the break finally."

The general sat down on the edge of his desk and rubbed his chin. "If you had a son, Jardine, would you want him to live through today or not?"

Jardine raised his head quickly. "I don't think I quite understand."

"Your son, Jardine, not yourself. For yourself, I take it, you wouldn't care much."

"Mildly—yes. Less now, though, than I would've, say, fifteen years ago."

"Why?"

"Sick of it, I suppose. It unnerves a man more or less, throwing men in when he doesn't go himself—it gets an old line officer."

The general smiled and stood up. "But your son, Jardine," he said slowly—"you would let your son live to grow too old for the line, live to see all this over again, to sit at a desk and direct it? Well, perhaps. Tonight's another night. Last night I wasn't sure."

"Last night you wanted your boy to die?"

"My dear fellow," said the general, "I not only wanted it—I prayed for it." He smiled. "Which proves that you and I are much too old to go without sleep for four nights on end. . . . Good night."

"Half a tick," said Jardine. "Are you sorry now that he's alive?"

"No," said the general; "I'm damned glad. When you came out to India years ago, I'd already fought for a sun-baked plain and won it. I taught you how to do the stupid, inane trick. The boy won his scrap today and lived. He'll teach your son how when the time comes—and other people's sons. And in years to come, when he's too old to do it with his hands, he'll sit at a desk and do it with his brain. And if we keep the memory alive from generation to generation, maybe some day we'll teach the world what a stupid, inane thing fighting is. But if we don't, then what we will teach them may be just as good."

"And that is?"

"That if the business man wants a hundred yards of rotten mud, they'd better give it to him—or we'll take it for him."

Jardine laughed. "For God's sake, sir, let's go to bed—before we're elected to Parliament."

It was quite dark now. Twenty miles beyond, Collins' wrist watch hung quietly on the wire, with its frayed strap quite stiff and rigid in the cold air.

Two hundred miles to the northward Collins' little boy was eating his supper.

"If they hurt my papa, Mumsy," he said, "I'll kill 'em dead—dead—dead!"

Never mind, Jackie! You'll soon be comfy in your crib It will be dry in a few minutes

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Watch for the June 4th Saturday Evening Post

We want new millions to know Hotpoint Quality and Hotpoint's Lifetime Satisfaction. So, in celebration of our winning the International Grand Prize, we are going to announce a great "Gold Medal Offer."

One of Hotpoint's Gold Medal Offers
See June 4th Saturday Evening Post

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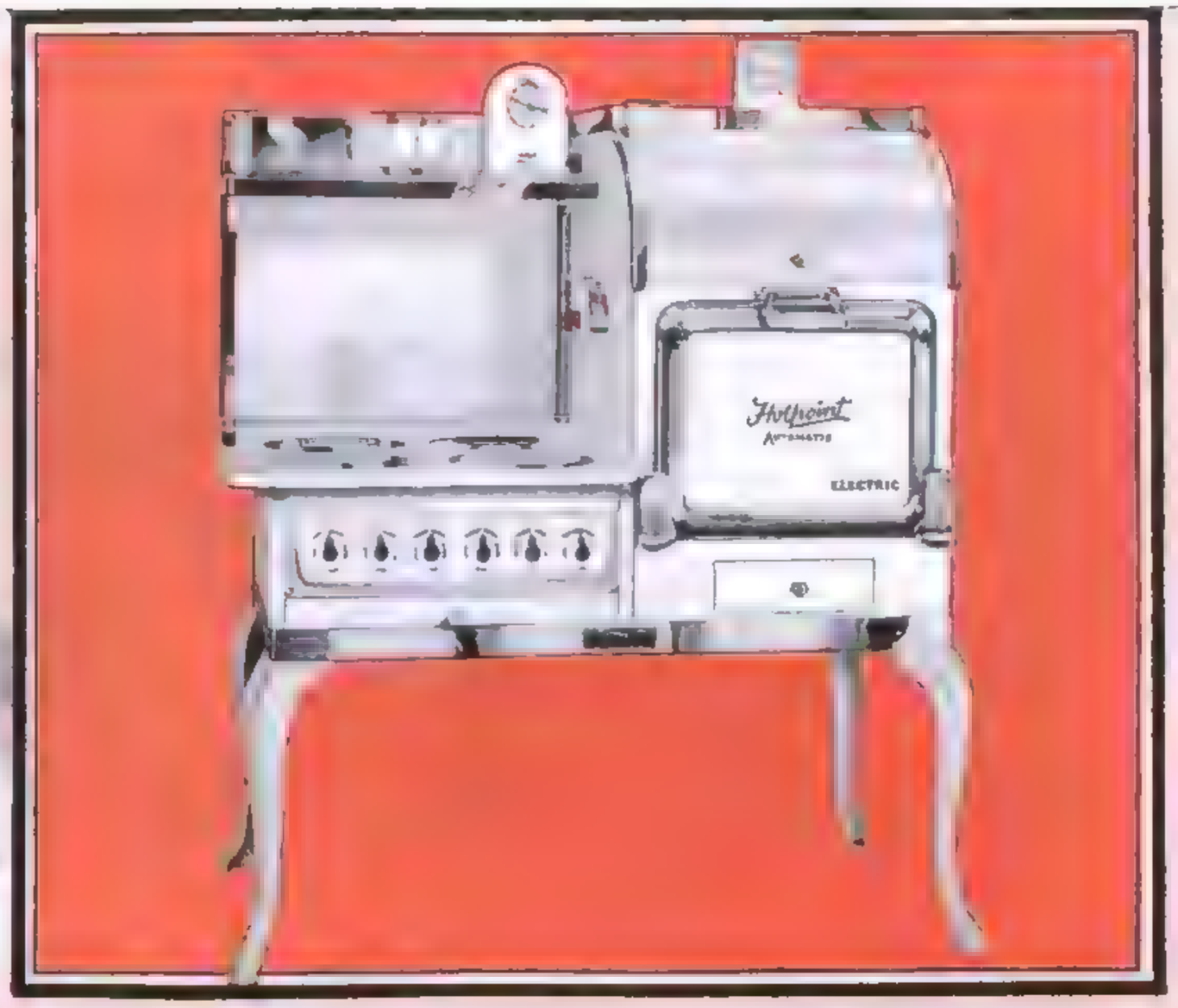

The range that says: "Mother! come out of the kitchen"

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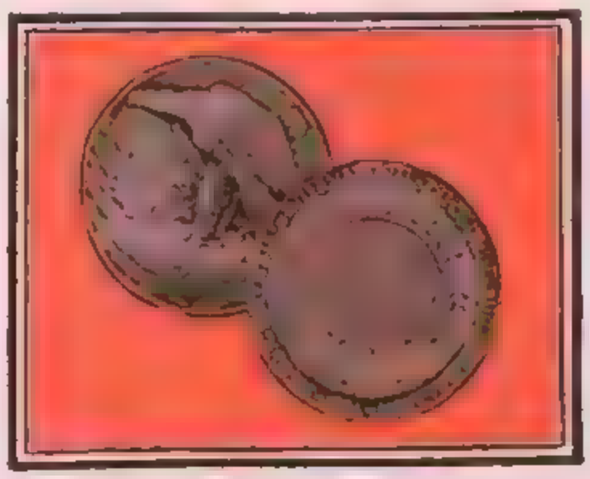

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Your arches are gently but firmly built up by LYNCO Cushions instead of being forced into position by a rigid support. LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions are light in weight and will not injure the most delicate footwear. These Cushions can be used with the shoes you are now wearing.

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Getting On in the World

Fools make Feasts and Wise Men eat them
POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

DRAWN BY H. C. BLUMENTHAL

Building Opportunity

YESTERDAY a man bearing a letter of introduction from a very good friend of mine came into my office and asked for a job. The fellow interested me and I went to considerable trouble before the employment bureau could be induced to say that there was an opening. Renwick—which wasn't his real name—was a weaver, but men of his craft were on strike and he hadn't pushed his thumb under the flap of a pay envelope for ten or twelve weeks. It was becoming imperative that he get something to do, for he had a wife and child and was the sole support of two elderly parents. To cap his misfortune, an interest payment on his house was falling due.

I felt as though I had done a rather good thing when I was able to announce that he could go to work in the stock room and that his salary would be thirty dollars a week to start. About an hour ago Renwick, profuse in his apologies and full of thanks for my interest, came into my office and rather hesitatingly declared: "I don't think I want the job after all. I don't think there are any opportunities—the stock room, you know ——" He had only worked about two hours.

I grew eloquent with indignation. I have always regarded it as pretty much of an axiom that an individual who has the right kind of stuff in him only needs a toe hold in order to create opportunities commensurate with his abilities. It does not matter whether he's laborer, foreman or stenographer, the will to succeed will always make itself known. I have in mind a man who was a common laborer twelve years ago—just one in a gang of fifty or sixty unpicturesque, uninteresting individuals toiling in one of the numerous plants of a great corporation. Most of us, looking upon a similar aggregation, would sadly shake our heads in meditative recognition of the vicissitudes of life and say, "Not a chance in the world."

Among these unnoticed ones worked George Agnew. One day the foreman assigned him to a group of a half dozen men engaged in gathering together scrap metals—broken tools, worn-out machinery, all the refuse of a plant employing thousands of workers and covering tens of acres of ground. Somehow or other, George seemed peculiarly fitted to the job, and it wasn't long before he had been made boss of the junk gang. Responsibilities multiplied upon him and within a few years he was in charge not only of the collecting of discarded materials, but of their sale and disposition. From these beginnings grew a department—a conservation department concerned with all the various plants of the corporation, and Agnew is its executive head. Today his work is a great deal more important than the mere assembling of junk. His office has the power to shift machinery and equipment, placing it where it will serve most efficiently; supplies overabundant in one place are moved to cover a lack in another—it's pretty difficult to define just what the conservation department does do. Anyway, the absorption of powers seems to be still going on, and Agnew is considered one of the most promising executives in the employ of the corporation—a man really marked for the highest honors. Suppose he had chucked his laborer's job with the timeworn excuse: "No chance for advancement"?

I suppose my staunch championing of the build-your-own-opportunity idea arises from the fact that whatever success I have attained has arisen from it. Upon leaving high school, less than fifteen years ago, I got a job as clerk and bookkeeper with the concern of which I am now vice president in charge of service. We manufacture sheet metals of various kinds, capable of use in hundreds of ways and in hundreds of industries. When I was plugging away over my desk and wondering whether I would ever make a salary larger than eighteen dollars a week our products were sold for only the most obvious uses. No one seemed to have the idea of demonstrating to manufacturers where they could be profitably substituted for wood or other materials. One day I happened to notice a toy in the hands of a small boy. Why wasn't it made of metal—our metal—especially since it would then be more beautiful and efficient? I carried my idea to the sales manager. The maker of the toy was approached and a large order received. Success made me bold and I was able to make suggestions leading to further business.

Today our company is many times larger than it was when I first became an employe, and the department rooted in my original idea has been a measurable factor in its expansion. In the past decade I have found hundreds of ways of using our products and have even financed inventions utilizing worthwhile quantities of sheet metal.

Thus it may be seen that it was opportunity created from a seeming nothingness that provided the opening for which I had been seeking so long. If I hadn't gone ahead and made a way for myself I would probably still be copying figures into a book and making, say, twenty-seven-fifty a week. Experience and observation have about made me of the opinion that there is scarcely any job that does not provide a vantage place for the doing of something worth while, provided you are one who builds rather than waits for his opportunity.

—J. LEROY MILLER.

Learning to Think

A FRIEND of mine who holds a responsible and well-paid executive position with a national corporation dropped into my office the other day to thank me for teaching him how to think. He has been thanking me every time we've met, for twenty-five years; yet all I did for him was to induce him to withdraw, from my own firm, an order he was trying to place for a five-thousand-dollar stock of hardware.

It is my friend's opinion that the simple formula for compulsory thinking, worked out that day on the spur of the moment over my desk, saved him from at least one commercial failure. Since it was devised for just that purpose, he is probably correct. Moreover, I am convinced by later experience that nearly all the business failures

(Continued on Page 112)

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME

The PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD *carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America.*

Here they marshal mile-long trains like columns of disciplined troops

NIGHT and day, from North, South, East and West, the long freight trains pour into the Classification Yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad—often more than 2000 in a day.

These the yard masters manoeuver into line, deploy to outbound tracks, and speed again to every quarter of the country.

In this and the other phases of freight "classification" have come many of the increases in efficiency which, during the past four years have greatly speeded up Pennsylvania freight delivery.

Every retailer, wholesaler, manufacturer and farmer using the Pennsylvania Railroad can now operate more economically because of these enormous reductions in shipping time.

Money tied up in goods in transit is now released more quickly; breakage and spoilage have been reduced; green farm produce finds its way to market with its freshness unimpaired; above all, the huge inventories of supplies formerly held in reserve have been cut to the bone, freeing billions of dollars for productive work.

Now 6700 trains speed over the Pennsylvania each day

TO play its part in this business revolution, the Pennsylvania Railroad now moves 6700 separate trains each day—the largest operation of its kind in America.

From 2500 to 3000 of these are freight trains, operating on regular schedules on which business men have learned to depend just as they do on passenger service. In maintaining these schedules, the yard master and his assistants play a very vital part. On them falls the responsibility of sorting thousands of cars each day, assembling them into trains, and keeping the yards clear for the current movement. Today they are discharging with ever-increasing efficiency this responsibility to the public and to their 200,000 co-workers in the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Among the famous freight trains whose fast, sure performance has earned for them distinctive names are:

"SPARK PLUG"
Perishable Freight
From Cincinnati to Pittsburgh

"THE EAGLE"
Merchandise
From Cleveland to Seaboard Cities

"THE BIG SMOKE"
Merchandise
From Columbus to Chicago

"THE DIVIDEND"
Merchandise
From Wilkes-Barre to Pittsburgh

"THE IRON MASTER"
Merchandise
From Pittsburgh to New York

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

CRACKPROOF

The garden hose
which renders

Maximum Service

Sunproof is the same hose
with an attractive red cover

Your dealer can supply

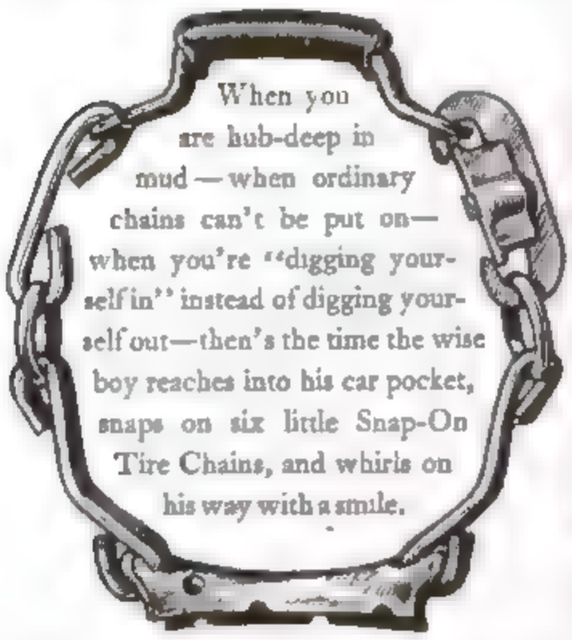
CRACKPROOF
OR
SUNPROOF

Manufactured by

PIONEER RUBBER MILLS

Rapidly becoming the world's largest manufacturer of garden hose

New York Chicago San Francisco
Seattle Tacoma Portland
Salt Lake City Denver Los Angeles


When you
are hub-deep in
mud — when ordinary
chains can't be put on—
when you're "digging your-
self in" instead of digging your-
self out—then's the time the wise
boy reaches into his car pocket,
snaps on six little Snap-On
Tire Chains, and whirls on
his way with a smile.

SNAP-ON
TIRE CHAINS

DON'T motor without them. On hard surfaced roads they lie flat on the tire and you won't know they're there. When the wheel slips they tip partly on edge and dig in. Can't slap mud guards or chafe tires

SOLD by the following chain stores: Kresge; Grant; McCrory; Metropolitan; F. & W. Grand; McLellan; Newberry; Steel's Consolidated, Green Stores; Murphy; Tottle; Gosselins; M. W. Savage; Eaton; Wood, Alexander & James; and Auto Dealers.

Prices and sizes: 3½" for 3½" tire only, 35c; 4-40" for 4-40" tire only, 35c; 4" for 4" tire only, 40c; 4½" for 4½ to 4-95" tire, 40c; 5" for 5 to 6-20" tire 45c; 7" for 6-00 to 7-30" tire, 50c

If your dealer hasn't stepped into it put us will send chains direct on receipt of price. Better order it at once. State sizes.

WOODWORTH SPECIALTIES CO.
Binghamton, N. Y. Established 1905

Two Men Digging Themselves In *Or One Man Digging Himself out*

(Continued from Page 110)

in this country—and we had more than 21,000 in 1925—are caused by our national habit of assuming that thinking is an automatic process. Men are being forever urged to think, but most of us do not know how to do it.

Before you put that down as absurd let me tell you the story of my friend. At the time the lesson was given I was head of a jobbing concern with a nation-wide business. Competition was keen all along the line, but particularly so for what we called "opening stocks"—the sale of a complete stock to a merchant opening a new store. For that reason, whenever a salesman located such a prospect, I gave the newcomer my personal attention.

One day a young fellow about whom I had had some correspondence with one of our salesmen sent in his card. The visitor had been employed in a wholesale hardware house. He knew all the lines and had been shopping around. Therefore it was quite a tribute to have him announce that he had selected ours to stock a store he was planning to open. Naturally I felt cordial toward him, and we had progressed almost to the point of discussing the assortment before I began to wonder whether it would be good business to accept his order.

The doubt developed the moment he named the town he had chosen. It was part of my job to know that it already contained eight hardware stores, and also that only one of them was making any profit to speak of. So I questioned the young man at some length. He told me his father had died recently, leaving $5000 in insurance. He and his mother had agreed that the young fellow's salary was not sufficient to keep up their standard of living, and the widow had willingly turned over the $5000 to set her son up in his own business.

A little more questioning made it evident that my visitor had thoroughly investigated the town, and the competition had left his enthusiasm unabated. The more I objected to it the more reasons he advanced why he could make good in the location. However, most of them finally boiled down to the fact that he wanted to live there, and the reason for that, I discovered, was because it was his girl's home town. Yet I couldn't convince him that the venture was doomed to failure until I had an inspiration.

"Let's be methodical about this," I suggested. "Take this sheet of paper and write down on it all the reasons why you should open your store in that particular town. Then we'll take another sheet and write down all the reasons against the enterprise. That will give us a clear picture of what to expect."

"But I don't know a single reason why I shouldn't start there," he objected.

"Let's try it, anyhow," said I. "We'll fill out the favorable sheet and see what information it gives us."

We never reached the second sheet! In response to my questions the prospect wrote down the amount of his capital, the weekly business he expected to do, his estimated turnover, the sum he intended to draw for living expenses, rent, heat, light and other inescapable costs. Instead of a profit, what he had left after completing the arithmetic was a deficit of $1600. It was all there in black and white. He had known it all along, but he hadn't known how to think about it.

I've used that method many times since then in solving my own problems, business and otherwise. There is nothing like it to set up a perspective showing both sides of any proposition in their true relation. One of the best evidences of its value lies in the fact that nearly everybody's initial reaction to the plan is the same as that of my friend. We are so prone to let our minds dally with the things we want to think, that we are unable to see the other side until we drive ourselves to the task.

Analyze the statistics of business failures and you will see more clearly what I mean. The reasons given all trace back to lack of thought. Insufficient capital is a failure to think. In some cases, no doubt, there is a lack of capacity for thinking, but in most instances I believe the capacity is there, and only the simple knowledge of how to think is lacking. For such minds the deadly parallel is a trouble saver.

My friend? He saw the point after figuring out the deficit, put the money in a savings bank, stuck to his job and began to study thinking. A few months later he thanked me for the first time, after a promotion with a substantial increase in pay. And—oh, yes, he married the girl.

SAUNDERS NORVELL.

Lemons Up to $8000

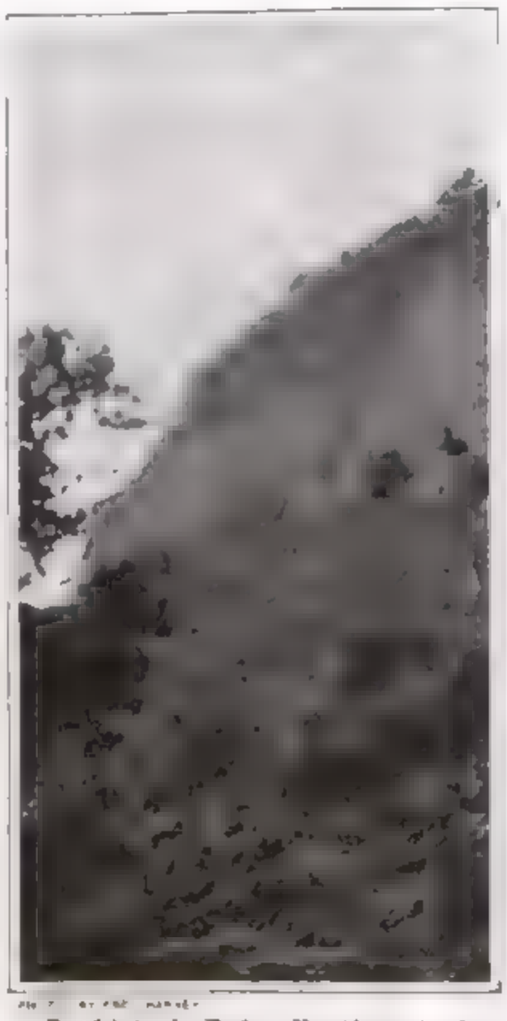
I AM a broker engaged in the selling of businesses. I deal with all classes, all ages, all nationalities. My clients are young men, perhaps just out of college, a newsboy who has saved a little, a young married man, or one in the late fifties; women too. Some have been coming for years, and leave the offices with the usual: "Now, if you have anything good, let me know." Clients are in three classes—lookers, just mentioned, bargain hunters and buyers.

They are all looking. Yet, if they buy, 85 per cent will be failures. Yes, 85 per cent, because 75 per cent of the businesses offered for sale are lemons. The other 25 per cent are for sale because a death really has occurred or because the owner is really retiring.

The four best sellers today are: Cigar stands, confectionery shops, delicatessens, creameries. At the present time there is a great rush for cigar stands, especially in office buildings. One I know has changed hands seven times within a few years. Why? The answer is, because it is a lemon. How then can it be sold, you will ask. Because the demand is so great and the majority of buyers are looking for short hours and no Sunday work.

A confectionery store or cigar stand, handling candy, magazines, papers, and so on, with a rental of about seventy-five dollars a month should do at least $285–$325 a week to be called a paying proposition. This does not apply to the strictly cigar store, where the profit is much smaller. A grocery with the same rental should do $600 and a delicatessen about $500 a week. A creamery is also considered good at $500 a week.

Of course there are places fixed for the sucker, ones that look good, but with income inflated or boosted by friends of the storekeeper.



Prehistoric Ruins Northwest of Santa Fé, New Mexico

There is the secondhand fixture company, too, which rents a store and installs elaborate fixtures. A man or woman is then hired and the business is advertised as a rare bargain. The argument to the prospective purchaser is that the fixtures alone are worth the price asked, and strange to say, the argument rarely fails. But one cannot live on fixtures, which, once secondhand, would not fetch one-quarter the value as listed, unless sold as a going business to another sucker.

Thus people buy lemons. I have seen the finest businesses offered for sale, but no bites.

A certain article, now nationally known, was listed for sale with me about six years ago for $1000. Although well advertised, there wasn't even a bite. Today this article brings its owner $75,000 annually from royalties.

Sometimes a person buys a good-paying place and kills the business himself, through his own fault. His personality may be the cause for this, or he may leave the business too much to hired help. I remember a certain foreigner—a charwoman—who wished to buy a rooming house in an exclusive neighborhood. It had taken her a little over nine years to save the money to do this. She was strongly advised not to buy, and told in plain English that the roomers were not in her class. She was indignant and bought the house through another agent.

She paid $900 down payment on the lease and furnishings, the total amount being $3000. In less than three months she had an empty house; the previous owner foreclosed and this woman is now charring again. However, I know a certain woman who purchased a rooming house with a $1600 down payment and resold it at a $500 profit and leased a four-suite-apartment building. This she furnished and sold, and then leased a twelve-suite apartment building and furnished it. In five years, she has two apartment buildings—on lease basis—one with 120 rooms and the other seventy-five rooms, the net income being a little over $1600 a month on both buildings. Leasing and furnishing apartment buildings is often a good investment, either for a man or woman.

Now a word about partnerships. This applies to office businesses, for one rarely sees "a partner wanted for store." The buyer is different from the store buyer. He is usually a vice president, manager, or an accountant of a large company. The prospect of being his own boss looks good to him, and with this in mind he plunges quickly, as a rule. Going into partnership is a step one should consider well, for it is like getting married. Personally, I do not believe in business partnerships, too many are unsuccessful.

Points one should know when buying a business are:

How long the present owner has owned the business. Not merely how long the business has been established.

When a rental and an income are given, don't deduct the rental from the income first and then work out the profit, but find the net profit from the income first and then deduct the rent and other expenses. There is many a sorry person who knows this now.

If in doubt about the income of a certain business, try for a trial, or arrange to stay with the owner a week or so. Ask for a trial by offering to place a substantial deposit in escrow in any bank.

A goodwill cannot be guaranteed.

Always see the landlord or his agent before buying, even if the lease, if any, can be transferred without consent of owner. This applies to rooming-house and furnished-apartment buyers also.

If dealing direct with the owner of the business, let an attorney or a business broker read your lease before parting with your money.

Remember it's easy parting, but hard to get back.

If dealing with a broker, tell him the truth about your financial circumstances.

COLDEST, LIVEST SODAS Come from *Liquid* Fountains

Because they chill – not some – but ALL ingredients

Recently has appeared a new-type Soda Fountain electrically refrigerated, in which engineering feats regarded as impossible have been accomplished.

Thousands have already been installed. And Prof. G. F. Gebhardt of Armour Institute of Technology has tested this creation in temperatures from 95° to 98°.

He has found that even in this extreme heat it keeps ice cream from becoming soft. And this although the covers be frequently removed from the cans inside.

He has found that the ice cream at the top and bottom does not vary 2°. And that this new fountain keeps all other ingredients cold besides—Crushed Fruits, Syrups and the Soda Water itself. This prevents spoilage, and permits high carbonation.

Our engineers have devised a way to maintain automatically, in a single fountain, the five separate temperatures that its various sections require.

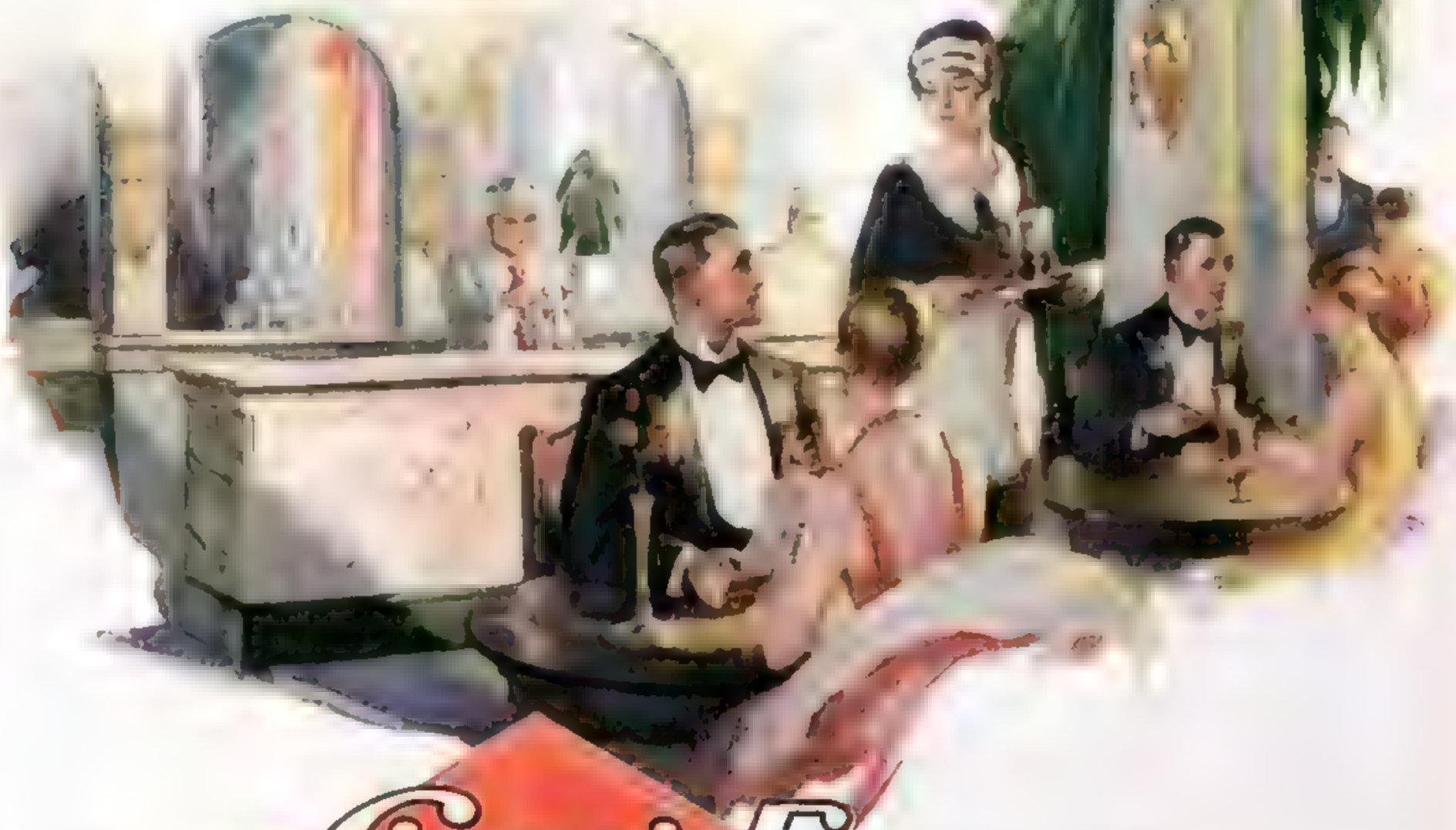
Hence come the most luscious sodas yet prepared—never flat or insipid—but live, frosty, fresh and appetizing

This new beauty—the Liquid Mechanicold—is another achievement of the Liquid Carbonic Corporation—the world's largest makers of Soda Fountains.

And besides, we make more Bottler's Machinery and Carbonic Gas for charging soft drinks than any other concern.

Indeed, no single institution is doing more to help refresh the thirst of dry America Yet we make no drinks ourselves.

THE LIQUID CARBONIC CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



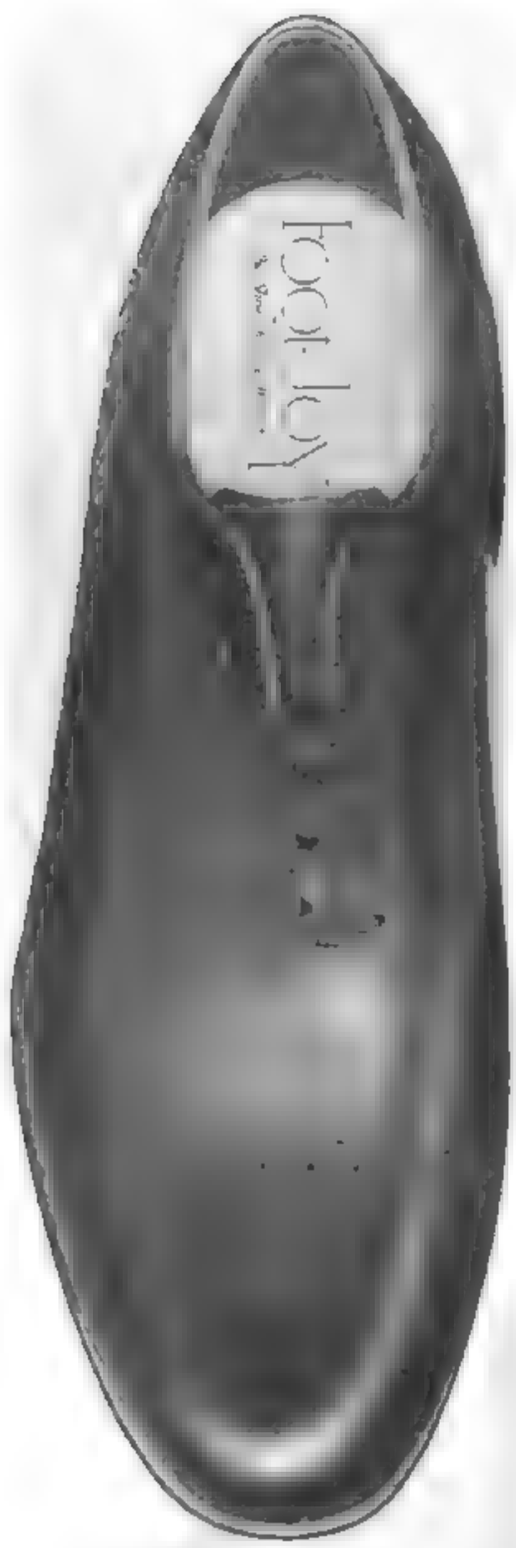
Liquid MECHANICOLD FOUNTAIN Here

Wherever You See this Red Diamond, park near-by and go in for a Soda de Luxe

The better drink places are displaying Liquid's Red Diamond more and more, so the public will know where good drinks await them in Bottles or Glasses.

ATLANTA
BALTIMORE
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CLEVELAND
CINCINNATI
DALLAS
DENVER
DETROIT
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSONVILLE
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE
MEMPHIS
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
HAVANA

Liquid



Foot-Joy

"The Shoe that's Different"

THE business of FOOT-JOY shoes is to keep the nerves and muscles which play an important part in the human walking mechanism happy.

The entire weight of a man's body is on the bottom of his feet. FOOT-JOY shoes are constructed with the proper foundation to carry this weight in comfort and keep the muscles and nerves in a natural condition. This, in spite of the unyielding surfaces of cement, concrete or tile on which practically all walking today is done.

It is not necessary to wear ugly looking shoes in order to get comfort and the proper support. Send for catalogue showing smart styles in FOOT-JOY, "The Shoe That's Different."

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.
Also makers of
The famous Anatomic Shoes for Men

Name .....

Address .....

THE MAKING OF A MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 39)

feel good because the figures in my pass book showed a nice balance: and it made the bank's directors feel good, because my business was a little more profitable than that of the financiers who borrowed and checked out the same day. But I couldn't have done this if I had always crowded my bank credit to the limit in order to earn every last cash discount on my merchandise bills. Efficiency experts to the contrary, I believe it pays to lose a dollar or so occasionally. Years later, during the hottest part of the depression of 1920–21, I again enlarged my premises by the purchase of another fifty-foot slice of Market Street real estate, and had no trouble in getting bank accommodation, though on the same day I closed the deal I heard a brother merchant say resentfully: "There isn't a real banker in Centreton. They're just a bunch of pawnbrokers!"

In 1912 the Peter Sherwood Company reached a volume of sales amounting to $1,000,000. Since then, this business has trebled; but at the time it seemed incredible that such a sum should have passed through my hands during a single year. I was not and never have been a business genius, whatever that term may mean. Merely, as I figured it, I had used ordinary business judgment and tried to meet my every-day problems in the common-sense ways to which I had been trained during the 80's and 90's. For the rest, I had been carried along on the tide of prosperity that had come to our country through the amazing energy and ambition of the race we call Americans.

By 1912 business in the United States had organized itself generally along the lines that maintain at the present time; and at this point it may be well to trace the successive steps in its evolution. The first departure from European tradition was the changing of the old-time general merchandise establishments into department stores. Along with this went the development of the great mail-order houses. A little later the chain stores began to spread over the country. In a space of barely twenty years the buying habits of a nation had been revolutionized and the main streets of every town and city in the country profoundly changed.

Buying Without Haggling

The most simple thing in the world was behind this tremendous evolution. It was the adoption of the one-price system in selling. When I started work back in the 80's almost every purchase was a contest between customer and salesman over the matter of price, and under such conditions retail stores were generally small affairs, because the sales were limited to the amount of merchandise that could be sold by a few experts working directly under the supervision of their employer, who was the court of last resort on the price the customer finally paid. Even in many metropolitan stores articles were marked only in ciphers indicating the cost, and the salesman's salary depended upon his ability to secure the greatest possible profit. In those days people were suspicious; the word "cheat" was a part of the popular vocabulary. "They cheated me on this suit of clothes," or, "Don't go to So-and-So's; he'll cheat you!"

All this was changed as merchants more and more began to mark their goods in plain figures and to sell to everyone at the same price. When people found it was no longer necessary to haggle they bought more freely. The small shops found they could expand; and that by piling quantities of plainly marked merchandise on the counters people would practically wait on themselves. Because people had more confidence in merchandising, they began to be more willing to buy the articles illustrated in mail-order catalogues. The same conditions led to the success of the chain stores that depend on a lavish display of their wares rather than on expert, personal salesmanship.

The department stores, the mail-order houses and the chain stores had their chance because of the one-price system. But who, actually, made the one-price system possible? I know I am getting on debatable ground, but I believe it could not have come about so promptly except for certain courageous manufacturers who began the practice of setting a fixed price on their product and advertising to the public that the product might be purchased from local merchants at that price only.

Depots of Distribution

I know a lot of merchants won't agree with me. At every convention I attend the question is debated whether a manufacturer has a right to dictate what shall be done with his merchandise after a merchant has bought and paid for it, and generally a good deal of steam is let off on the subject. The main trouble seems to be that some are afraid that if the manufacturers dictate prices they will pretty soon dictate on other subjects. I went to the last convention, along with Henry Gilder, of Gilder and Scruggs here in Centreton, and on the train coming home Henry was pretty well worked up over a speech he had heard, in which a big manufacturer was quoted as saying that the department stores of the country were "mere convenient depots of distribution." I asked Henry why that worried him.

"Because it shows they think we don't do anything to earn our profit," Henry answered. "The next step will be that the manufacturers will establish their own stores, or else make us sell on such a small margin that we can't get along."

"Lots of manufacturers are running their own stores now," I said, "but I don't see many first-class merchants going bankrupt. And when it comes to the question of a manufacturer cutting me down below a living profit on his goods, there are two sides to it. What is there to prevent me from putting in some other line and pushing it harder than I do his line? It becomes, then, a question of who has more influence with the people of Centreton—Peter Sherwood, or some manufacturer a thousand or so miles away. If Peter Sherwood doesn't win in such a contest then it is time for him to shut up shop!"

No matter what brought it about, the department stores, the mail-order houses and the chain stores had come into their own by 1912, the year I had my first $1,000,000 turnover. By that time, too, another feature had come into retailing—in the shape of the ladies' ready-to-wear business—that proved more revolutionary than any previous development, both from its influence on the merchant and on the public. Up to about 1907 there were hardly any exclusive ladies' ready-to-wear shops; we did not have one in Centreton until 1910; what little business there was in the line before that was handled by the department stores. I am told that at the present time there are in the country more than 25,000 places that sell ladies' ready-to-wear goods, and that more money is spent on them than for anything else except food.

It is curious how one thing leads to another. This huge industry that has grown so amazingly is really a result of the automobile and motion-picture industries. In the old days the woman in comfortable financial circumstances came to the dry-goods store for her materials and then either took the materials to a dressmaking establishment, or engaged a seamstress to come to her home, or did the work herself. In due time she had her finished dress. But as the manufacturing activity of the country increased, domestic help became harder to get and fewer women had the time for such leisurely methods. Then a family car was bought and a motion-picture house was opened up in the neighborhood, and she had still less time. The final result was the ready-to-wear business.

When I reached my $1,000,000 volume in 1912 I was operating twenty separate departments. Before that I had bought most of the merchandise myself, with the help of Mr. Troop and Mary Mulvey, but with such a volume it was necessary to delegate a good portion of it, and here I ran up against the most difficult situation of my whole career. I have heard it said that in modern merchandising the buying is 60 per cent of the game and selling only 40 per cent. That may be a little overstating it, but not much. The old saying that "goods well bought are half sold" is not so far wrong. You would naturally think that the best sales people make the best buyers, but it doesn't always work out that way.

When I was casting about to organize my buying force almost my first thought was of a young fellow who had started in with me as a boy out of grammar school and who had worked himself up to be head salesman in the men's department. I won't call him by his real name, because he is working at present in a store not a thousand miles from Centreton—for this purpose we'll say his name was Hector. Hector was twenty-six or twenty-seven at the time and as nice a boy as anyone would want to meet—quiet, pleasant-spoken, serious. Naturally, he was pretty well pleased when I told him I was going to give him a trial as buyer for his department and that as a starter he was to take a week's trip to New York to pick up some merchandise in the men's furnishings line.

He left one Saturday night and got back the following Saturday, looking pretty well fagged out. When I asked him how he had got along he said he had lined up some stuff that we would make a killing on, but when his purchases began coming in I had my doubts. Our trade has always been pretty conservative, and of course in a town the size of Centreton we don't sell much high-priced merchandise; but Hector had evidently forgotten all about home conditions, for his goods were mainly of the styles seen in the White Light belt of Broadway above Forty-second Street. For one thing, I remember he had bought a line of neckties to retail at six dollars apiece, when at that time we had never had a tie in the store above three dollars. I gave about half of them away as presents the following Christmas. Hector was pretty silent about the details of his trip, but little by little they leaked out from one source or another.

Friendly Salesmen

The trouble was, Hector lost his head over his change of status. It seems that on the way down to New York he met with some other buyers at a talkfest in the Pullman smoker, where quite a lot of big conversation went on about how to beat the buying game, and Hector became fired with the ambition to be as clever as some of his new friends claimed to be. I had suggested to him that he should stick mainly to the old-line houses that I had bought from for years; but there was a little party at the hotel the first night in New York at which some manufacturers' salesmen acted as generous hosts, and Hector let himself be persuaded that he ought to survey the market and see what bargains were on hand before placing any orders with the old houses.

One of the manufacturers' salesmen offered to guide him around, and almost before he knew it, Hector's whole week was booked up with luncheon and dinner engagements and theater parties and what not; all the entertainment being at the expense of various salesmen. Toward the end of the week, I understand, they were coming around to his hotel and buying his

(Continued on Page 116)

Not one flavor...but many mingled flavors

—a mellow richness that has brought this blend such fame as never before came to a coffee

"Of the good things we have tasted in our lives," says a noted writer on foods, "most of us recall one or two most vividly of all—certain dishes in which we encountered a blend of flavors so enticing—so masterly that we cannot forget them.

"Back of the keenest pleasures of the table whether in a sauce, in a salad or a cup of coffee, lies always the work of some talented person who has joined taste with taste as a composer joins note with note in working out his harmonies."

Countless men and women who understand the fine points of good living have long set high value on this art of blending—and perhaps in coffee most of all.

With hundreds of kinds and grades of coffees brought from distant countries, with almost infinite shades of natural flavor to choose from, these Americans have been pleased with none of them.

Fame seldom equalled in the history of food has today come to one special mingling of flavors—to a blend of coffees perfected years ago in the South.

A Southerner with an inborn genius for flavor, living in a land of critical tastes, Joel Cheek, down in old Tennessee created a blend which is today changing the habits of a nation.

Chosen by the most critical men and women of America

It was a particular touch of richness, a shade of difference in Joel Cheek's blend that first won it the approval of the great families of Dixie. Long ago it became the favorite of the cities of the South.

Today throughout the whole United States this same blend is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale. Maxwell House has swiftly become by far the largest selling coffee in all America—the first choice of a long list of our notable cities.

In the full-bodied goodness and rich aroma of this blend your family will find a new contentment at breakfast and at dinner. That same shade of mellow difference which has delighted the most critical men and women of the country is now offered to you. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

Served for years to the notables of old Dixie at the Maxwell House in Nashville, the fame of Joel Cheek's blend was soon carried through the whole South

"Good to the last drop"

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

It Struck her like a FLASH of Lightning
A FINE looking room completely disfigured by an ugly crack in the plaster. If it were only a broken chair or a cracked picture frame, in fact anything that could be easily removed—but cracked walls and ceilings destroy forever the beauty of a room.
Safeguard your home from such unsightly cracks. Make its beauty permanent You can do all of this by building with Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath. This lath also strengthens the whole construction and gives you increased fire safety. And you gain all these important advantages with a building economy that will surprise you.
Write today for a sample of Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath, the finest plaster base that science has developed. Mail coupon and your sample will go to you at once.
Herringbone
Doublemesh
Galvanized or Painted Steel
Metal Lath
THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING
BUILDING PRODUCTS
BETTER PLASTERING
Members of the National Council for Better Plastering

(Continued from Page 114)

breakfasts. Being human, Hector couldn't accept all these courtesies without buying some merchandise from the fellows who were so nice to him. Life seemed a pretty gay adventure with money being spent so freely, and naturally, the merchandise he bought reflected the taste of upper Broadway rather than that of the farmers and middle-class people of Centreton.

Always, since that time, when my buyers go to market I have told them to buy their dinners and theater tickets at my expense. It's going to be on me anyhow in the long run, and the cost is less where the money is paid out to begin with, instead of being concealed in the merchandise. It's pretty hard to beat the other fellow's game. The last time I went to market I heard of a case where a buyer for a department store out West had a habit of using abusive language as a means of getting his merchandise at bargain figures. Nothing was ever cheap enough for him. The wholesalers were crooks. It was blankety-blank robbery to ask such prices, and so on. At one firm that the buyer patronized, the head house salesman went to his chief after a particularly spicy session with this customer and said he wouldn't stand any more of it, even if it meant giving up his job. The chief happens to be a little of a humorist. "You wouldn't mind it so much," he suggested, "if you could get back at him some way?" The salesman said he might bear it in such a case.

"All right then," was the verdict of the chief. "Every time that fellow comes in here after this, quote prices 10 per cent above regular. If he wants to blackguard us he can pay for the privilege!"

The funny part of it is that the buyer continues to patronize the firm. All the time he buys he is so busy with his vituperations that he never studies the prices.

Out of a lot of experimenting, I have found it doesn't pay to run too much after bargains. If you make a practice of trading with certain standard firms and stick to them, they will let you in on any good things that turn up, because your business is worth something to them, which isn't the case if you constantly change from one house to another.

A Bargain Turned Down

When the ladies' ready-to-wear business began to become such a big item, along in 1912, I engaged a young man by the name of Howard to run the department, and he and I went together to New York to buy merchandise. One day a manufacturer showed us some dresses at $21.50 apiece that Howard said were good value and he believed we ought to buy 100 of the number. I didn't know much about ready-to-wear goods at that time—in fact, I was just stringing along with Howard to get him started—and I told him to use his own judgment. Then I went on downtown, saying I would meet him at the hotel in the evening.

When we met he was all pepped up with enthusiasm and had quite a story to tell about how he had pulled off a good thing in buying the dresses. It seems he went after the manufacturer for a reduction on the $21.50 price, in as much as he was prepared to place an order for 100 pieces, but the manufacturer said it couldn't be done, as he had already figured very closely. But Howard kept pushing his point, saying how much stuff the Peter Sherwood Company was in position to buy every year and all that; and finally the manufacturer agreed to split the difference and to make up 100 garments according to sample for $20.75 apiece.

"A pretty good afternoon's work," Howard told me proudly. "I saved seventy-five dollars on the one purchase."

I asked him if he didn't believe the dresses were good value at the original price of $21.50, and he said they were.

"That being the case," I told him, "I think you had better get the manufacturer on the phone the first thing in the morning and tell him to bill the goods at $21.50."

"But, Mr. Sherwood," Howard protested, "I've already bought the merchandise for less money. I've more than saved our railroad fares on the one item."

"Maybe so," I answered. "I don't know as much about the ready-to-wear specialty as you do, but I've been in business a good long time and I know this: That manufacturer is human just the same as you and I are, and he's not going to give us something for nothing. Somehow, somewhere, he'll take that seventy-five cents off the value of the garment, and then the Peter Sherwood Company will be selling goods not quite up to standard. We don't want to do that, and it wouldn't be good business if we did want to, because eventually our customers would find it out and the store would get a shady reputation. I think you'd better phone that manufacturer in the morning."

Overalls à la Mode

I am going to say something here that may bring the hornets about my head: Taking it straight through, I have found women to be more satisfactory buyers than men, in a good many lines. Why? Because for one thing, women are not so temperamental as men. I've got to prove that statement, haven't I? Well, men are more easily swayed by the ingratiating attentions of salesmen. A good dinner or an invitation to the theater will often work wonders on a man buyer when it would have no effect on a woman. I can't imagine any woman buyer ever losing her head over a few meals and theater tickets the way Hector did on his unfortunate trip to New York. I suppose it is because we men don't get much flattery, and when we do get it we feel under obligation to pay for it in some way. But a woman accepts social attention as her rightful due. She may think the person who spends money for her entertainment is mighty nice, but it does not occur to her that she should buy a bill of goods from him in return for his courtesies.

There is another point of temperament where we men are apt to be outclassed by women as buyers. Almost always a man looks on an article he is thinking of buying purely as a piece of merchandise—something to be put in stock and sold to someone. There is nothing of the personal element about it. But when a woman buyer looks at the same article there is usually the question in the back of her mind as to whether or not she would like to have the article for her personal use. Goods bought with this personal viewpoint are apt to sell.

I have never believed greatly in coöperative buying, though a good many of my friends in the department-store trade do. Along in 1913 I joined an organization composed of about a dozen other retailers, with headquarters in New York, where we were in position to do business with manufacturers on a mass basis and get inside quantity prices. We did save money in many cases, but so far as I was concerned I always thought the savings were to a certain extent offset by the fact that I often took merchandise that did not especially suit my trade, simply because I could get it at a low price. I like my buyers to do business, as much as possible, at home, with traveling men who bring their samples into the store, because then we get the home-town viewpoint.

I stayed in the coöperative organization only a couple of years. The war came on and buying became more or less a lost art. It was not a case of what you wanted to buy, but of what you could get. Few merchants like to look back on that period. The demand was tremendous, and a store could sell almost anything, and at any price. Inevitably, buyers were tempted to place orders here and there, wherever a manufacturer or wholesaler would hold out the slightest promise of delivering the goods, hoping, out of a multiplicity of orders, to get enough merchandise to supply the demands of eager customers. Thousands of bankruptcies were contracted for during that hectic period, to materialize later. Late in 1919 merchants began to hear rumors that manufacturing plants were catching up on production, and in an incredibly short time the goods that had been so lightly ordered began pouring in. By March of 1920 the jazz period of post-war business was over. The headache was yet to come.

If there was any merchant who actually got the money he thought he was making during the war and the jazz period afterward, I have yet to meet him. The bubble broke without much warning. In the spring of 1920 there was talk that prices were going to be still higher. Some of the great manufacturing concerns in the country had already announced substantial advances in their price lists. The buyers' strike got a lot of newspaper publicity, but like any movement that has no one in particular to push it, there was little practical result. Whatever it might have accomplished was largely nullified by the great American sense of humor that insists on taking its troubles with a laugh. At the time when it was being advocated that men should wear overalls as a protest against the price of clothing, a joker here in Centreton went to an exclusive tailor and had a suit of overalls with expensive trimmings made for himself, paying something like $100 for the outfit, and then had his picture taken for the newspapers. People laughed and took it as a sign that high prices would continue.

But many of us merchants knew better. We knew we had stuff on our shelves that was not really worth what we had paid for it. There is a kind of sixth sense that comes to a man who deals intimately with the public for a long time; and we realized that even though prices could be maintained, the public simply would not be able to buy. Then one morning in May the newspapers carried on their front pages the startling information that a great department-store owner in New York had publicly announced his belief that prices were too high and had decreed a 20 per cent discount sale of his huge stocks of merchandise.

Post-War Readjustment

I sensed that the time had come for action. On my way downtown that morning I called on some of the other merchants to find out how they were going to handle the situation. Opinion was pretty well divided. Some were convinced that the time had come to take their losses, though others believed they might be able to string along without making reductions, and might work off their stocks on the public before wholesale prices should break badly. Generally, it was the old-timers who were ready to take their medicine, while the younger ones, whose experiences had been mostly in fair-weather merchandising, thought they might somehow get from under.

Those who acted most promptly came out the best. Of the larger dealers, Gilder and Scrugge and I decided to put on 20 per cent discount sales at once, and certainly our judgment was justified by the way the public responded. It must be remembered that the crisis of 1920 was not really a panic, but a readjustment. For practically five years there had been a scarcity of merchandise and prices had steadily gone up, as they always do when the seller has the upper hand. People had almost forgotten there were such things as bargains; so those of us who put on our sales in the spring and early summer of 1920 were presenting something quite novel and startling. The merchants who put off their reductions until fall had to stand much more serious losses, because by then the novelty of the situation had worn off. In November and December of that year many dealers who counted optimistically on working off their stocks at the old figures were frantically advertising merchandise at fifty cents on the dollar, without any great rush of buyers. Fortunately for everyone, these were in the minority. Generally, the retailers

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Cyclone Fence
Reg U.S.Pat. Off.

The joy of owning "a home of your own" cannot be fully realized until it is strictly your own—enclosed with an appropriate Cyclone "Complete Fence."

Then privacy begins at the boundary of your lot, instead of at the entrance of your house. Intrusion stops—your lawn and landscaping are protected from vandalism. The beauty and value of the premises increase.

Cyclone "Complete Fence" is made to measure to fit your lot. Furnished complete with ornamental lawn fabric, tubular steel posts and framework, gates and fittings, ready to erect.

For back yards, ornamental fabric may be purchased in rolls, any length, and erected on inexpensive steel posts furnished by your hardware dealer.

If you are going to build, write Cyclone Lawn Fence into the specifications. If your home is already constructed, protect and beautify it with a Cyclone Fence enclosure. Cyclone Lawn Fence is sold by hardware and department stores everywhere. Identify it by the Cyclone "Red Tag" before you buy.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY
MAIN OFFICES, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

Works and Offices: North Chicago, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio
Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas

Pacific Coast Distributors: Standard Fence Co., Oakland, Calif.
Northwest Fence & Wire Works, Portland, Ore.

Branch offices in all principal cities

For Industrial Property: *Cyclone Invincible Fence, Chain Link fabric, tubular steel posts and framework. Extension arms carry 3 barb wires.*

For Country Homes and Estates: *Cyclone Safeguard Fence, tubular steel posts and framework. Standard height, 6 ft. Built in heights from 4 to 10 feet, inclusive.*

For Residences: *Cyclone Wrought Iron Fence, furnished in a variety of standard designs, also built in special designs from architects' drawings.*

For Schools and Playgrounds: *Cyclone Safeguard Fence, Chain Link fabric, tubular steel posts and framework with Copperweld bearing steel*

Cyclone Catch-All Basket For Safe Bonfires. Sold by hardware and department stores everywhere.

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CYCLONE PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

Many heroes forfeited their lives for failure to out run Atalanta —and Hippomenes won the race and her hand only by throwing golden apples ahead of her, which she stopped to pick up. So Swinburne wrote of: "Arcadian Atalanta, snowy souled—fair as the dawn and footed as the wind"

THE
COMMANDER
Studebaker's Big Six Brougham

$1585 *f. o. b. factory*

including front and rear bumpers

THE beautiful silvered figure of Atalanta is poised on the radiator of The Commander, Studebaker's Big Six Brougham, to symbolize its beauty of line, speed and power.

You are captain of the boulevards and master of the open road when you sit at the wheel of this Big Six Brougham—commander of thrilling power that only seven American cars can equal, and they cost from two to five times more.

The Commander will idle smoothly or take the throttle for acceleration at 3 miles per hour. It will sweep from 5 to 40 miles per hour in 18.4 seconds. It will deliver 70 miles an hour easily, smoothly!

Put The Commander against any test you want. Charge it against the steepest hill. Let it out down the free stretches. Then you'll know why the Studebaker Big Six outsells every other car of equal or greater rated horsepower.

At its new low price of $1585—this Custom Brougham is the latest triumph of Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture.

Equipment Nickel-plated bumpers, front and rear; no-draft ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker), snubbers; full-size balloon tires, disc wheels and positive acting four-wheel mechanical brakes, engine thermometer and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on dash; two-beam acorn headlights controlled from steering wheel; cowl lights and interior dome light; rear traffic signal light; automatic windshield cleaner and rear-vision mirror; oil filter; silken curtains; Butler finish hardware.

Atalanta—symbol of Studebaker Custom Cars

STUDEBAKER

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were prompt to take their losses, so the big postwar stocks were moved before the credit structure of the country was badly strained. The period of readjustment did not develop into a money panic as it might have done

Still, it was inevitable that such a crisis should bring about changes. A good many of the innovations that have crept into business during recent years can be traced directly back to the 1920 liquidations. The so-called "hand-to-mouth buying" is one of them. I remember once talking with a man named Caldwell, who was manager for one of the national credit agencies here in Centreton, and he was telling me how temperamental the business men were with whom he came into contact in his work, and how it is human nature to go from one extreme to the other.

"When an average man goes into any business where he has to extend credit," Caldwell said, "he usually starts out by being more liberal than he ought to be, and gets people on his books who have no business to be there. Then some of these sting him for good-sized amounts and his whole attitude changes. He gets the idea no one at all is worthy of credit, and he tightens up to such an extent that he drives away business he ought to have."

This is precisely the effect the 1920 slump had on a good many merchants in regard to their buying. During all the jazz period they had made frantic efforts to buy goods anywhere and in any quantities. Merchandising was, apparently, a sure-thing game. Customers did not bother much about price. Even the goods that stayed on a merchant's shelves made money for him as wholesale prices went higher and higher.

Then came 1920, and almost overnight conditions were reversed. The man who thought he was worth $100,000 because his stock of goods inventoried that sum, suddenly learned that he was worth only $50,000 or $60,000, and naturally he began to regard a big stock as a dangerous thing. Then he remembered how economists for years had preached the gospel of turnover, and he began trying to see how little merchandise he could carry and still do the same amount of business. I know I was tempted to do this myself. When the slump came I was carrying close to $250,000 worth of merchandise; and even though I acted as quickly as anyone, I took a net loss of $50,000 by the time I finished my cut-price sales and marked down the stuff that remained. The normal business of the Peter Sherwood Company at the time was around $2,000,000 a year; and I instructed the buyers for the various departments that they must get along on a third less stock and try to do the same volume by buying oftener and in smaller quantities.

Hand to Mouth

Like a lot of other business men, I found that a good theory is good only up to a certain point, and that a merchant who relies too much on turnover puts himself in the position of the fellow who never allows himself more than just the minimum number of minutes to catch a train—he catches it if everything works perfectly, but every once in a while something unexpected happens and he misses it. Well, it was that way with my scheme to do the same business with a third less stock. In order to make it work 100 per cent, it was necessary that the buyer put in his orders just in the nick of time, that the manufacturer or the wholesaler have the goods all ready to ship at a moment's notice, and that the railroads maintain their schedules with never a slip. Naturally, this was depending too much on human perfection; and I found, after a few months, that sales had a tendency to run behind, because articles would be temporarily out of stock.

I didn't at once realize that this was the reason, and I suppose the sales people didn't realize it, either, because it is a simple enough matter, when a customer comes in and asks for something that is not on hand, to say it has been ordered and will be on hand in a few days, and to ask the customer to come back again. Well, customers don't always come back and it isn't reasonable to ask them to. I got this slant on it from an outsider, and in a way that made me remember.

It came about this way: I was elected president of the Centreton Chamber of Commerce for 1922, and one of the activities decided on for the year's work was a big buy-at-home campaign, designed to habituate the citizens of the community to use home-manufactured goods as much as possible, and to induce the people in the surrounding country to trade with the merchants of Centreton instead of going to other places or sending their money away to mail-order houses. We had spent quite a bit of money on publicity, telling the farmers and small-town people how desirable a place Centreton was to trade, and how the merchants were intent on service

A Lesson From Bill Sluder

Among other things, we arranged free parking space for visitors' teams and automobiles, and also, at chamber of commerce headquarters, we fitted up a big comfortable rest room, with easy-chairs and writing tables, and so on. In connection with my duties as president of the chamber, I went to the headquarters every morning, and one day as I walked through the rest room I saw an old fellow named Bill Sluder, with his wife and two or three children, gathered about one of the writing tables. I had known Bill ever since he was a young hired man for different farmers in the Baxter's Mills neighborhood. He was always a pretty shrewd, industrious fellow, and had finally become a prosperous farmer on his own account.

I stopped a minute to talk with him and his wife, and then I saw what the family was doing in our chamber of commerce rest room. They had brought the big catalogue of a Chicago mail-order house and were thumbing over the pages, picking out an assortment of stuff that Bill's wife was writing down on a sheet of paper, while Bill himself was counting a roll of bills preparatory to going to the post office for a money order to send to Chicago. Glancing over Mrs. Sluder's shoulder, I noticed the sheet of paper she was writing on was one of the letterheads of our buy-at-home committee.

It seemed such a good joke on our live-wire business men that I couldn't help laughing.

"You can laugh all you want to, Pete," Bill remarked caustically, "but if you were in my shoes I'll bet you'd do the same thing. I've read all the pamphlets your chamber of commerce sends around the country telling what wonderful merchants you have and how they only live to serve the public, and I'd just as soon trade in Centreton as anywhere else if I could always be sure of getting what I wanted. But with all your big talk, I find your merchants don't serve the public as well as they used to do. You know I live twelve miles out and I don't use a car. It's pretty near a day's job to drive in with a team of horses, so we don't come more than once every couple of weeks. It seems, for the last year or so, we can never find all the stuff we want. Always there are some items that all the storekeepers are just out of, but expecting in a day or so. Maybe you'll laugh still more, Pete, when I tell you my wife was in your own store this morning and that very remark was made to her in two different departments. We've got so all-fired sick of it that we decided to bring along the mail-order catalogue, and in case we couldn't get all the things we wanted, to send to Chicago for the whole lot!"

Here was a new angle to the turnover idea that we merchants were all so keen about. We were figuring how closely we could clip the corners in catching our train, and we didn't always catch it. At the next meeting of the chamber of commerce I told the story of Bill Sluder, and then got a committee of merchants together to investigate if we deserved the title we had taken to ourselves—"Buyers for the Community." When we got down to cold facts it turned out we weren't doing so well. A good proportion of the storekeepers were sending orders to manufacturers and wholesalers in driblets. Among the data we collected were the records of a big wholesale hardware house in Pittsburgh that showed more than three-fourths of its orders received from retail merchants—not only in Centreton, but throughout its entire territory—were in amounts less than ten dollars. The records also showed that any single order for less than twenty dollars was filled at a loss.

People who live from hand to mouth never get very far in this life, and that goes for business men as well as private individuals. It is against reason to believe that prices can be kept down if merchants push the hand-to-mouth idea so far that the wholesalers handle three-fourths of their orders at less than cost. Someone must pay. As I see it, the one great contribution America has made toward the well-being of the world is the economy embodied in what we call factory mass production. But you can't have mass production if those who vend goods across retail counters dam up the stream by trying to make someone else take all the chances.

As I said a while back, I bought another fifty-foot strip of Market Street property during the slump of 1920, but for several years I used the old buildings as they were. It was not until last fall that the building operations were finished that gave the Peter Sherwood Company its five-story home, covering half a block, and that has more than once been mentioned in the trade press as one of the best-equipped department stores in the country.

A Good Competitor

Personally, I have had a lot of fun all these years; and not the least of it has been my association with the solid merchants who have steered their enterprises through the ups and downs of business life in Centreton along with me. On the day of the formal opening of the Peter Sherwood Company's new home there was quite a gala time; the store was all decorated with flowers and banners, telegrams of congratulation coming in from wholesale houses, and thousands of Centreton people milling through the aisles.

Along in mid-afternoon I was standing on the office balcony at the rear, when I saw coming in the front entrance a straggling committee of five men, following a florist's helper who carried a great floral horseshoe. The five men were: John Gauley, furniture merchant; Scott Fentiman, drugs; Abe Morris, clothing; James Watson, shoes, and Henry Gilder, of the rival department store of Gilder and Scruggs. Of all the merchants in Centreton, these five are the only ones who were in business when I made my start on the first day of June, 1893. The floral horseshoe was for me, and attached to it was a card that I mightily prize:

TO PETER SHERWOOD, A GOOD COMPETITOR

If I were to start life all over again I wouldn't know of any career to adopt that for sheer interest could beat that of retail merchant. Almost every day during all these years, I have dealt in something new. There was drama in the merchandise that I bought and in the people who came to buy it from me. My store has been a living, vital thing that reflected the changing demands of a world of human beings. I've had a good time.

Editor's Note—This is the last of five articles by Mr. Sprague

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THE FOURTH AGE OF AGRICULTURE

(Continued from Page 13)

commodities at a loss. If it were doing this it would lose its capital and stop. What happened in industry, now is happening in agriculture. A change is taking place—a change from high to low cost methods, most pronounced in the basic staples like cotton, wheat and corn, wherein the competition is world-wide and for which the market is universal. The high-cost farmer is losing his capital. Whether that is to the good or to the bad would be an abstract inquiry. It is in any case inevitable. The low-cost farmer, selling his product at prices that are ruinous to the other, is making money, and new types of agriculture definitely appear.

What hinders understanding, again as in the case of industry, is the fact that visibly there is no new thing. Power farming is not new. The tractor, the motortruck, the harvester-thresher combine, the corn picker, the train of tractor tools plowing, disking, harrowing and putting the seed to bed all in one operation—none of this is new. The results of scientific research upon the soil, exact knowledge of plant life, discoveries of symbiotic relationships between bacteria and plants—none of this is new. All that is new is an intensive use of mechanical power, time-saving tools and scientific knowledge, with a definite commercial end held intelligently in view.

Producers of cotton, wheat and corn seem and sound to be the most distressed. They think the reason for it is that they are obliged to sell their product at the world price. The McNary-Haugen Bill was primarily for their relief. The Government would be charged under that bill to take the surplus off their hands, dump it abroad for what it would bring, and then by raising the price at home oblige American consumers to absorb the loss. But is the reason what they think it is? Certainly it is significant that those are the crops in which methods of production are changing most rapidly.

Consider cotton. The statistical facts, taken alone, suggest that cotton is primarily produced for the ecstasy of loss. The cost of producing it, according to the figures of the Department of Agriculture, may be as high as fifty-one cents a pound. Where the average yield is 160 pounds to the acre the cost is eighteen cents. In 1925 the average yield was 162 pounds an acre. Therefore the average cost of the whole crop was, roughly, eighteen cents a pound. The average price that year was eighteen cents. Thus the cotton crop of 1925 was produced and sold at cost. There was no profit in it. Nevertheless, the next year's acreage was greatly increased, and from this increase, plus an extra good yield, came the largest crop that had ever been raised—18,500,000 bales—and the result was a fall in the price to eleven cents a pound.

The Cotton Belt Shifts

The cost of production, by the calculations of the Department of Agriculture, would have been somewhat lower in 1926 than it was the year before, owing to the higher average yield per acre. The average cost in 1926 may have been sixteen cents a pound, against a selling price of eleven to twelve cents. That would indicate a loss of four or five cents a pound to the producers from their own increased exertions.

But perhaps one year is inconclusive. Take a wider base. The average price of cotton from 1921 to 1926 was about twenty-two cents a pound, or only four cents above the statistical average cost of production. That is a very small margin of profit—say, $6.50 an acre. This one might suppose to be the average profit from farming in the Hwai-ho River Basin of China. Yet with this apparently absurd incentive, the cotton area was increased from 30,500,000 acres in 1921 to 47,000,000 acres in 1926, or more than 50 per cent.

But now look at a map showing the distribution of this cotton acreage. You will see that the increase has occurred not in the old Cotton Belt but in the Southwest, principally Texas. The increase in Texas alone has been 7,000,000 acres. There has been a notable increase also in Oklahoma. In some parts of the old Cotton Belt—Georgia for example—there has been a decrease. What does this mean? It means that cotton is migrating from high-cost to low-cost areas.

This country produces seven-tenths of the world's cotton supply. It has been one of our natural monopolies. Until a few years ago practically all American cotton was raised in the Southeastern states, and for a century there had been no change of method. The rule was one-mule power per man; hand labor was cheap; there was no other way to raise cotton. Then over all this wearily cropped cotton ground the boll weevil settled. And while the Department of Agriculture was experimenting with a variety of cotton plant that would flourish in spite of the boll weevil, which it ultimately found, it tried also the experiment of moving the cotton plant to where the boll weevil wasn't—across the Mississippi River to the cooler ground of Texas and Oklahoma. It did very well there as a plant. And after it had been doing well there as a plant for some time, the Texans began to wonder if it was true that cotton as a commercial product had to be raised by the one-mule system. They had lots of ground and no traditions.

Good Sledding in the Cotton Fields

They began to experiment with power applied to cotton. First horse power in big teams and the tools that go with big teams, then tractor power and the tools that go with that. They found that by multiplying the horse power per worker, up to twenty or thirty with tractors, against one-mule power per worker in the old Cotton Belt, they could so reduce the labor cost of growing cotton that if only they could get it picked they could afford to sell it at a price that would ruin the antique system.

Picking was a very serious problem. Even under the one-mule system, one man could grow as much cotton as five pickers could pick, and picking was a hand job. Imagine then how many handworkers it would take to pick the cotton one man could grow with thirty horse power. There was no satisfactory mechanical picker; the only reason there wasn't one was that the old Cotton Belt farmers had never really wanted it and therefore would not encourage the implement makers to evolve its principle.

It is the grand failing of the creative spirit to make problems so new and big that the incentive to solve them is desperate. How were the Texans going to get their cotton picked? Well, read the answer in Miscellaneous Circular Number 101, United States Department of Agriculture, on the Agricultural Outlook for 1927, Page 11:

> Important changes that are taking place in methods of cotton production should not be overlooked in considering costs. A growing shortage of cotton labor and the suitability of the more level lands to machine methods of production have encouraged the use of improved farm implements in the valleys and in the semi-arid areas of the Cotton Belt. By the use of traction plows and cultivators in the western end of the belt the acreage tilled varies from 150 to 200 acres per man.
>
> To the newer methods of cotton growing employed in the more level, semi-arid sections, a new method of harvesting known as sledding has been added. Sleds were first used for this purpose in an extensive way during the last days of October, 1926. Almost immediately their use became so general in Western Texas and Oklahoma as to displace rather abruptly the pickers and snappers. One man can sled from two to three bales of cotton a day at a cost of about three dollars a bale. The cleaning

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You know what air does to ice cream than it does to cakes, breads and other good things to eat which good housekeepers always keep in boxes or under covers.

Now, thanks to Sealright Liquid-tight Paper Containers—you can carry home your favorite ice cream without air getting to it. Sealrights differ from all other paper containers. Their patented, inner-sealed, double bottom and snug-fitting cover make them 100% leak-proof and practically air-tight. Sealrights keep the cold in and the warm air out.

And ice cream served the Sealright Way—in luscious, round slices—is appetizing and attractive and so easy to serve! (See illustrations below.)

A quart is ALWAYS a quart in a Sealright—a full quart when filled at your dealer's and a full quart when opened later at home. Delivered to your dealer with covers on tight and insides untouched by human hands, Sealrights are absolutely sanitary. For convenience, economy and safety, ask your dealer to use Sealrights.

Hold container under cold water an instant

Remove top or J press evenly on bottom with both thumbs

Then cut in attractive round slices to suit

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equipment on gins was immediately modified to handle sledded cotton.

A gumption tool, born on the spot, hard, full-grown and ready to use; no time for evolution in the gristle. And now, power having been applied to cotton production and power farmers really wanting a mechanical cotton picker, one will appear. A big implement company is just coming on with one; if that one fails it will be scrapped and another will appear, and so on, until that little technical difficulty is fully resolved

Does the boll weevil sometimes get enterprising and cross the Mississippi to see what is doing? It does. And then the Texan applies power to it. He goes out at night with lighted tractors and dusts the cotton with calcium arsenate, six rows at a time. One man can poison 100 acres in a night, and the boll weevil goes back to a country where people are not in such a hurry.

Meanwhile what has been happening to costs? It will astonish you.

There are two main ways by which to approach the problem of costs. One is to increase the yield per acre; the other is to reduce the man hours of labor per acre. One is income, one is outgo. In the new Cotton Belt of the Southwest they have gone far in both directions. For several years the chambers of commerce of Texas have been propagating the thought, more cotton from fewer acres. In 1925, which was not an extra good year for cotton, the Dallas News conducted a yield contest in which the five prize winners, from the right use of fertilizer, had so increased their yields per acre that the cost per pound of cotton was in one case six cents, in two cases five cents, in another case four cents and in the best case three cents. These were not hothouse experiments. The results were obtained on five-acre tracts. The average cost per pound of cotton among the five winners was 4.06 cents a pound, against an average that year for the American crop of eighteen cents. Where the cost was three cents, the yield had been 1236 pounds to the acre. At a distress price of eleven cents a pound there is still a profit of eight cents, or ninety-nine dollars an acre.

Whom to Control

By the other way of approach, from the use of mechanical power—that is to say, tractors and tractor tools in place of the mule, the hoe and the one-bottom plow—the results are no less surprising. Using figures collected in 1925 by the United States Department of Agriculture, Doctor McNair, professor of farm management at the University of Arkansas, worked out a comparison of man hours per acre in fifteen selected areas of the Cotton Belt. In the North Carolina area the number of man hours per acre was 154; in the South Carolina area it was 142; in the Georgia area it was 130; but in the Oklahoma area it fell to 49; and in the Texas area, where the record was found, it fell to 39. North Carolina was using nearly four times as much man labor per acre as Texas. In the high-cost areas of the old Cotton Belt the minutes of man labor per pound of cotton went as high as 73; in the low-cost area of Texas the record was 13 minutes.

These are vast differences. They indicate opportunities in agriculture for individual success such as are tending to disappear from business and industry; and that the facts have been developed so far as they have been indicates a new activity of intelligence. The application of analysis and cost accounting to farm management is the first letter of method.

Now certain reflections occur. How absurd to be talking of agriculture as a whole when you cannot as a whole treat cotton alone, owing to the enormous disparities of cost and method! The Department of Agriculture urges a drastic curtailment of cotton acreage, saying it is necessary to restore the balance between demand and supply at prices remunerative to the growers.

What growers? What acreage? Where shall the drastic curtailment take place? Where the cost is high or where it is low or everywhere alike? Suppose the Government, acting under the McNary-Haugen Bill, were now selling the cotton surplus abroad and raising the domestic price to make the American consumer absorb the loss. How would it control the situation? Would it require to be done what now it may only urge the cotton growers to do—all in a horizontal manner to curtail their acreage? Or would it feel obliged by intelligence to distinguish between high and low cost producers and curtail acreage in the high-cost areas only?

The practical and political difficulties of limiting the inefficient producer because of his inefficiency are dimly imaginable. On the other hand, if all growers alike were made to limit output, that would be a discrimination against the individually efficient and a disastrous penalty besides upon better method.

The Texas growers are not interested in acreage curtailment. For that reason they are complained of bitterly. But why should they reduce their acreage? Rationally, they should increase it as fast as possible, and be encouraged to do so, because they are saving for this country what the old Cotton Belt people were by way of losing—namely, a dominant position in the cotton culture of the world. They are saving it as we have saved other advantages in the field of international trade. We meet the low-wage labor of the world with high-wage labor and beat it by superior methods.

For some years Great Britain has been promoting cotton culture in Egypt and elsewhere, thinking to deliver her textile industry from its historic dependence upon the American supply. She has been making considerable progress. But now comes a telegram from Africa, as follows:

> Cairo, Egypt, December 8: The Egyptian parliament tonight passed a bill limiting the area of cotton cultivation to one-third of the cultivable land because of the slump in the cotton market.

Follow this train of circumstance. The slump in the cotton market is owing to the enormous size of the American crop. The size of the American crop is owing to the increase of acreage in the Southwest—that is to say, in the low-cost area. The incentive to increase it there was the discovery that the cost of production could be greatly reduced by new methods. Thus, high-power farming in Texas with high-wage labor is beating the Egyptian fellah, whose parliament commands him to reduce his acreage, and Great Britain's plan to make the British textile industry independent of American cotton suffers a setback.

Shall we go on beating the Egyptian fellah with high-wage labor? Shall we continue to meet the competition of low-wage labor, overcome it by American method and save our dominant position in cotton culture? If so, we should not limit the cotton acreage in Texas. We should increase it. If in holding our position we have to wreck the one-mule system of the old Cotton Belt—well, that is not a dear price to pay. In any case, such is the fate of obsolescence. By no means can you do more than to postpone it. Those whose costs are too high will have to give up cotton or improve their methods; and that holds also for the Egyptian fellah. If they all improve their methods, then, of course, the supply of cotton will greatly increase; so will the demand for cotton increase; and the more cheaply it is produced, the faster the demand will increase.

The same writ of change running in cotton runs throughout basic agriculture.

The spread between extremes of high and low cost in wheat is even greater than in cotton. A survey made by the Agricultural College of North Dakota proved that if the price of wheat was $2.50 a bushel, still one farmer in six would be losing money. At the same time, under the same sun, with the same conditions of moisture, others were producing it at seventy and eighty cents a bushel. That was several years ago. The high costs are perhaps as high as ever. The low costs are much lower, down to a record of thirty-five cents a bushel in Montana, in a year when the average cost for the whole American crop, by the calculations of the Department of Agriculture, was above a dollar.

Those who moved the McNary-Haugen Bill through Congress in February never mentioned the fact that over large areas of the wheat country, especially in Montana and Western Kansas, the type of wheat farming is changing rapidly to a low-cost basis. It has been demonstrated under the eye of the Agricultural College in Montana that wheat can be produced and delivered to the elevator with as little as two hours of man labor per acre, against sixteen hours by what might hitherto have been considered fairly good practice. It has been demonstrated that with the right kind of tractor and its proper train of tools listers, ridge busters, drills, harvester-thresher combines—one man can handle a farm of 640 acres, where by common method it requires the labor of eight or ten. With this new equipment the ideal size of a wheat farm is perhaps 800 acres, one-third to lie fallow and two-thirds to be cropped.

A small fast harvester-thresher combine that enables two men to harvest and thresh as one operation forty acres of wheat a day is boss of the tractor tools that are working this change; but the only thing new about the combine is the American farmer's discovery of its possibilities.

Its history illuminates the whole subject. Forty years ago the combine, meaning a rig that cuts and threshes the wheat all in one pass, was used in the Sacramento Valley of California, where the land is level and the harvest time very dry. It was a clumsy outfit, pulled first by thirty-six-horse teams and later by steam tractors. Several were brought east of the mountains to be tried out on the Great Plains and were cast aside.

Nothing more was done with the general idea until a few years ago the farmers of Australia began to ask for a small, adaptable combine. Hadn't we invented one in this country? We had not, and this was very strange, in view of our excellence in automotive engineering and our fame as agricultural implement makers. Why hadn't we evolved a harvester-thresher to go with the gas tractor?

Thus piqued, the implement people undertook to develop an efficient small harvester-thresher as a tractor tool. They experimented with it in the Imperial Valley, in Idaho, and then in Western Kansas, to make sure it would work on any kind of ground, flat or steep. They made one to keep itself level on the sides of a hill.

Picking Cotton in North Carolina—A Cotton Mill in the Background

With American Machines

Our farmers watched these experiments with mild interest; then they went on binding, shocking, stacking and threshing their wheat as before, while the wheat farmers of Australia and Argentina were buying these new combines from the American implement makers. The implement makers tried to sell them here and couldn't.

As the wages of farm labor advanced during the war, and as the American farmer was doing almost nothing at the same time to reduce the number of man hours per acre, the cost of producing wheat rose rapidly.

That did not matter so long as the price kept going up as it did during the war. Then the price went down and costs did not.

But the cost of producing wheat in Australia and Argentina either did not rise or else fell because of the use they were making of American machinery. The result is what everyone knows. American wheat growing became less and less profitable. Distress fell upon it. Many causes were imagined. The farmers began to demand relief by legislation. Specifically they demanded to be protected from the competition of low-wage labor producing wheat in Australia and Argentina. It was not the low-wage labor they were competing with so much as American machinery in the fields of those distant countries. Already half the Argentine wheat crop was being harvested and threshed in one operation by American combines.

Then suddenly some wheat farmers began to come awake. They could not wait for the Government to guarantee them a profit. That would be very nice, only it might not happen; and if it happened it might not work. Meanwhile one who stopped looking at the price long enough to see his costs would learn something greatly to his interest. He would learn that the difference between harvesting and threshing

(Continued on Page 127)

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LATITE

Front View

Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key" that locks each shingle tightly to those underneath. This is the patented feature—*invisible on the completed roof*—that makes Genasco Latite Shingles so storm-tight. Also so easy to lay over old wood shingles.

Back View

Imagine a woodland pasture in late October—the frost-seared grass deeply flecked with autumn leaves—a harmonious blending of russets, browns and misty grays.

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As spring rebound starts, the multiple coils immediately tighten, creating a gradually increasing brake action that allows the car springs to return to normal without jerk or abrupt stop.

New Gabriel Snubbers are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the price will be refunded after 30 days' trial.

SNUBBERS

NEW AND BETTER

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When the new car comes home, with balloon tires and flexible springs, be sure it's equipped with New Gabriel Snubbers.

With modern springs and balloon tires, spring control is more necessary than ever before. Smaller cars need it even more than larger ones.

On rough roads, the spring rebound—which is not only dangerous for the passengers but racks and strains the new car—is quickly and surely snubbed by Gabriel's multiple coils.

And on smooth roads, Gabriel's anti-pre-loading brake keeps the springs free from restraint within certain limits, so that they and the balloon tires can give the soft, velvety ride expected of them.

If the dealer who sells you a new car this spring is like thousands of others, he will recommend that New Gabriel Snubbers be installed.

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PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

BETTER MADE FOR BETTER PERFORMANCE

(Continued from Page 122)

by the old method and harvester-threshing by the new method was twenty cents a bushel.

Those who saw this began to buy combines. In 1919 Montana bought one; in 1923 it bought only thirteen; in 1926 it demanded 389. Last year one dealer in Kansas City sent 1200 into Western Kansas. The demand swamped the makers; it was more than they could satisfy.

Now, in the combine areas, the spectacle of harvest is changing. In one season it may change out of recognition. Power displaces labor. In place of the migrant harvest worker following the sickle bar northward as the grain turns yellow, you will see only motortrucks serving the combines. Instead of advertising for labor, and stealing it if necessary, the wheat grower bids for motortrucks at so much per ton mile to haul away the grain as it comes threshed and clean from a combine walking through the wheat forty acres a day.

These low-cost wheat growers, like the low-cost cotton growers, are increasing their acreage. They are putting two and three farms together in order to get the optimum unit for the high-power method. They have been doing this so fast in Western Kansas that they have run out of land and are spreading over into Colorado. They are increasing that wheat surplus which the high-cost growers are praying the Government to kill. As they do this they are saving the American position in the world's wheat market.

The story of corn is in kind the same. The department of agricultural engineering of the University of Ohio has demonstrated in its own large field practice that by power methods the man hours necessary to produce and harvest a corn crop may be reduced from twenty-six to less than six per acre.

Labor costs are not less than three-fifths and may be as much as four-fifths of the total cost. That is why the saving of man hours per acre is so important. It is man's time that counts.

One of the Fairway Projects in Montana, conducted to prove the effect of method upon costs, the labor necessary to produce and harvest corn has been reduced to three hours of man time per acre.

From Oxen to Tractors

This is particularly interesting because it is Montana, where only a few years ago there was no corn. It was supposed not to grow there. The corn acreage, somewhat like the cotton acreage, is spreading. The monopoly of the Corn Belt is not what it once was, in view either of its natural advantages or methods of production. Iowa is corn made. It is believed to be the most highly developed corn area in the world. Yet it has been much easier to sell McNary-Haugenism in Iowa than the tools and ideas of power farming in general. The largest producer of corn in the world is the Mealie King, of South Africa. He has just gone at one stroke from oxen to tractors. That is competition for Iowa.

The Secretary of Agriculture says of the business of converting corn into pork: "Some hog raisers manage to produce 100 pounds of pork for every 250 pounds of grain fed to hogs. Others use more than 500 pounds of grain in the production of 100 pounds of pork." And in another place he says: "In the Corn Belt some men use twenty hours of man labor and forty hours of horse time to produce fifty bushels of corn, whereas other men, who employ their labor more efficiently, obtain the same product with only half as much labor."

But then he makes this fatal reservation: "Efficiency in farm production is a complex thing. . . . Efficiency in cutting costs and in keeping a proper balance among different farm enterprises frequently benefits the consumer more than it benefits the producer. This happens when increased facility of production leads to an increased volume of production irrespective of market needs. It is easy to see how this comes about. Not all farmers increase their efficiency at the same time and in the same degree. Those who are in the lead have an advantage over the rest. These men are, of course, tempted by their special profits to increase their output. As the general average of efficiency increases and production costs go down, agriculture as a whole tends to increase its production until the benefit of its lower costs is wiped out by lower prices."

That way of thinking is very common among farmers and in the agricultural schools. Its other expression is to say, as many do, that cost of production, no matter how low, is not the panacea. Certainly that is true. There is no such magic as a panacea. But that is not what they mean to say. In saying this is not it they imply that something else is. There is the same trick in the doctrine that efficiency tends to defeat itself, for the reasons expounded by the Secretary of Agriculture. That will be true only provided a certain assumption implicit in the reasoning is valid, and its validity cannot be proved. The assumption is that the cost of production has a fixed low limit. When the efficient farmer has reached that definite point he will have to stop and be overtaken.

Production vs. Exertion

There is, of course, the possibility that this is true. But if it is true of agriculture, it is true also of industry; and in that case we waste our time talking about problems that are no longer important: they are not problems really, but the final enigmas belonging to the end of an epoch.

All probability is otherwise. Costs have been falling ever since man began to extend his power by external means. He did it first with animal power. Then he discovered mechanical power; and since he discovered mechanical power costs have been falling in a headlong manner. You do not prove it by prices. Prices represent neither costs nor values—only the relations among things. You prove it by the quantity of exchangeable things. If that quantity increases, then costs are falling.

Suppose that only ten years ago the motor industry had got discouraged from thinking the cost of production was no panacea and that, after all, it was the consumer more than the producer who was benefited by efficiency. Suppose also those engaged in this industry had agreed to stop their competition in efficiency, limit their output, insure their profits and stabilize prices. What would have been the result? Probably fewer failures would have occurred. But would the industry be what it is today? Or would agriculture be as rich as it is? How would the buying power of farm products compare with what it is in relation to tractors, tractor tools and motortrucks?

In the past few years industry, much faster than agriculture, has reduced its costs, which is only to say that the productivity of the individual industrial worker has been increased more than the productivity of the individual farmer. That is what has happened to agriculture.

The ultimate cost of things is the labor cost; and what labor receives, either as wages or profit, is determined not by the amount of exertion but by the result.

This seems very hard for the farmer to learn. When you speak to him of increasing his efficiency he commonly understands you to mean that he shall work harder. He calls you to witness that the industrial worker's hours are shorter, his work is made always a little easier, and yet at the same time his reward increases. Precisely so. It is not man's exertion that is rewarded; it is what he produces that rewards him. If he produces more with less labor, still his reward will increase. The farmer misses that point. Never was farming so hard as when the rule was an acre per day per horse. Now one man and one tractor may plow ten acres a day. Driving a tractor is less exertion than walking a furrow. For less exertion, ten times the result. That comes from adding power to the man.

What a step in dominion that was when man added to himself the tame power of the ox! Then for thousands of years he could think of nothing more than to yoke oxen together in multiples of two. Horses were an advance over oxen. Horses walked faster, saving more of a man's time. He was then beginning to hurry. Time was precious. Time was cost. Time was profit. He found it cheaper to plow with two horses than with one, because two could pull a larger plow; and cheaper to plow with four than with two, because four could pull a double plow, the factor of man time remaining the same. It would be much cheaper still to plow with thirty horses, pulling a great gang of plows, only that one man cannot handle a thirty-horse team.

Now appears a new beast more docile than the horse, and tireless, with the further merit that it eats only when it works. To conceal from ourselves the wonder of it, the wonder of having created it from the ether of ideas, where in the scheme of Nature there had been nothing remotely to suggest it, we call it a tractor. A mechanical monster without feelings or sense of its own, hardly bigger than the ox, that delivers thirty horse power to the touch of the farmer seated upon it.

But before this could happen it was necessary for a whole new world to appear, the world of industry, as to the meaning of which there is yet much confusion of thought. Industry satisfies few, if any, new human wants. There are no new human wants to be satisfied. Food, warmth, shelter, excitement—that is practically the list of physical wants. What industry does is to satisfy them in a great many new ways and in a degree that was unimaginable in the millenniums of hand craftsmanship.

More in a Lifetime

How does it do this? You will say, of course, by means of power. Yes, power is the means. But what does it do with its power? Why does it do it? Power in itself does not create wealth. You may use it wastefully or even to destroy wealth. Reflection may bring you presently to the conclusion that the true meaning of industry is a meaning of time; activities of production in a new dimension of time. Machines that were supposed to be for the purpose of saving labor turn out to be not for that purpose at all. They are to save time. You will notice how in everyday language the term "time-saving" displaces the term "labor-saving." Nor is efficiency to save labor. It is to save time.

In the course of time nearly everything we now have could be produced by hand, some things perhaps much better. But how long it would take to make them by hand! We should not live to enjoy them.

We produce in this country 4,000,000 automobiles a year. An automobile can be made by hand; 4,000,000 of them could be made by hand—in, maybe, 200 years if we could spare the labor. It is not merely quantity, as you see; it is quantity in relation to time—to lifetime.

Why does a farmer wish to plow ten acres a day instead of one? Not for the sake of plowing more; not for the sake of reaping more; but for the sake of reaping more in one year of time. From plowing ten acres a day, he will get as much in ten years as in the other way he could get in 100. Meanwhile he would have died. Power enables him to produce more while he lives—that is to say, in time to enjoy it himself.

Not only is industry acting more intensively upon agriculture with ideas of power. That is quite visible. It is acting upon it also with this idea of time. The meaning of power is not clear without that sense of time.

Are the possibilities to agriculture of being thus acted upon limited, with the danger therefore that efficiency will tend to defeat itself? It seems much more likely that the possibilities are only beginning to be defined. The changes that are taking

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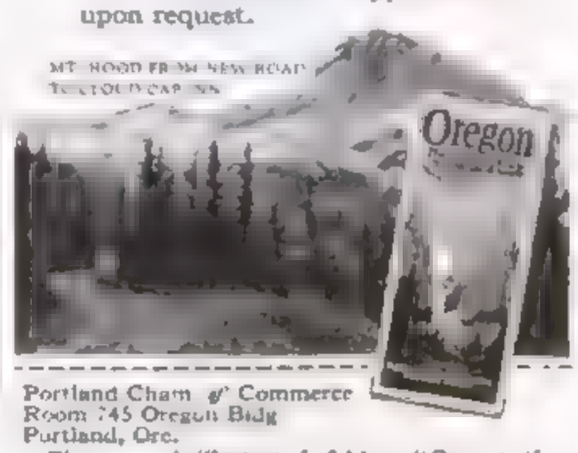

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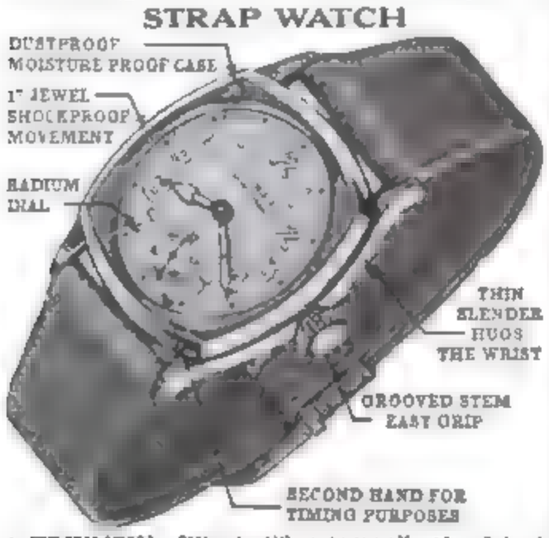

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place must inevitably run deep. Think what it means for the very tools of a craft to change.

Development of the internal-combustion engine threw the science of implement making into a state of flux. Thoughts theretofore fantastic became rational. The extreme instance of mechanical fantasy might be, for example, a manless plow. But that improbable thing does now exist. You may see it at the Iowa State College in the shop department of agricultural engineering. It works. All alone, it will plow a field in solitary humor. When it comes to the end of a furrow, a long, sensitive finger touches the fence. That reverses it. One wheel acts half a revolution faster than the other in reverse motion, and that hitches it over for the new furrow.

However, there is still much to be done this side of a manless plow. The tractor only now is finding its true adaptation to the needs of agriculture. At first it was simply put in place of horses. But hitching a thirty-horse-power tractor to implements designed for horse teams was, of course, very inefficient. A whole train of tractor implements had to be evolved.

Next to be got rid of was the tyranny of the notion that the tractor was simply a magnified horse, for pulling. It could just as well push, like an elephant. And it could do one thing no animal could. That was by means of a tumbling rod to deliver auxiliary power away from itself to the machine it was pulling; as, for example, a rotary cultivator.

The Keystone of Power Farming

So at last such an agricultural tractor and such tools to go with it as to call forth this comment from Dr. G. W. McCuen, professor of agricultural engineering at the University of Ohio:

"Five years ago, when the study of motorization of corn crops was started, the only man in authority to give encouragement to such a project was Dean Vivian. It was his vision that made it possible to start the work in face of the opposition of those who thought that the kind of farming that was being practiced in Ohio, especially at the university, was on quite a high plane of efficiency at that time.

"After two years of work on the project, those that were most critical saw that a great amount of work was being accomplished on a small expenditure of human effort. If it were possible to do so much work with only one man, why could not the practice be made general for the whole university farm? Some very radical changes were then made in the university's farm equipment, and today it is quite modern.

"Two years ago a motor cultivator was added to the complement of farm tools. I shall not attempt to enumerate the things the farm mechanic does with this piece of equipment, for they are many. If it were in his line of duty to milk the university cows, I would not be surprised to find him making some practical use of this general-purpose tractor in milking cows.

"What in former years were almost insurmountable peak loads on the farm, and caused the farm foreman to suffer nightmares, now cause him to dream pleasantly, for he has a means of smoothing out the peaks. The motor cultivator, to our way of thinking, is the keystone of the power-farming arch."

There is much prejudice to be overcome, as you see, even in agricultural colleges. The reaping machine was ready ten years before one could be sold in this country. In the twelfth year two were sold.

The Return of Small Farming

One sound generalization may be made about American agriculture. From change of tools, of methods, of ideas, of conditions and relationships, it is in a state of great confusion. To the confusion of experience is added confusion of mind from a babel of counsel.

The view is obscured by feeling, prejudice and loathness to accept change. It is hard to see what is really happening. Agriculture cannot see itself. It would perhaps be only dimly interested if it could. That is because its parts and interests become more and more dissimilar, until they are strange to one another.

What the situation requires is strong light. If that should happen to break first upon the United States Department of Agriculture, that would be all the better.

In a right light we should begin to distinguish various distinct types of American agriculture, each with its own problems. Consider only three. There is the definite type of industrialized farming. It is bound to increase. It requires large acreage, a good deal of capital for high-power equipment and a special kind of mentality that has perhaps not yet fully developed—a combination of agricultural skill and mechanical intelligence. The basic problem in farming of this character is cost per unit. Hence its preoccupation with power as a means and quantity as an end. The hazards are steep; so may the profits be. This makes it very attractive for certain kinds of men.

Yet American agriculture will not be industrialized as a whole any more than it will be diversified as a whole. The second great type is specialized farming, as in fruits, vegetables, perishable commodities, dairy and poultry products. There quality and timeliness may be very important factors even before quantity. This type of farming requires mechanical aids ingeniously adapted to its special needs. Like the industrialized type, it is cash cropping and therefore in first principles a business, on a cost basis.

But agriculture that was not also an open way to refuge with Nature might become æsthetically barren and therefore a national loss, even though it were economically sound. There must be a type of small farming too; and it is likely for a very long time, perhaps forever, to be widely existing. It was going down; the all-money crop was an irresistible temptation to many who had done better never to try it. Now the older way is coming back. Where the tradition was not lost it is reseeding itself. Elsewhere, particularly in the West, the effort to propagate it is serious.

The Secretary of Agriculture says in the yearbook:

> During the past three years the possibilities of home making in the Great Plains has been brought more closely to the attention of farmers than any other phase of agriculture in that region. Once it is demonstrated that the maintenance of self-sustaining homesteads is not only possible but practicable in that vast region, the results cannot but be beneficial and far-reaching. The work of the department with that objective in view has reached the stage to justify the conclusion that homes can be established and maintained from the returns of fruits and vegetables of the farm under all growing conditions. These fruit-and-vegetable results are significant. Upon a one-acre plot sufficient vegetables can be raised to support a family of five. Add to such a homestead a cow or two, a litter of pigs and a flock of poultry, and a competent farm economy is accomplished.

The Ages of Power

How strange that farming in the classic manner should need a modern slogan! In Texas they promote it as live-at-home farming, and wish the state were full of it. Bankers have discovered that the farmer who buys nothing he is able to produce for himself is one who cannot go broke. Whatever he sells, there is a profit in it. That is so for a simple reason. Where the idea is your own living first, direct from the soil, the surplus ever becomes in economic principle a by-product at very low cost. Thus one comes back to a truth as to which there are so few exceptions that it must stand as a generalization. The first secret of profit lies in the cost.

Pessimism about American agriculture is romantic and political. It is unable to see that an epic change is taking place. This is a change from one agricultural age to another. First was the age of man power; second was the age of brute power; third was the age of axle-implement power. Now the engine and the beginning of a fourth age, wherein man's exertions upon the soil will be increasingly rewarded. And when he has truly found it, the American farmer's advantage against the peasant mentality of the world will be even greater in this new age than it was in the old.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

ordered the evening shirt, plain, without tux, and I will send your cuff linx in time for the house dance. The college magazine came, and we all laughed over your limerix about Prof. Pex spex and the boox he reads; but be careful about too many disrespectful crax and reckless pranx, for when a tendency to larx lax control, it sometimes wrex a man's standing and keeps him in the lower ranx—and you can't afford any more flunx!

There isn't much news. Grandpa's bax better, after two attax of lumbago; my tonix helping me, and the boil on Jax nex almost well. Dad says stox are looking up. He speax to the Elx in two weex, and I know he thinx his speech will go on the rox, though he says he doesn't care shux. Dix coaching him, and that bux him up. Little Franx cheex are like roses, and he is full of trix. He loox so cute when he sneax out and unlox the back gate and peex through and talx to the little mix from one of the shax on Clarx lot. When they quarrel and throw brix or hunx of mud, dad pix him up and spanx him, but he rox him afterward.

The new coox as cross as two stix, and smax the pup when he barx and trax up the clean floor, but she worx well, and planx shad wonderfully. Old Speckle has ten little chix with yellow beax, and we have some cunning baby dux. The flivver collided with one of those big trux yesterday, and you should see the marx! Nothing clix right and we are using Shanx mare until repairs are made.

It got some awful whax, and the tanx all crax and nix, which may mean leax; the cranx out of commission and the sparx all wrong. After a life of shox, it surely ranx with the anteex!

I am sorry you wouldn't ask your cousin Althea to the prom, and frankly, I think anyone is narrow who nox home-town folx and talx as though they were all hix. Althea is attractive, though she isn't the type of girl that drinx and nex. All send love; write soon.

MOTHER.

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

The Modern Summer Resort

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"Oh, but we can't go down to the beach. The shore front is all owned by the millionaires' colony."

"So? Well, let's take a walk across the fields."

"Oh, but we can't. That's the golf course, and only members of the country club are allowed there."

"Can't we walk anywhere?"

"Yes, but the motorists hate to have us on the roads."

"Well, what—if I may ask—does one do here?"

"Oh, we sit on the porch until the mosquitoes drive us in." —*A. H. Folwell.*

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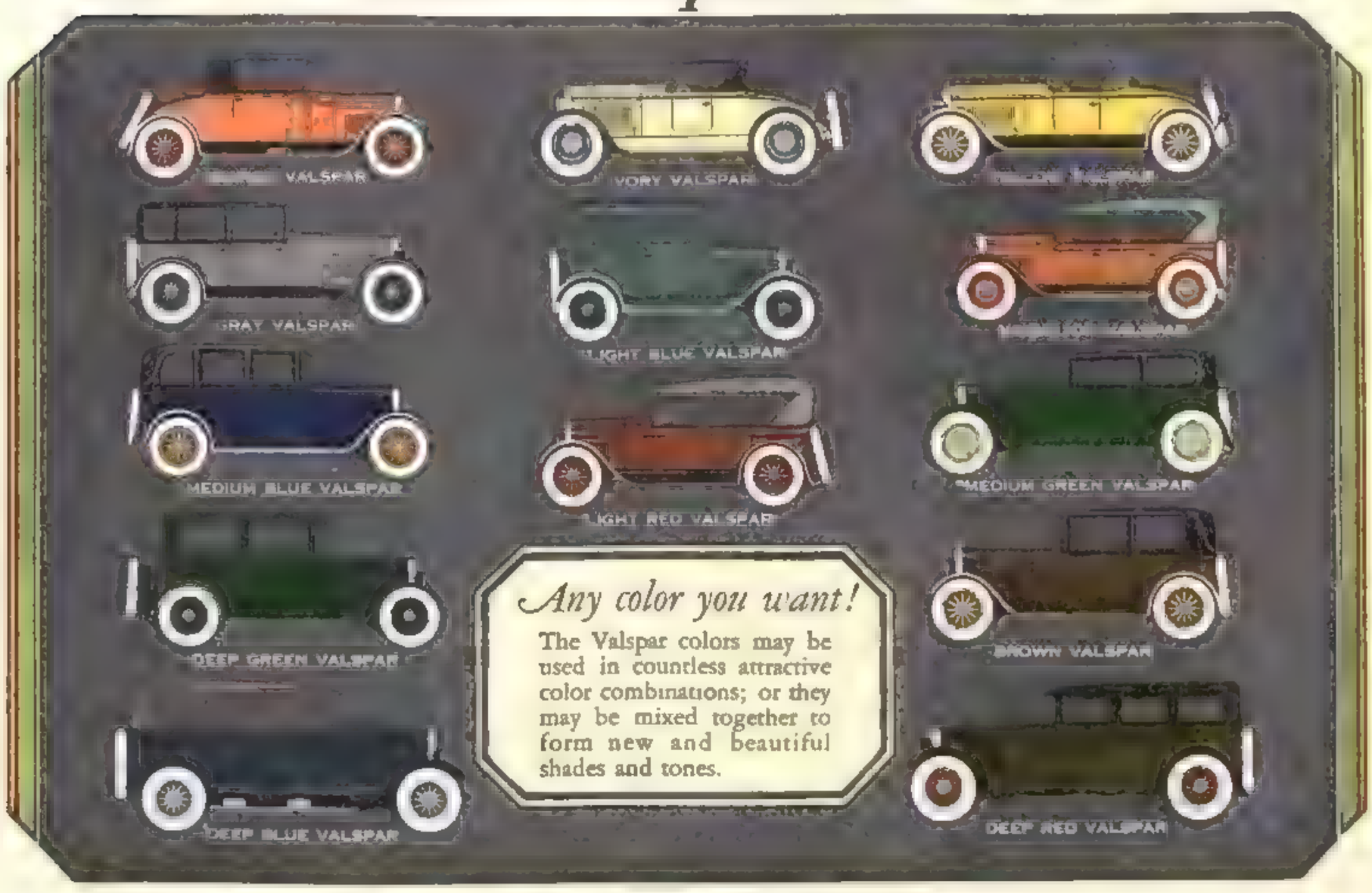
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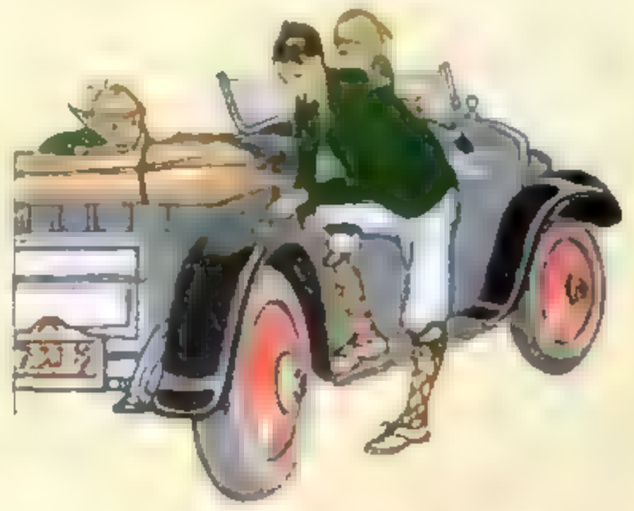

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THE MAD MASQUERADE

(Continued from Page 34)

asked Sara to bring his coffee to the library. She complied, not seeing, as a real audience would, the dead hand.

"Have you decided?" he asked, smiling. "Do you want him?"

She shook a brilliant, disappointed head. "Do you remember our Long Island gardener, Bill the Timberman?" she asked. "Bill said if you bled a pine for turpentine the tree made rotten lumber."

Her uncle laughed. "If he's so easily leeched as all that he would never have made a door post."

"And that's true, too," Sara agreed, with a little sigh.

"Your simile is odd but pungent. I believe that if he had kept his turpentine you would have felled him for yourself."

"Probably," admitted the candid girl.

"Sorry. I want to pay him."

"Not with me."

"With Peter?"

"Wrap her up and send her. She'd love it."

"Oh! Are you sure?"

"Of her, yes. He might refuse the parcel. Me, too; he would reject me."

"What's the matter with the boy? It would solve everything so neatly. I could wrap either of you up in bank notes."

"Try wrapping him," prejudiced Sara counseled.

"Oh, you think ——"

"I told you he was sapped."

"Ask Frank to come here; do you mind?"

Sara shimmered away, the lights glinting on her emeralds. Young Archer came, a little embarrassed, stammering regrets for His Lordship's troubles, and the hope that everything would come right soon.

"I hope so, too, Frank, thank you." His Lordship held a match for the boy's cigarette. "You—you and your sister have helped me splendidly. I don't know where we could have stowed Tybo if you had not put him up. I shall always remember that."

"Nothing; that was nothing. We liked having him. He's great, isn't he?"

"There are no words for him, Frank. I wish he'd fall in love with Peter and marry her ——" The boy stared, Lord Llanthony laughed. "An idle dream, my boy; but how can I do anything for him? If he'd only marry Peter; I could settle a million or two on her and he couldn't object, could he? How could a man refuse a wedding present to the bride? For himself—nothing. That's our bargain. I can't even offer. To see him go, empty-handed; that's hard. Help me, Frank. You know him well. How can we do something for him?"

Frank looked about, came close. "In confidence," he almost whispered, "Peter wouldn't want the million. Moonstruck, plumb crazy. Thinks he's—well, she just grovels before him."

"And he?"

"Steps on her and doesn't know it."

"I'm sorry. I thought girls had ceased to love like that."

Frank ground his teeth and frowned. "She was up-to-date and a day beyond until she saw the boy and went mad. She's—she's mid-Victorian now. Lost to shame. Chases him. Poor kid."

"I'm very sorry. He's carrying a heavy load. He's absorbed. His troubles will be over soon. Ask him to stay with you for a time before returning to the States."

"Oh, fine! But ——"

"Two Tybos in Paris? What matter? The explanation is honorable. Let people talk. And now, you got my message about your affairs?"

"You are kind, Lord Llanthony. The kid sister and I don't worry, haven't worried. But prices rise every day in France and we get less than 5 per cent on our money from the New York bank. We've twenty-eight thousand over there now waiting for investment, pulling no interest."

"Nothing like the present. Draw a check now. Here's a blank. I'll make it roll up for you."

The youth was only too delighted to comply. He left the great presence abject with gratitude.

"Twenty-eight thousand reasons for silence," thought Llanthony, pocketing the check. He summoned the butler and asked if the old couple had arrived from England.

"Yes, milord. The uniformed courier of the Compagnie Cook has brought them and he has departed. They are quite comfortable, milord. No, they have not yet retired."

"My compliments to Lord Pontlottyn and will he please to come here for a moment, and will you conduct the old people here in five minutes."

"But yes, milord."

When Tybo came: "Sorry to interrupt your pleasures," His Lordship said; "I'll only keep you a minute. A small matter—and you will wonder perhaps that it is forced on you. Old Mollie Jeremy wrote to Lady Llanthony—was told of the accident, you see—and she mentions the failing health of her husband—he is over seventy—and she tells how his old bones ache with rheumatics. A summer in sunny Touraine; the very thing. Lady Llanthony asks me to send for them. How could I help it? They are here—the couple I gave you the notes about. They would be deeply hurt if you ignored them. But you can, if you wish. I told you—Mollie will probably kiss you."

"But the real Tybo?"

"You forget. He is not coming here. They have not seen you since you were two years old."

The door opened. A spotless, apple-cheeked dame, a white-haired, bent old man, came in, startled, flustered, frightened. The dame bobbed a curtsy, the man touched his forelock.

"Aye, William Jeremy!" cried Lord Llanthony, extending a hand. "The rheumatics have 'ee but thee be'est hale and hearty for all that. And Mollie; art tidy as always, and rosy." He shook both her hands. "And what dost think of thy boy, Mollie? A credit to his nurse, doant 'ee think?"

"Oh, the grand young gentleman!" Mollie grasped the proffered hands, spared the expected embrace.

Tears rained down her cheeks. "I'd 'a' known 'ee anywhere, Master Tybo," she declared with conviction, and had no doubt that she spoke simple truth.

"Of course you would, Mollie!" cried His Lordship. "I think you would, too, William Jeremy."

"Aye, Me Lord, that I would."

"Have you seen Her Ladyship? Well, tomorrow then. She cannot see you, but she will know your voices." His Lordship had exhausted his knowledge of peasant dialect in his first sentences, but the homely phrases had fallen as soft rain on parched lands. "Do you remember Miss Desmond? I forgot if she came to us."

"Aye, Me Lord. We've knowed her and we've seed her this afternoon. She have looked arter us."

"Of course she would do that. Now don't mind the foreign lingo you hear. The poor folk can't help it, you know. Just stay in the sunshine, and we'll send you back after the summer's over and you can tell everybody how you've been to foreign parts. You're tired out now. You'd better go straight to bed."

"And I'd allowed for passin' years, too," said Mollie, "and I looked to see a little lad, mebbe just trousered." She stared at the young man, round-eyed.

"It's twenty years, Mollie," Tybo reminded her, smiling.

The old dame twisted her head sidewise and smiled. "Thee didst smile like that and laugh in thee pram when thee did see the clouds sailin' in the sky. Dost remember the little bird that fell on thee head from the nest in the 'olm oak? Oh, no, 'ow could 'ee?"

"Of course not, Molly," His Lordship said. "Now go to bed and have a good sleep."

Another touch to the forelock, another bobbed curtsy and the bemused, uprooted couple went timorously hunting their way to the servants' hall.

"Sorry," His Lordship apologized; "but how could I help it?"

"It's all right—I'll hunt her up tomorrow."

"If you would; you will make her happy."

The boy went soberly back to his dancing. Thus the last link had been forged. Two people lived who identified the Tybo of babyhood with the Tybo of today.

Lord Llanthony was surprised and pleased the next morning very early when Sara appeared and escorted him down the terraces to his automobile. He turned and glanced at the house.

"A great success, Sara. Perfect." He chuckled. "The sleeping prince in his rainbow robes; I told you about him. The only time I ever saw him tired!"

"Tired? Of what?" The tone was chilly.

"Surely I told you. He had worked most of the night and got up with the sun. No laziness in that youth." He paused, one foot on the running board. "Sara," he looked her full in the face as he continued, "you have come very close to me. I've learned to know you, to appreciate you. I say to you, to you only, that I wish—I earnestly wish—that no change of sons was coming."

"Uncle!" She was shocked. "Your own flesh and blood ——"

"You know them both." He led her back into the garden. "I'm off to meet him," he said. "I fear the meeting. A nursing home, perhaps. I've had to confide in the boy. I've told him. He will stay a little while longer if I ask it. He behaved extraordinarily well. He made no great favor of it. He said nobody was waiting for Stanton Drew."

"Stanton Drew—Stannie Drew," troubled Sara murmured. "It sounds unnatural already. . . . Poor auntie! And you, uncle. Oh, I'm so sorry—so sorry." She mechanically plucked a pear blossom and dropped the petals one by one. She had nerved herself for what she thought must come, but this new trouble struck deep.

Lord Llanthony caught her hand. "Sara," he said, looking straight into her troubled eyes, "he's broken down. He's enfeebled by the life he has led. If he were dead I should say to this Stanton Drew—for your aunt's happiness, I should say to this Stanton Drew: Stay—stay for all your life. Be Pontlottyn while I live. Take my title when I go. It could be done, Sara."

He wrung her hand and hurried away. Sara stood staring after the automobile, her face deadly white, her lips parted, her body poised, bending forward, her bare forearm extended as when her uncle had dropped her hand. A puff from the spring breeze slightly ruffled her hair and its touch on her cheek brought a movement of the head.

"Stop." Mechanically she obeyed the sharp command. She stiffened. "Fine. Hold that for ten seconds more." The brief time had sped before she woke to full realization of her surroundings.

"Give it to me," she commanded. Her voice was husky.

Sam Tibbetts perhaps did not hear. He glanced up from his sketch with that painter's intense gaze which seems to cut like a knife thrust, and then down again as he drew telling lines.

"Give it to me." She moved the few steps that brought her to him and held out her hand.

"Not likely." He went on jabbing swift shadings, then flung down the pencil and stood up. He drew a sigh of profound satisfaction.

"What do I care what did it!" he cried roughly. "Why should I care if you suffer? You laughed when I squirmed. You'll get over your trouble. But I ——" His voice vibrated in exultation. "I have caught it—an immortal pose."

"Give it to me."

They stood eye to eye. Slowly, retracted once, he extended his hand. She took the paper without looking at it and tore it in fragments. He uttered a squeal of rage and rushed up the steps of the successive terraces. At the top he checked abruptly, wheeled, stood frowning, watching her.

When she was by his side he said with gloomy politeness, "Sorry, Sara."

She laughed. "It was your going away, Sam. I happened to think of it."

He scowled. "Literally," he said, "you add insult to injury. You rob me of immortality and then sneer."

"Nonsense, Sam. I'm really sorry you have to go."

"I'm no plute. I have to work for a living." She went on into the house while the perturbed artist rushed down the garden. He groveled, picking up every scrap of paper.

"Sorrow fades," he muttered as he retrieved the last fragment, "grief dies, but art lives forever."

XIV

THE day was devoted to Blois, and there was much teasing of Tybo, who elected for the first time to drive himself. He nearly collided with the automobile of Monsieur Despradailles in the endeavor to draw up abreast for a friendly chat.

"Ah, Blois?" the old gentleman exclaimed. "The castle of Marie Stuart—it was the training of the worst, that court so full of love and the laughs, for John Knox and that climate of Scotland so horrible." He delivered quite an animated lecture in quaint English, and thoughtfully presented milord with a morning paper for which nobody cared; but Frank Archer glanced over it. As the journey proceeded, he chuckled and leaned forward.

"That murderer haunts you," he whispered. "The missing auto has been found a few miles north of here. If he was in it he's in our neighborhood and will call on you for sure."

They dropped Sam Tibbetts, his suitcase and pretended tears at the railway station at Blois, threaded the quaint town, escaped from the guide at the château, enacted the murder of the Duke of Guise on the very spot, served imaginary drinks from the secret cupboards of Catharine de' Medici's poison closet, cast impudent horoscopes in the astrologer's room, and finally went to lunch at the inn—so they said—in which fugitive Charles Stuart paid for a dinner with a diamond ring; thus Dumas, at any rate, and they chose to consider Twenty Years After as serious history.

On the homeward journey in the late afternoon, the road stretched for miles along the side of the Loire, which meandered in its sandy bed a quarter of a mile away. The water was low at this time of year and a stretch of flat, tussocked land, with here and there a clump of trees or bushes, lay between the high-banked road and the low, rolling river. No aspect in smiling Touraine can be wild, but this district was lonely. Farmsteads were scattered and travelers few. They overtook and passed a solitary walker.

"Stop—stop!" At the peremptory cry from Frank Archer, Tybo sharply checked the automobile.

"The murderer!" Archer yelled.

Tybo turned. He saw the mad boy bolting down the bank after a fleeing man. He jumped out, shouting, "Come back! He may be armed!" Archer paid no heed. Tybo shed his leather coat and ran. The soil was heavy, the start long. He gained no ground, but Archer did. When the fugitive won the shelter of trees his pursuer

(Continued on Page 135)

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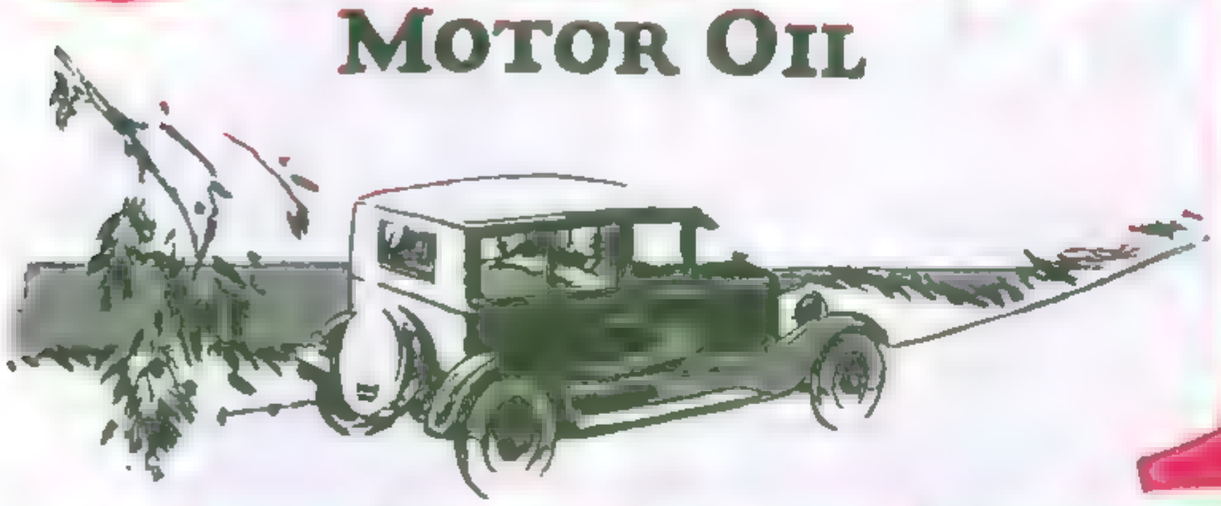

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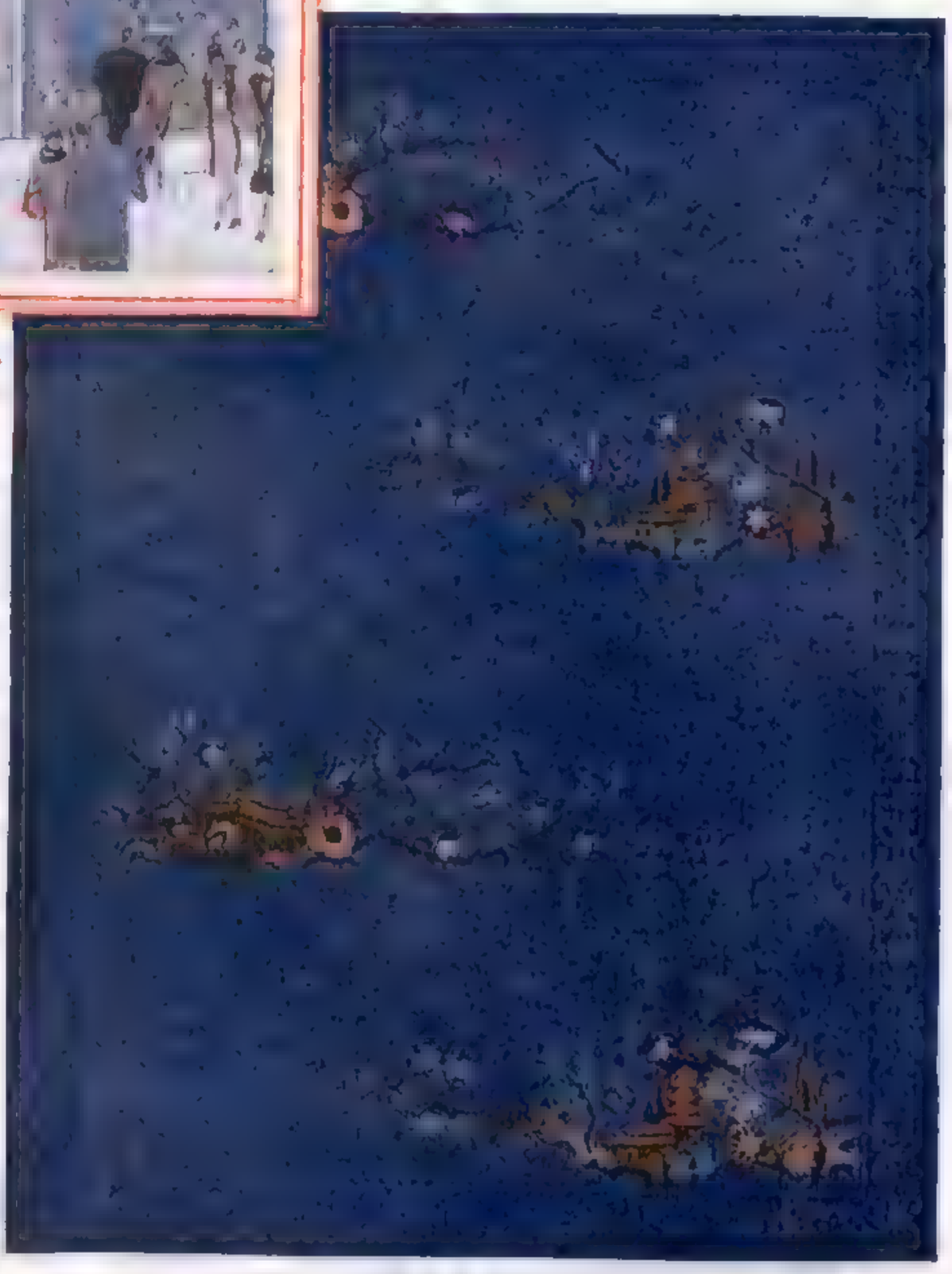

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MASON

Hylastic

TIRES

(Continued from Page 130)

was almost on him. Tybo set his teeth, got his second wind and spurted. The sweat ran in streams, his heart pumped as he passed the trees. He saw Archer, prone, saw a heavy club uplifted. He tried to shout; only a snarl came; but it was heard. The club was thrown aside, cap and wig were dragged off, the murderer bowed politely. All the same, Tybo, seeing red, struck at him. The fight began.

"The girls!" Frank cried as he thrust himself between.

"You should have thought of them before," Tybo panted as he struggled to plant a blow in the eye of Sam Tibbetts.

"They know," Archer said, as he pushed the two apart. "Peter made the wig. She'll tell Sara."

Tybo turned without a word. As he passed through the little clump of trees he saw Sam Tibbetts' open suitcase. The sight softened anger and he walked more quickly. Disheveled, collar broken away, hat missing and forgotten, clothes dusty, he approached the auto with a high dignity.

"The joke is on me!" he cried as airily as circumstances permitted. "Sam's changing down there in the trees. I think his suitcase must weigh forty pounds." He jumped in and drove away, muttering, "Yes, fifty pounds; sixty perhaps." He had not noted his silent reception, did not notice the absence of protest or laughter from behind him.

But one sentence had been uttered there since the chase began. When Sara had jumped from the automobile and started to run, Peter had said, "It's a sell; it's Sam Tibbetts."

Sara had looked—only looked—her censure for that thirty seconds' delay, that half minute of wasted anxiety. Words would have been milder. The two had not spoken afterward. Nearly five miles had been covered and the château was in sight when Peter murmured contritely, "I'm a pig, Sara—a perfect pig."

"Yes," agreed Sara with a chill in her voice, "you certainly are."

Peter turned her head at this rebuff and looked at Sara's profile through narrowed eyes. "Do you know what you yelled out when he ran down the bank?"

"Of course. I called out Stannie—Stannie Drew." Sara's eyes were fixed on the road ahead and she was sitting very straight.

"Do you know how you said it?" Peter demanded sharply. "You gave him to me."

Sara did not move, but the red slowly stole over her face and down her neck. "You noticed, I suppose," she said with perfect composure, "that he did not hear."

"I am not talking about what he heard," was the tart response. "I am talking about what you meant."

Sara turned in her seat and gripped Peter's arm. "You silly child," she flamed. "I have real things to worry about. Am I likely to be thinking about boys, or what I say, or what I mean?"

"Some people," Peter retorted with a dark frown, "think what they say and say what they mean—yes, whatever their troubles."

The auto slackened. "Brace up," Sara commanded, as to a child.

The unconscious primary cause of this dispute opened the door. Sara looked at the disheveled youth. She did not smile. She thought neither of the elaborate prank nor of what she had called out. She remembered at the instant only the extraordinary words of her uncle, uttered that morning.

"I think, Tybo," said Peter softly, glancing down the long road, "that you are more than even."

Tybo forced a laugh. "What a lot of trouble they took," he said.

The attentive chauffeur came running. The two girls lingered to see how far retaliation would go; each thought that the auto would be sent for the stragglers. In a dreadful compound of French and English, Tybo got his orders over. The two messieurs preferred walking for exercise, he said; the automobile would not be wanted again that night. Sara flickered a smile and went into the garden.

"You've done just right," Peter commended.

"You made the wig," Tybo answered curtly. Peter slipped silently after Sara.

All bright stories were carried to the invalid, who loved to hear of the day's doings. The two girls, affecting gayety, laughed themselves into good humor as they told the tale.

"Absurd children!" Lady Llanthony cried and ordered them to keep a lookout. An hour passed; the gong sounded—the signal to dress for dinner. Her visitors scattered. They were summoned almost immediately. They ran to the call and manned the balcony, where they stood and described to the blind woman the happenings beneath.

"A great hay wagon piled high!" Sara cried.

"With wheels big as moons!" Peter exclaimed. "Sam is sliding down now."

"Frank is stretched on top," Tybo contributed. "Asleep, I should think." His hand was on Lady Llanthony's shoulder and she was stroking it.

"No. He moves. He grabs the suitcase. Down it ——" Sara's joyous voice was suddenly cut off. She had glanced at her aunt and at Tybo. She bent her head and rushed into the room.

"Sara!" Her Ladyship called.

"Laughed herself into fits," Tybo explained. He had seen her tears rolling down in a stream. Peter had seen too. The two became madly hilarious and shouted wild insults at the two young men toiling up terraces with a suitcase.

"They've sneaked in," said Tybo. He rolled the chair through the French window and removed the shawl which he had placed round the invalid's shoulders.

"I feel," she laughed, "as though I'd seen a farce from the dress circle. As long as I have your eyes, my son, I shall never miss my own."

"I'll be late for dinner," the boy said huskily, and he hurried away.

Sara, for the first time, had broken down. He had come nearer to it than ever before. The strain was awful. And he had to act now, too, while he was dressing—that terrible valet was always running about—at dinner too. Sam Tibbetts was there, and the servants; the Archers—they knew of the coming change, but not of a sick and broken lord. They seemed in a gale of spirits as they discussed the great sell. Tybo might have left them to walk a mile or two, might think he had got even, but they had scared him into fits for five minutes at least and done his fancy togs down all right. They had invented every detail—the escape of the prisoner, the theft of the automobile. They had doled the story out piecemeal as from newspaper accounts, part at Chinon, part that morning.

"Complete, perfect," Sam Tibbetts crowed.

"Not the first either," Frank chimed in. "Twice before, built round that prisoner too." He recited the joyous incident of the dandy with the monocle crossing the court of the Palais de Justice.

"We saw you," Sam cried, grinning, "Sara and I. You fooled us, all right; I'll say that."

"Yes," Sara agreed, "you fooled us all right, Tybo. You did it too well." A slight subacid flavor in her speech as she turned the subject; that was the only sign she gave that the two incidents which had prejudiced her against Tybo had been explained away. Influenced by these petty happenings, she had assured her uncle that she was indifferent to this young man, had told Sam Tibbetts that she would never marry this lah-de-dah lord, had presented this Stanton Drew to Peter. Large results from small causes, she reflected, blaming herself. But she speedily forgot it all in the thought of the sorrow that so soon must come to her aunt.

Tybo drove the visitors back to Paris the next morning and went, as he had been asked to go, to Lord Llanthony's rooms at the hotel. He found a letter reiterating the request that in the enforced absence of the writer pressing business matters should be concluded on Tybo's judgment, and in particular the matter of the underwriting of the share issue of the steamship company. That had not been completed and could not be delayed. Lord Llanthony pointed out that he himself could not be reached on this sad, secret journey and that the underwriting contract must be executed in his absence. It was not the money involved; he did not care for that; but his word had been pledged. Delay would mean the postponement of the flotation, perhaps its withdrawal. The prospectus must state that the contract had been signed. This document must, by arrangement with London bankers, be issued to the public immediately.

This letter had hardly been read when two visitors appeared—Mr. Darnell Spring, of Lord Llanthony's London office, and Mr. Catesby-Burns, on behalf of a London trust company. The usual compliments were exchanged, regret was expressed at the enforced absence of His Lordship, pleasure was declared at meeting his son. Mr. Spring produced from his portfolio an elaborate power of attorney authorizing Lord Pontlottyn to sign for his father. Mr. Catesby-Burns brought out a fat document and a check.

"On that line, please, My Lord," said Mr. Spring, pointing. "The contract reads: 'Tybo Ellis, commonly known as Lord Pontlottyn: Llanthony, *per pro.* Tybo Ellis'—that's the correct form, I am advised. . . . Ah, thank you. Will you witness first, Mr. Catesby-Burns? I will follow . Ah, that's complete. My part is done."

"Mine begins," said Mr. Catesby-Burns, handing over the check, "and ends."

"If Your Lordship will kindly indorse the check—it is drawn to Your Lordship's order. Ah, thank you. I am instructed to deposit this to your credit in a Paris bank. They will want to file your signature. Can you come with me?"

"To my credit?" His surprise was so obvious that Mr. Spring smiled and suggested that the little trifle of fifty-five thousand pounds was meant as a present.

"Sorry," Tybo said. "I can't go with you. I am not free."

"I wouldn't for the world interfere with Your Lordship's engagements. All that can be arranged subsequently. I'll deposit the check as instructed."

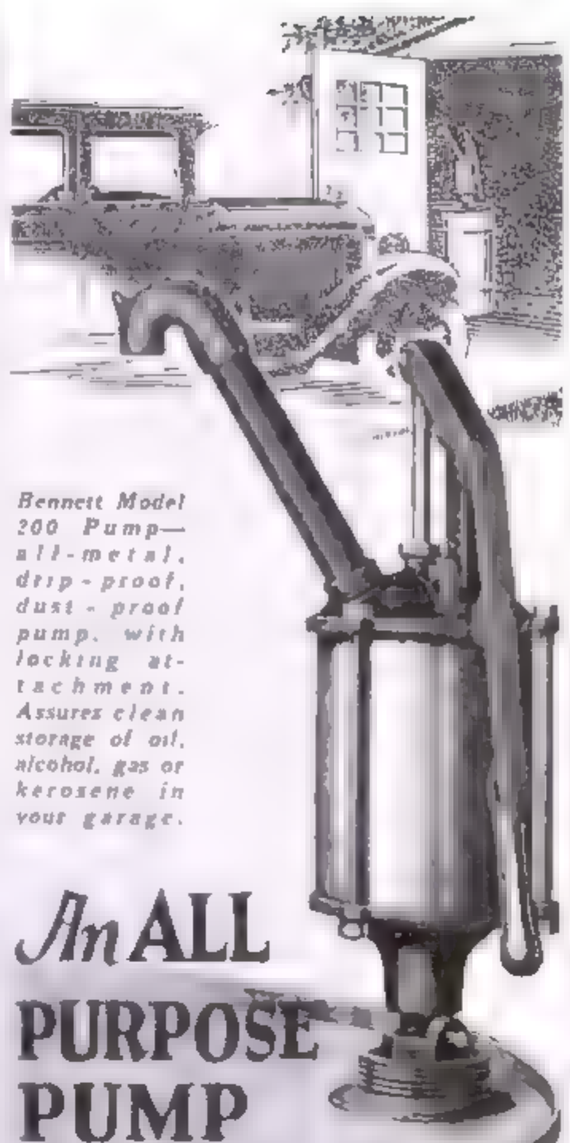
The two visitors left. "That," said Spring, tapping the check, "is my salary for a lifetime and My Lord never lifts an eyelash."

The other nodded. "When you swim in an ocean of gold what's a little trickle to you?" he asked.

The boy, sitting still in the gilded room, asked himself whether he would have signed if he had had time to think. Yes, he would have signed, he decided. Perhaps he had committed a criminal act; but he had never known of a crime that was not a fraud. No one was defrauded in this case. If the issue of shares should prove a failure Lord Llanthony would do his part just the same; how could it be a crime, if His Lordship had authorized and afterward confirmed the signature? Tybo forgot all about it in five minutes. His mind was in Plymouth. He could concentrate on nothing.

He returned to the château in the evening. Neither Sara nor he could pretend except in the presence of Lady Llanthony, and they tacitly agreed not to meet there. So three days lagged along. The invalid rallied them on the quiet house; they must make friends; they must have more visitors—couldn't they get the madcaps back? They evaded; Tybo stayed away longer on his Paris journeys; Sara hardly saw him except at dinner. Then came a letter for her, postmarked Plymouth. "My son is dead," it began. After an hour Sara took it to the library. "Read it," she said and disappeared. The boy sprang up,

Continued on Page 137



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(Continued from Page 135)

alarmed, and took the letter from the table. The letter read:

My dear Niece: My son is dead. He was ill all the way over and was carried ashore to die. He was brought under another name, as you know. He is buried under that name. His mother and I will decide afterward about proper interment. I must be the one to tell her, of course. Not a word to her, not a hint. This will try you hard, but it is the only way. Tell him, if you think best. If you can carry the load alone -but, no, it is only fair that he should be told. I am coming as fast as I can. He did not recognize me. Not a word to his mother. That must be my task. The consequence to her—but I must not think of that. Burn this letter ——"

The boy sat dazed. It was not in those first minutes that he thought of a mother's bereavement. That he must go to her, see her, talk to her, be caressed by her—oh, no, he could not personate the dead. He jumped up as the door opened.

"What must I do?" he cried.

Sara stood looking into his eyes. "I don't know, Stannie," she said—"I don't know." Neither made conscious movement, but now she was in his arms, clasped, held fast. Not a word was said; the only sound was Sara's deep-drawn breath of relief as of a burden lighter because intimately shared. She retreated slowly, reluctant, her finger tips brushing down his arms, loath to lose touch of him. They turned to the sound of footsteps approaching.

"My Lady's compliments to milord and could he come to Her Ladyship?"

The boy sprang past the footman and strode swiftly along the hall. Sara, trembling, crept toward a chair, paused, straightened, set her face to composure, and followed. Up the stairs she went, holding her breath, her head bent sidewise, listening. No sound came from behind the curtained glass doors, but as she passed close she caught the murmur of voices. She gave a smile and a word to a passing housemaid and stopped the footman who thought to enter the salon. "Her Ladyship confers with monsieur," she said quite naturally. She thought to hear a cry, a sob, his call for help. She heard, instead, a laugh—her aunt's ringing laugh. She flung up her head proudly. He was as strong as that then. She must not fail him. She sat down now, watching the door. It opened at last. He came out, laughing. She sprang up. He faced her, pallid, anguished.

"It is decided," he said, choking. "We must wait now for him." She took her handkerchief from her breast and wiped his forehead. "Love did it," he went on. "Love for you made me do it. If I had not, you would have had to tell her."

"Go, Stannie," she breathed. "Go to Paris and wait for him." Her hand trembled as she caught the lapels of his coat and looked imploring into his face.

"And leave you here alone?" he cried. "Not likely. I can do anything now, except marry you. That—never."

"I know," she whispered. "Love me, that's enough. I won't fail you."

A light sound as of a book falling came from the salon. Sara pressed the boy's hand, then turned and entered the room, humming a gay tune. He remembered hearing it with her in the restaurant on the night they had gone to the Salpêtrière. He whistled a bar. He heard laughter within—her laughter, and Lady Llanthony's. He rushed out of the house and went for a long walk. When he came back Sara met him at the door.

"He has come," she whispered. "He went straight to her room. I did not see him. He has ——" She stopped short, staring wildly into the boy's eyes. A faint sound of laughter tinkled down to them from the open windows above.

"He hasn't told her," he said.

"No. Stannie, he won't. He doesn't intend to—not at all—ever. Oh!" She wrung her hands and ran to her room.

XV

THEY met in the library—Lord Llanthony and the boy; the former natural, easy in manner, affectionate in his greeting, the latter pale, haggard-eyed, profoundly troubled. His Lordship's bright penetrating eyes, so deeply imbedded, made calm inspection.

"You have been under a heavy strain," he said. "How could I spare you? Unforeseen, not to be helped ——"

"I heard her laugh," this came from a throat so dry that the words were hardly audible.

"I have not told her." The boy stared. A long silence; the clock ticked on—the only sound—as they looked into each other's eyes. "I shall not tell her. I shall never tell her—unless you force me to deal the blow."

"You're crazy!" cried Stanton Drew, recoiling. Then he bent forward, frowning, obviously looking for signs of overstrain.

"She is happier than she ever was in her life," His Lordship said quietly. "Why break her heart?"

"But but ——"

"You've nothing to do. It's all done. Just go on, that's all."

"I don't get you!" cried the bewildered young man. "Sooner or later ——"

His Lordship lifted a hand. "No," he denied; "never. Lord Pontlottyn now, my title when I'm dead, Lord Llanthony on your tombstone. No; don't interrupt. A simple, a natural result. You thought to give a dying mother a peaceful death; instead, you gave her life. Then you made her happy. Her love for you is the deepest, the most unselfish that a woman may know." The speaker leaned forward and put his hand on the other's knee. "You love her?"

"You know," this in a strangled voice.

"You would make great sacrifices for her happiness?"

"Anything—you know that—that could be done. Anything in reason."

"This is in reason. It is possible."

"Possible? Hundreds of people have seen your son."

His Lordship snapped his fingers. "None that will cross your path. A few years out of England; Lady Llanthony's health provides the excuse; a retired life; travel. It is almost certain that no man will ever say to you: 'You are not the Tybo Ellis I knew.' My boy, if fifty said it, do you know what it weighs against a father's, a mother's word? Nothing."

Stanton Drew sprang to his feet and walked up and down, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent.

His Lordship, following him always with intent eyes, went on in his level, penetrating voice. "Who knows you as my son?" he asked. "Think. That political lot—strong men; important men; men whose words count in England—my London representative, with him another man—a man strong in finance, respected by everybody; the Finleys; your French friends here. All this by accident. All building up to one end—the same end. It seems as if fate had planned from the beginning. You and I don't believe in that of course, but still, there it is. One slight accident, one little incident—if such had occurred I shouldn't be making this appeal to you now. But it hasn't happened."

The troubled listener stopped in his rapid nervous walk. He gazed with startled speculative inquiry into the other's face.

"Even that old couple," the latter continued—"the couple out in the pavilion—she helped to nurse you in babyhood; she recognizes you now. Her husband sees through the same eyes. My boy, there's not a hurdle left to jump. It's done; finished. You've won the race before you knew you had started."

"I'm mixed up," the boy said in an agitated voice. "Of course you can't leave a title by will, can you?"

"Of course not."

"Then what about that man in Oldport who thinks I'm his cousin? Is he going to stand for this?"

"No trouble there. He accepts you."

Drew started. "He is not to know?"

His Lordship smiled. "You should read his spoutings. Down with the lords, that's his mildest saying. He is going to be elected, they say. You'd be doing him the greatest service in your power by keeping him out of the Lords. His political career would be killed. Make him rich if you want to."

The listener turned on his heel and resumed his walk.

"I thought you told me," Lord Llanthony resumed, "that he was in Paris on his wedding tour "

"That's so."

"François misunderstood then. The bride called at the hotel yesterday. What's her name? . . . Oh, yes—Jennifer. She had a nurse and a little child with her, he said, and wished to know whether you were here or in Paris. Remember, I asked her here. If she should turn up ——"

The boy impatiently waved away the irrelevant subject. "The Archers know," he exclaimed.

"Friends of yours, of Sara, of your aunt; straight youngsters."

"Yes; straight," was the significant interruption.

"That's it. A thing is right when nobody's injured and great benefits result to those you love. And to you, my boy, great benefits to you—secondary of course; but ——" He rose and put his hand on Stanton's shoulder. "It's not a small thing," he said with profound earnestness, "to have millions, to live on the grand scale, to wield power, to do great good, to enjoy luxury, to promote culture. Is it nothing to you?" He took the boy's arm and led him to the window. "Is it nothing to you to feel that you are the owner of this place?" He felt the listener's start and he shifted back his hand to the boy's shoulder. "You are the owner, you know. Look over that beautiful plain. Your château crowns it. Your personality, if you chose, and remained here long enough, could dominate the neighborhood. Or you could keep it for a spring playground. You could come and go as you chose; the whole world is at your command. You are rich today, for your years."

The absorbed silent listener stood back and again fixed troubled, speculative eyes on His Lordship.

"That document you signed," the latter went on, "brought you a quarter of a million dollars. It is banked in your name. Only you can touch it." His Lordship shrugged his shoulders. "There can be a million there tomorrow if you have any use for it."

"When did your son die?" The question rang out, sharp, imperative.

The answer came, calm, unruffled. "Before I had ever heard of you." The older man met, unquailing, the accusation in the menacing face of the confronting Drew. "I came to Paris to tell a wife of the deplorable death of our son. I found her a wreck; but at her bedside, consoling, healing, drawing her back inch by inch from the grave, I found a son. That day I resolved that if he should be willing he should stay always. Could I ask him then, a stranger, who could not know how easy it was? Of course not. I must establish him first. I must build a foundation so solid, so firm, that I could come to him and prove that it was all done—finished—that he had only to nod his head "

Suspicion, antagonism, cleared. "It was for her?" Stanton Drew asked, his voice trembling.

"What else? Incidentally there followed direct descent in my line, pleasing of course—pleasing to me to adopt a son, of whom I could be proud, of course. Perhaps there was another motive, not altogether small either." He came close and put his two hands on the boy's shoulders. "I was afraid," he admitted. "I could not face telling her. Spare me that, my boy. Spare her the hearing."

His Lordship hoped for acquiescence on the crest of this wave of emotion, but his hope proved vain. He faced a look of inquiry, a puzzled gaze. "And you've been pretending all the time," Stannie said in a low voice; "and about your son's death too. Oh, I see why; you've told me; good

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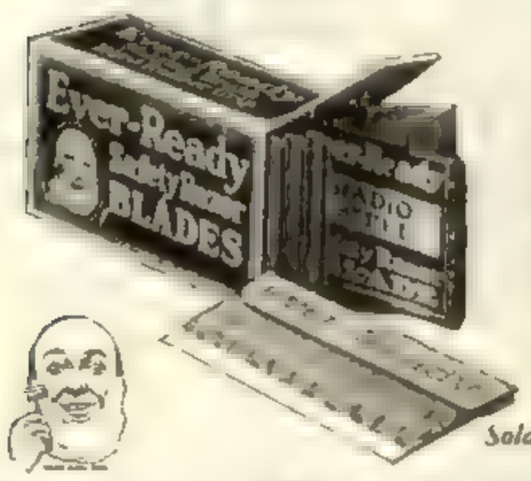

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reasons as you saw them—as you tell them. But how you could do it, I can't see."

"Not easy, but nothing to telling her."

"I see that too. It isn't that. It's how you did it, how you got away with it, how you could fit in everything, think of everything; and never give yourself away." There was a kind of awe in the voice.

"How many mistakes have you made?" His Lordship asked.

"Ah, a poor blind lady—I saw her only an hour at a time; but you—you have fooled the whole world. Yes," he cried a little wildly, "Death himself."

"Softly, my lad. If I could deceive Death I should be omnipotent; and I am only a man whom some think powerful, pleading almost on my knees to you for the happiness of my wife."

Stannie Drew was in truth overwhelmed by the revelation of the iron-willed, gentle-handed duplicity, of the smooth-rolling mendacity, of this juggling with life and death, of this immense unconscious self-revelation which said in effect that all means were right if the end was good. His first reaction was desire to escape, as one would from an avalanche or a tidal wave. Sara? He looked up. Had she, too, been deceived? Knowing this life of lords, knowing her uncle, had she not seen the end to which every act of his was directed?

He broke the long silence. "Does Sara know?" he demanded abruptly.

"She knows, approves," was the answer.

Stannie's head sank. An added pallor showed. "All alike then," he thought aloud, "you people."

"I dropped Sara a hint," his surprised Lordship corrected, "the morning I left. Her love for her aunt is that of a daughter. Of course she will approve."

The boy looked up, nodded, straightened. His manner said: "Well, I believe that anyhow." And it told, too, of a great relief. "If she had known," he uttered with a high conviction, "she would have told me."

"Ah!" His Lordship could not check that little exclamation. He was exultantly sure of success now. The boy loved Sara. "I can ——" But Stannie Drew broke in: "One question!" he cried. "Why didn't you wait till you came? Why write of the death?"

"I am as frank about that as I have been about all else," was the quiet answer. "That you might cross the Rubicon before I came. That you might see Lady Llanthony after you knew of the death. That I might truthfully say to you that all was finished. That no new effort, no fresh step, was required from you. Was I right? Isn't it true? You have only to sit still and all that men strive for falls into your lap—a great position, immense riches, houses, lands, luxury, power, love, mother love." Lord Llanthony paused, then added slowly, "The love of a girl, brilliant, accomplished, beautiful."

Stannie Drew trembled visibly. The only sound was that of his panting breath. He lifted a contorted face, made a step forward as though to accept the offered hand of an adopted father, but rushed past instead.

"She expects me at this hour," he said in a muffled voice.

"There is no hurry about your decision," His Lordship called after him. Lord Llanthony listened—yes, the boy had gone to his wife's room. The reason was obvious; to convince himself that he was accepting for her sake. "They call it New England conscience over there," His Lordship thought, and sent for Sara. He felt unaccountably tired. He had put all his nervous force into that trying and difficult interview. He had feared that the clever young man would think backward and discern his maneuvers. He had decided on utter frankness; all his explanations had been sound, had been accepted. Though he had failed to secure instant acquiescence he had no doubt of ultimate success. Sara now crowned this dazzling heap of splendor. The boy wanted Sara. He must have her. But where was she? No one thought to search in the little house, in the garden behind, where she had fled from herself to console a homesick old couple. So she entered the library at last only an instant behind Stanton Drew.

Sara stopped short as she saw his ravaged face. She stood poised, her head bent forward, her heart unveiled by eyes that disclosed everything. "Stannie Stannie Drew!" The murmured words were freighted with passionate tenderness. He made one step toward her, checked, dropped his eyes. Lord Llanthony, delighted, surprised, saw brilliant success for his cherished plans.

"Sara," he cried, "I ask nothing more from life! Your aunt will be happy. You two married ——"

"Stannie Drew," she breathed, "has refused me once ——"

"Of course. He must." He glanced from one to the other. He added with a confident emphasis, "But my son will not."

"I can't do it," the boy burst out. "Lord Llanthony, you give everything, but you ask everything. My name, my country, my flag. No."

Sara leaped to his arms. He repulsed her.

"Persuade him, Sara," said the astonished lord, turning to leave the room.

"No," Sara cried. "He must choose. I love him, not his name." She turned and twined her arm in the boy's. "Stannie," she said, "I am yours. Don't think you're losing me with the rest ——"

"He can't mean it." Lord Llanthony was completely unnerved. He looked suddenly old and flabby.

"It is final," the boy said. "I have said good-by to Lady Llanthony."

"You've not told her?" His Lordship's voice was almost hysterical.

"No. Not for me to do that. Called to Paris—for some time."

Then the door opened. The footman uttered a name—Mrs. Evans. Jennifer rushed past him, obviously highly excited.

"I've brought her, Lord Pontlottyn!" she cried. "The wife and son you deserted. On your honor you weren't married, weren't you? Well, there are all papers." She slammed a parcel on the table. She turned to her companion, who came forward timidly, holding a toddling child by the hand. These three people, all dazed and worn out by the emotional crisis through which they had passed, stared at her.

Stanton Drew, hardly comprehending, not caring, mechanically extended a hand. "I am very pleased to see you," he said politely.

"Thank you," was the grave answer.

Jennifer broke into hysterical weeping. Sara, faculties restored, caught her firmly by the arm and led her out.

Lord Llanthony gazed open-mouthed at this self-convicted impostor, who proved her guilt by silent acceptance of the wrong husband.

"And you claim that he is your husband?" Lord Llanthony swept an arm behind him. The young mother, seated in a chair, her child in her lap, looked vaguely around the room. The questioner turned. Stanton Drew had disappeared. "The young man who was here; who shook hands with you."

"Oh, no." She had the beautiful liquid eyes of a Jersey cow and a skin as creamy as its new milk.

"But you didn't deny ——"

"I didn't understand, sir. I was confused." A placid pair, now, mother and child, exuding health; His Lordship could feel the pleasant contagion as he drew a chair near and seated himself.

"Have you a picture of him?" She took one from her bag with a well-gloved hand. "His arm is in a sling." He studied the snapshot, not admitting that it pictured his dead son.

"His motor came through our front wall and stayed in our parlor. He was hurt, sir—My Lord." She had a lot of fine flaxen hair, elaborately done up, shimmering beneath a Paris hat.

"Of course Mrs. Ellis has seen this?"

(Continued on Page 141)

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The GENERAL TIRE

(Continued from Page 138)

"No, My Lord." He lifted his eyes from her new dress and looked a question. "She never asked for it."

"You nursed him, I suppose, in your cottage?"

"Yes, sir—for six weeks. Then he married me. The lines are there, My Lord." She put the placid child on the floor, bent over, and took off her well-cut new shoe. "Excuse me, sir," she apologized. "It hurts." The child grabbed the shiny trophy with calmly uttered half sentences expressive of pleasure. His Lordship looked up from the document which he was reading. The silk stockinged foot was well-shaped, the ankle not bad.

"Mrs. Ellis dressed you in Paris, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, and had my hair done."

"And why did you name your son John?"

"After my dead father. My husband had gone away. He never wrote."

"But you believed that the boy would one day have a title."

"Not till Mr. Evans told me. Mr. Evans, of Oldport, my husband's uncle." The inquisitor glanced up. Every time he did that he added an item to his inventory. Her ears were passable; her profile good; her full face very pretty, but without animation.

"How did you know him?" he asked.

"We buy some lines from him, sir. Mother keeps the little shop and has the post office. He came up to collect a bill. That was just after John was born. I told him I was Mrs. Tybo Evans. He found it all out and came again and said John would be Lord Pontlottyn one day."

His Lordship's eyes followed the child, who was toddling about, solemnly investigating. "And why didn't you write to me?"

"Mr. Evans said not."

"You speak very well. You have not much Gloucester accent."

"I was a pupil teacher and took the higher grades."

"And why weren't you to write to me?"

"Mr. Evans said not."

Some pressure was required to extract the reasons; Lord Llanthony and his wife were very worldly, almost surely they would ignore the marriage, they would undoubtedly support the heartless desertion of their profligate son. Then Mrs. Ellis had come with the news that her father-in-law had changed his mind, that a broken, blind lady would surely welcome a grandson, that a reformed husband would do justice to his injured wife. It was denied that the visit was a surprise. Mrs. Ellis Evans had said that she had written.

"Do you keep a cow?" the cross-examiner asked.

"Oh, yes, since John was born."

"I thought so. And you milk her, of course. You grow your own vegetables, too, and you trench the potatoes yourself, I suppose. You help in the shop besides."

The mother rose placidly and limped to her son, quietly extracting a valuable ornament from a clenched fist. "A pig, too, My Lord, and the only asparagus bed in the place. We make all the jam and preserves we sell, and people come for ten miles to get ours."

Lord Llanthony went over and bent down. "Is he ticklish?" he asked, gently prodding the child all over, smiling into the grave, solemn eyes. "He's a fine youngster." He pressed the chubby arms, the plump legs. "Perfectly formed too. Nursed him yourself, I'm sure?"

"Of course, sir." The proud mother smiled for the first time. "He's as healthy as he looks."

"Take off your gloves. You'll feel more comfortable." She obeyed with hesitation. As he had thought, her hands were hard and rough, but they were shapely, the nails better than he had hoped. "How old was your father when he died?"

"About forty. He was kicked by Lord Carstane's horse. He was opening a gate for His Lordship. Mother gets a pension."

"Ah; an accident." More questions; family history; no tubercle; great-uncles and great-aunts dying of old age. Lord Llanthony cried at last, "Nature beats man!"

"Yes, sir," the mother agreed.

He called a servant and sent for Sara. "You do not ask about your husband," he said.

"I am not coming back to him, sir. I didn't mean that, ever."

"He is not here. You will stay, for a few days, anyhow, and we will arrange everything."

"I am not used to great houses but——"

"It's his house. You're his guest." He pointed to the child.

"If you say so, My Lord."

Sara came, unnaturally calm on this day of storms. "Sara," said His Lordship, "this is Mary, Lady Pontlottyn. . . . Mary, this is your cousin by marriage, Sara Desmond."

"Please, miss," Mary, Lady Pontlottyn, interrupted, "you'll excuse me, but can you tell me if I can get some milk—some that you know is all right—for Johnnie?"

Sara smiled and picked up Lord Pontlottyn. "Come," she said as she hugged the child.

"Please ask Jennifer to come here."

"She went right out of the house, uncle; straight to the station. She was greatly excited and said something about relighting a candle in a tabernacle. I think she was awfully disappointed. . . . Did she expect a scene, Mary? Don't call me miss. Say Sara."

"She spoke of lighting a candle, Miss Sara," answered the placid Lady Pontlottyn. "She said there would be an explosion. I did not know what she meant."

"Mary will stay for the present, Sara." He beckoned. "When she's settled in her room," he whispered, "tell her about Tybo." The child in Sara's arms stroked his face. He smiled. "Bring him here as soon as he's fed. Now, run along. Ask the boy to come."

"He's gone, too—yes, for good." Sara hurried from the room. She was followed by the deliberate, soft-moving Lady Pontlottyn.

Lord Llanthony leaned back in his chair and smiled again. His furious energy, his great abilities, his persistent will, all concentrated on one grandiose conception; on an effort, as he had said, to defy law and defeat nature—all wasted. The great plan wrecked by the foolish obstinacy of an insignificant boy; and in the moment of defeat along comes a baby with a bundle of legal papers. Nature and law triumphant, generous in victory, presenting him in smiling irony with all that he had most desired Lord Llanthony laughed out loud.

When the child was brought in he carried him upstairs and set him in his wife's lap. "This," he said, "is your grandson, Tybo's son." Then he made the great confession.

XVI

THAT afternoon Frank Archer tossed a telegram over to the twin. "It's bad news for you, old girl," he said, "but just what the news is——"

Peter read it aloud:

"Tell Peter I am writing tonight; tell my fiancé that Lord Pontlottyn gobbled pint of bread and milk and has already broken Sèvres vase in his grandmother's room. Wire me his plans, specially steamer, port, date. Do not tell him. Very confidential. SARA."

The twin sprang to the telephone. Her brother listened while she arranged with a certain Mrs. Foster to join the Brittany sketching party. She would come now, she said, if Mrs. Foster could put her up, and they could all go together to the station in the morning. She rushed by Frank, checked, grabbed a drawing.

"She tore it to bits once," she cried; "here goes again!"

"Peter!"

She stayed her hand. Her gamin face was screwed in ugly wrinkles as she stared defiantly at her brother. "Yes, give it to him," she said in a hoarse voice. "For a wedding present from Sam. I'll tell Sam tomorrow. Then there'll be two of us stamping round Brittany howling mad." She flung down the sketch of Sara and bolted from the room. Her brother heard her rushing about, packing, heard her send her suitcase down by the servant. She came and flung her arms round his neck.

"Sorry, Frank. But you don't know anything about it." She ran away, calling, "Don't forward any letters."

An hour later Stanton Drew turned up. "Well, old son!" But he stopped as he saw the sketch of Sara. "I say—I say. Fine! Sam's work of course. What's she looking at? What was the matter with her?"

"Sam caught her down by your gate. She'd just heard something, or dreamed something, all right, hadn't she? Lord Pontlottyn's——"

"Drop it—it's dead. I——"

"Very much alive. He's drunk a pint of milk"—Stannie Drew stared—"and he's smashed a vase in his grandmother's room."

"A telegram? You've heard from Sara? Well, that's fine hearing, all right. I say, this picture is pasted."

"Yes, Sara thought it ought to be a puzzle and made fragments of it. Sit down. Have a cigarette."

Stannie took one. "This is a day, all right," he muttered, wiping his brow. "I'll call it one. Lend me a hundred francs till tomorrow."

"As much more as you like and as long as you——"

"I shall be rich tomorrow. Stanton Drew can cash his little old draft, buy his ticket and go home—some holiday. Oh, yes, I'll say it is. Why did Sara tear it up?"

"Oh, put the picture in your pocket and shut up about it. Can't you guess? Caught in a revealing mood; girls hate that."

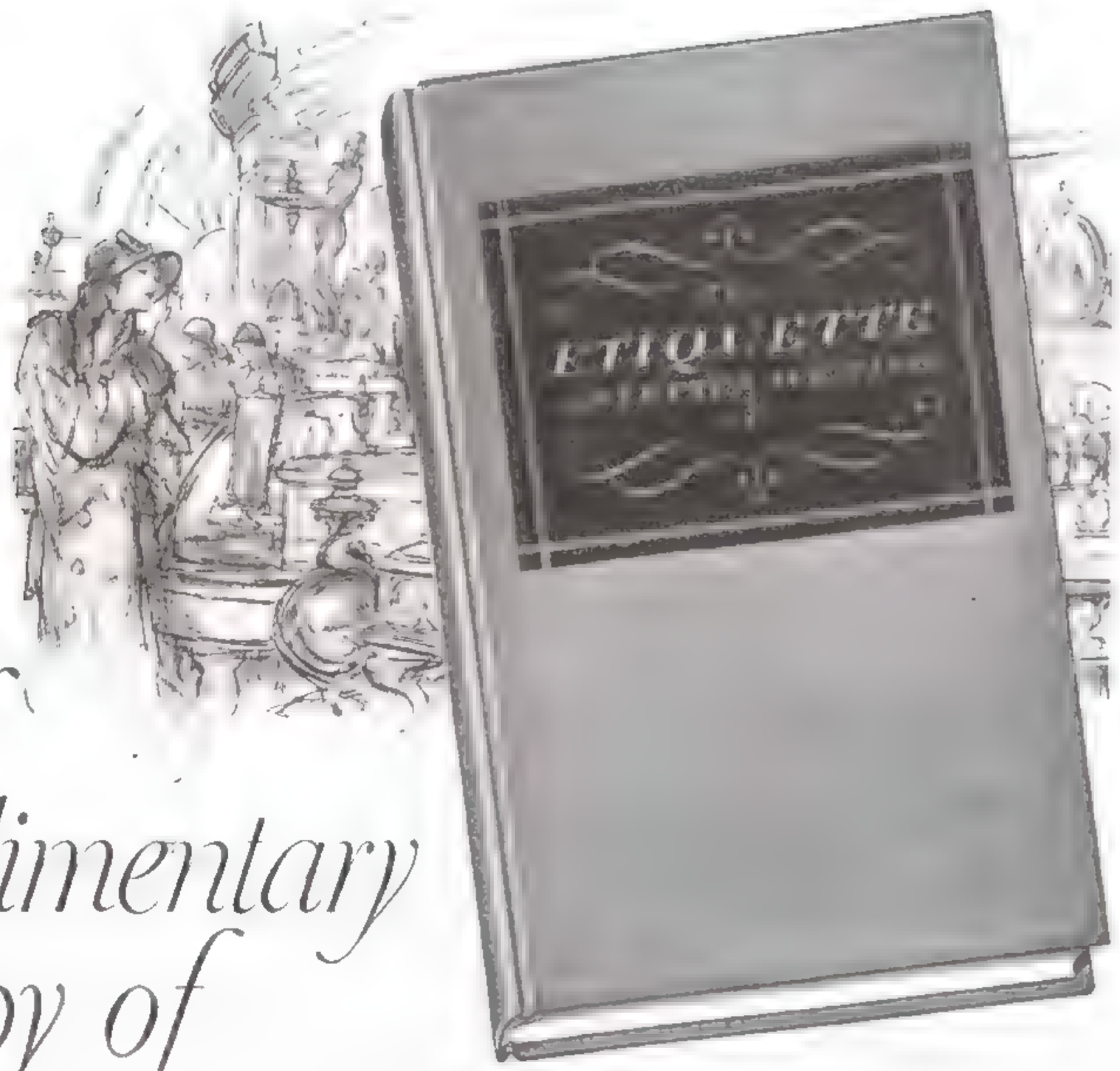
"I am not so sure they do," said Stannie Drew thoughtfully. "I may have it?"

"Sam's wedding present to you. Congrats, my boy."

Stannie frowned. "She put a lot in one telegram, it seems to me. Thanks. Not an engagement—not fair to her. I'm to get a job, and if I won't have her money, she's

(Continued on Page 144)

Spring in Warren County, New York



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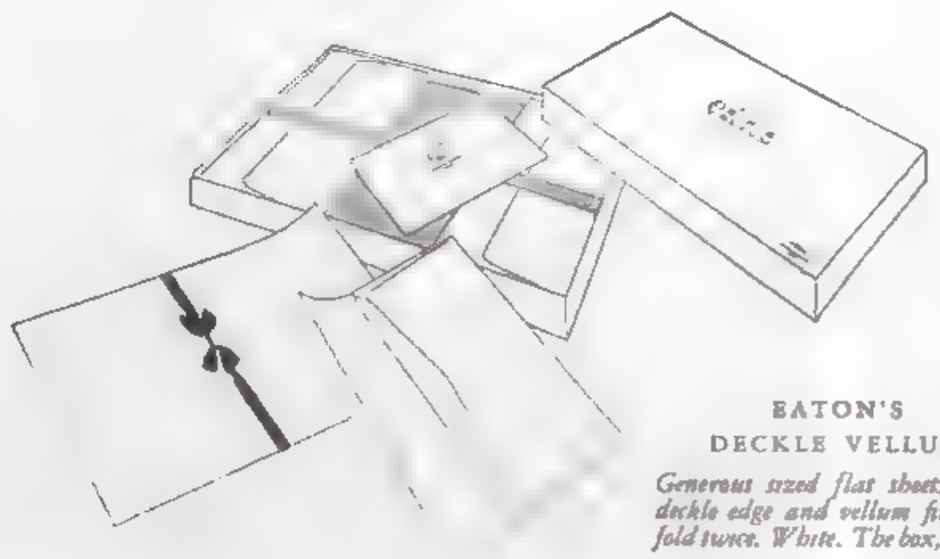

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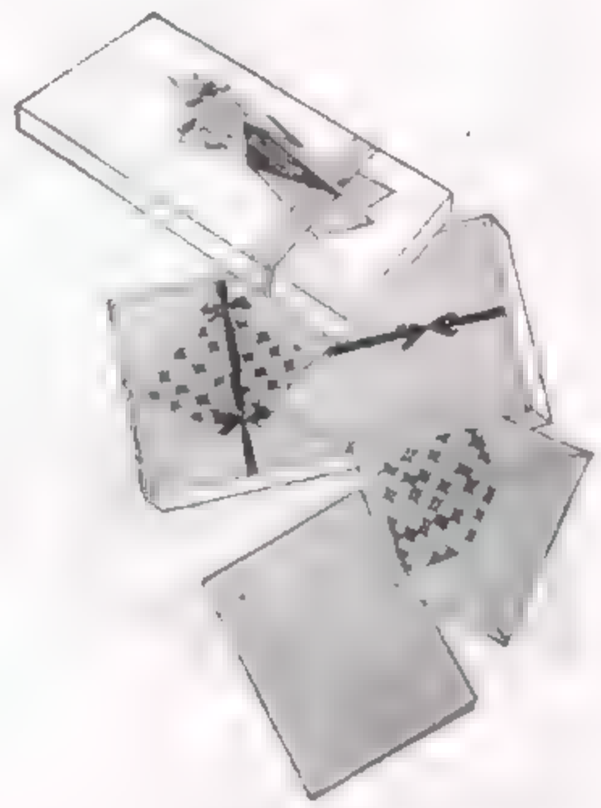

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PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

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S-4

(Continued from Page 141)

coming to live on my wages. Ha-ha." The laugh was bitter.

"I've heard of worse troubles. Stay here till you sail. I'm all alone. Peter's gone to Brittany sketching. This milk drinker, this vase smasher? Sounds like a baby—yours?"

Stannie Drew smiled. "Laid on the doorstep with all the papers. A live arrow shot from a dead past. His father dead, the kid is Lord Pontlottyn and takes my place." Stannie Drew chuckled. "I couldn't stay a minute, could I? I've taken on everything, but there is a line. I drew it at a baby. I couldn't father him. Oh, no—his mother there too. So I hopped out at the back as he came in at the front. The telegram means of course that he's proved legitimate and accepted."

"More than that," said Frank. "In Lady Llanthony's room "

Stannie Drew nodded. "She knows it all now. I wonder is she upset—is she—does she blame me?"

"Give the baby time, old man. He's your friend at court. Now let's go out and have dinner and celebrate the arrival at Paris of Mr. Stanton Drew." He took his guest to the gayest of restaurants. In the middle of dinner the guest laid down his fork.

"Frank," he announced impressively, "never have a guilty secret. It's a killjoy. It is poisonous."

"I thought your appetite very good all through the crisis."

"Duty—I ate from a sense of duty. This is the first meal I've really enjoyed. It has the salt of honesty."

"And Sara not here!"

"If she was, I couldn't eat; I'd be looking at her."

There was plenty to talk about at that dinner; hours of the mad masquerade to live over, incredible in the retrospect. The last flight from the château had had its humors, for Jennifer and Stannie had traveled by the same train.

"I had just said good-by to Sara," he said, "and of course the world was black. When I got to the Tours station I saw Jennifer and went mad clear through. She hoisted her chin and looked away. I watched and got into her compartment. We were alone.

"'You played the low-down, all right,' I told her, 'to steer that kid there without notice; his grandmother an invalid ——'

"'Your child,' she yelled, 'whom you've never seen, and you speak of him like that!'

"'Could I stay one hour after his arrival?' I demanded.

"She looked at me as if I was crazy. 'And your dear, forgiving wife, whom you deserted so shamefully,' she lectured. 'You shook hands with her as though she was a stranger who had dropped in to tea.'

"'She is all you say she is,' I came back with dignity. 'She is more than you say; but could I stay one hour after she came? Oh, no! See what you have done.'

"'Done? What have I done?' She was crazy with curiosity now.

"'Can't you see?' I shouted at her. 'Can't you understand?' She stared at me with her mouth so wide open I could see the gold filling in a wisdom tooth.

"'Husband and wife should be together,' she muttered faintly.

"'Oh, well, if you can't see ——' I told her with scathing contempt. I turned my shoulder and stared out of the window.

"She held out for two minutes; then she gasped out, 'Are you staying away?'

"'Forever!' I think my voice sounded as from the tomb."

Frank roared with laughter as he signaled to the waiter for a second helping of the entrée.

"She gave a little shriek at that, and bored and bored away for explanations. I said with a grand air, 'I have abdicated. It is final. The kid—by the way, what's his name?'

"'You are a monster,' she said. 'John.'

"'John owns the château. He has a quarter of a million in bank.' I flung out my hands. 'All—I give him all!' I cried. "'Oh, what's it all about?' she was dazed. 'I can't grasp the ideas of your class.' Then we drew up at Blois. Despradailles saw me from the platform and came into our compartment. I introduced him, and the polished old gentleman kissed her hand.

"'No,' I told him, 'not Lord Pontlottyn any longer. We have found a baby—the unsuspected heir.' I rang the changes on that all right until Despradailles got it.

"'Ah! Ah!' he cried. 'I perceive—the disinherited one.' He almost wept for me and called me a gallant knight. At Paris I put Jennifer in a taxi.

"'Twice,' I warned, 'you have come to the château. Once you kept me out of Parliament. Now you drive me from my home. Never see me again. You always put me down and out.' The tears were rolling down her cheeks as she passed forever from my sight."

He burlesqued everything that night, thus escaping thought. The morning brought a letter from Sara, reporting her aunt as dazed, stunned, without censure for anybody and as already finding comfort in the baby.

The new Lady Pontlottyn placidly said only pleasant things of her dead husband and was made welcome in the invalid's room.

"Auntie has lost a son twice over," Sara wrote, "and I feared antagonism against you. She doesn't express it. I don't think she feels it. I told her you and I were to be married in the autumn in New York. We are, you know, Stannie darling, and our wedding tour will be to your job, wherever it is. She kissed me, then asked for the baby ——"

The boy poured out his heart in his answer. His prospects, he said, were too uncertain to permit an engagement. He had had, he told her with slightly acid humor, inside experience of the way she was accustomed to live, and when he got within a hundred miles of that he would send her a ring. He was writing this letter when Lord Llanthony appeared.

Heavy-footed, agile-minded, bright-eyed as usual, His Lordship besought him to accept prodigal offers—wealth, luxury, power, Sara—all these were his for a nod of the head. He shook it instead.

"You and I," said the patient pleader, "must save quixotic Sara. She declares she will starve with you in a back alley ——"

The boy flushed.

"I have told her," he snapped, "there is no engagement."

"You can't keep her from your doorstep. The only way is to accept a position in my New York office. To accept is consistent with your dignity. To refuse is to slight Sara and wound me." There was no escaping this logic. Stannie yielded. Lord Llanthony's last words, profoundly sincere, genuinely affectionate, were: "I do not think you have lost Lady Llanthony's love. Be patient."

The boy, in exalted mood, tore up his letter, bought a ring with most of the proceeds of his draft and sent it and a letter by special messenger to the château.

Frank Archer went with him to see him off, and introduced him to friends who were to be fellow passengers, as the most original traveler who had ever visited Paris. No Louvre, no tomb of Napoleon, no Café de la Paix, no Montmartre ——

"What did you do with yourself?" asked charming, dark-eyed Miss Saintsbury.

"I specialized," was the vague answer.

It came time to part. Archer put it off. He held his friend at the foot of the gangway.

"Sara's coming," he said. "Cross-country trains. Due an hour ago."

She came, tearing, after the last whistle had sounded, after the last passenger had come ashore. An instant for one embrace, conspicuous, seen by everybody.

When he had run up the gangway, which was lifted as he ran, Miss Saintsbury called out, "The specialist—now we know what in."

(THE END)

CANDY

for Mother's Day

Remember....

that mother is always eighteen in some corner of her heart. She likes to remember sweetheart days in which candy played its part. Make her realize that she is still somebody's sweetheart.

Mother's Day is an ancient custom. Teach your children to observe it. The love of a mother for her child is the strongest, most unselfish love on Earth; the love of a child for the mother is the noblest.

Give mother candy on Mother's Day, May 8th, as a symbol of your love. Be sure that she is included in the Mother's Day candy custom. Don't disappoint her.

• • • • • •

Mother is a judge of candy, for experience has taught her that it is made up of nuts, milk, sugar, butter, molasses, eggs, gelatine, corn syrup, malted milk, fruits, chocolate and other pure, health-building foods approved by nutrition experts.

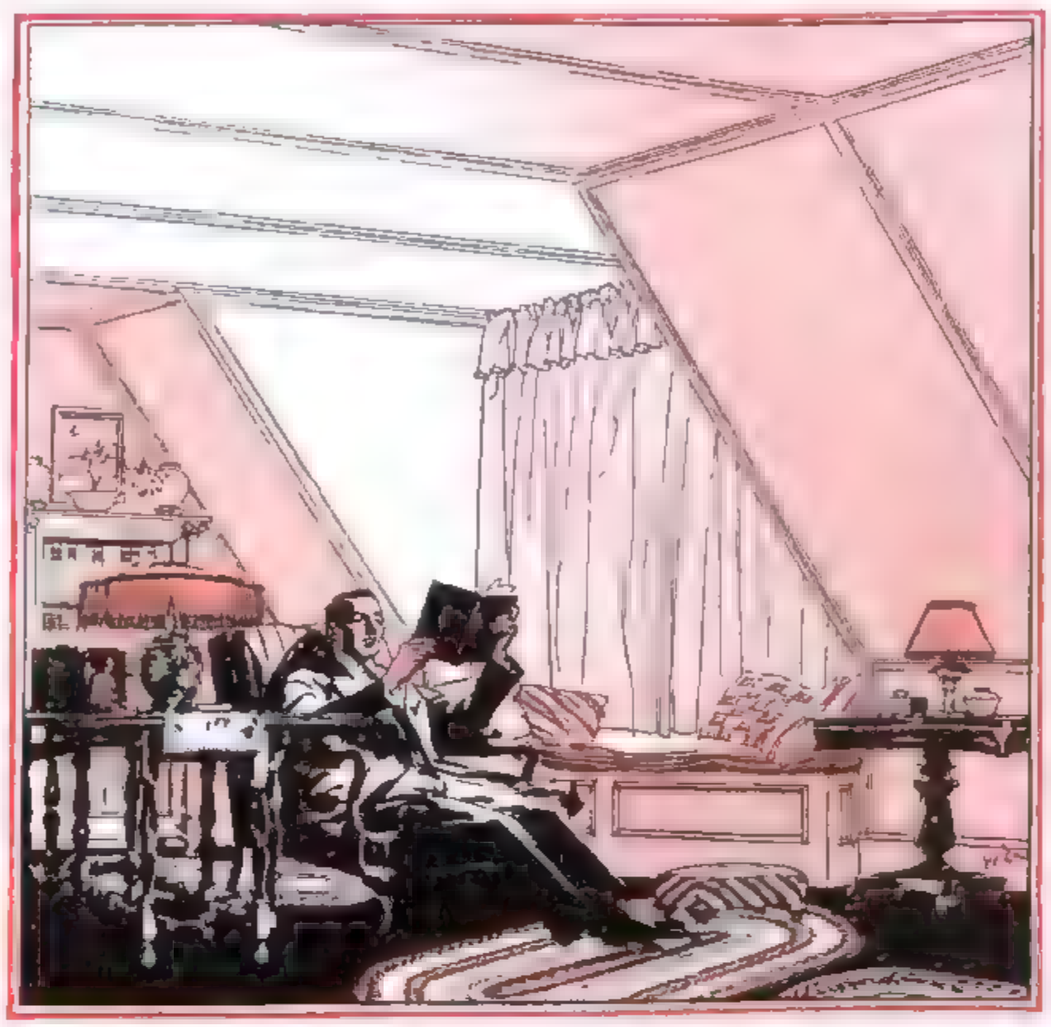
Candy nourishes. It gives energy. It relieves fatigue.

Mother deserves more than one annual treat. She likes candy in the home for Sunday. Remember there are other Sundays in the year, and give her the pleasure of the Sunday candy custom

National Confectioners Association of the United States

Educational Department, 1617 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo

Why build four floors . . . . *then* live in only two?



MAKE your attic a livable part of your home—*winter-warm* and *summer-cool*.

Build in a den, a maid's room, an extra bathroom or bedroom, a play room for the children, a workshop for Dad or Bill.

Your cellar, too, can be improved! Build in a laundry, a fruit closet, a useful store room, or enclose the furnace to keep dust from seeping through the house.

Not only may you add a third or fourth more living space, but you may save 20% to 30% of your fuel bill—for an Upson Board lining is equal to 11 thicknesses of ordinary building paper.

Read the contest rules to see how you can win valuable cash prizes by suggesting uses of Upson Board to *reclaim waste space* in home, store or factory.

$1000 for the best Upson ceilings

Nearly every home has one or more cracked ceilings—ceilings that are suggestive of personal injury or property damage—that ever urge humiliating apologies to guests.

Repairs have been delayed because it is almost impossible to *patch* plaster. *Re*-plastering means muss and dirt.

But now there is a quick-and-easy way! Your carpenter can apply the big panels of Upson Board right over the old plaster (direct to studs in new construction) in one-third the time of *re*-plastering, with little muss or dirt.

Never again need you worry about cracks! You have attractive walls or ceilings that are *winter-warm* and *summer-cool*—for Upson Board is not only a splendid building board, but one of the best insulating materials on the market as well.

Safe walls that even ordinary leaks should not injure! *Paneled* walls which decorators unite in saying afford the best background for furnishings.

Permanent walls, which are a lasting reflection of the owner's good taste and pride of ownership.

Read the contest rules to find out about the $1000 in cash prizes for attractive Upson ceilings.

$500 for the most ingenious uses

Upson Board has hundreds of uses in homes, schools, stores, and factories—for doors, closets, furniture backing, wastebaskets, window backgrounds, built-in offices, store rooms, sign displays, booths and manual training work.

How do *you* use it? Perhaps you have a new idea, something different. We will give $500 in prizes for the eighteen uses which the Contest Committee consider to be the most unique and useful. Mail the coupon today.

Why Upson Board is different . . . better

Properly applied, Upson Board should never warp or bulge. Upson Fasteners (patented) make it the one wallboard without nail marks.

Tests prove Upson Board 40% to 150% stronger than other boards tested; dozens of letters in our files prove it resists steam, moisture, even ordinary leaks—retards fire. It *is* dependable.

Write for samples, Blue Print

Try Upson Board in just one of the ways mentioned here. You will like it! Genuine *Blue* Center Upson Board is handled by discriminating lumber dealers everywhere. Why not talk with one of these dependable merchants.

Or, we invite you to mail the coupon for samples, literature, and helpful information.

$2500 in cash prizes

Enter one of these interesting contests

1. ***The contests open*** March 1, 1927; close midnight, June 1, 1927.

2. ***Anyone may compete*** except employees of the Upson Company. The entries may be of two kinds: 1. Description and photographs of an actual Upson Board interior. 2. Description and plans for an *ideal Upson Board interior*. You need not own an Upson Board interior; you need not buy Upson Board. If your entry covers an actual Upson Board interior which you do not own, simply get the consent of the owner. If your entry is the plan for an ideal Upson Board interior, you are not obliged to build the actual installation to win a prize.

Contest No. 1. For the photographs and description of actual Upson Board ceilings or the plans for proposed Upson Board ceilings which the Contest Committee decides harmonize best with the architectural design and furnishing of the room, twenty prizes as follows: $400 first prize, $250 second prize, $100 third prize, seventeen honorable mentions at $15 each. Total, $1005.

Contest No. 2. For the photographs and description of an actual use of Upson Board to reclaim waste space, or the plans for a proposed use, which in final results are decided to make the most of all possibilities, $400 first prize, $250 second prize, $100 third prize, seventeen honorable mentions at $15 each. Total, $1005.

Contest No. 3. For suggestions for the most ingenious uses of Upson Board, aside from actual building construction, $150 first prize, $75 second prize, $50 third prize, fifteen honorable mentions at $15 each. Total, $500. In the event of a tie, all tying contestants to receive the prize tied for.

4. ***To receive a prize,*** photographs or snapshots must be submitted if the work is an actual Upson Board installation. If the entry covers plans for an ideal Upson Board installation, a detail plan or sketch must be submitted. It is also suggested that each contestant state reasons for preference for Upson Board rather than other types of building material, although this report has no connection with prize awards.

5. ***All material must be in*** the hands of the Contest Committee, The Upson Company, Lockport, N.Y., not later than June 1, 1927. No papers or photographs can be returned. The right is reserved to use any photographs submitted upon payment to the contestant of $1 each. You can identify genuine Upson Board by the blue center in each panel edge.

Use Upson Board for partitions, doors, closets, dozens of other needs. Many home owners keep a bundle on hand for everyday uses. $500 for the most ingenious uses.

Re-cover cracked ceilings with Upson Board. Goes up in ⅓ the time, at comparatively little cost. Read about the interesting ceiling contest. $1000 in cash prizes.

Send coupon for *helpful booklet*

THE UPSON COMPANY
2407 Upson Pt., Lockport, N. Y.

Please send me FREE, booklet giving rules of the $2500 Prize Contest, together with Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile samples and name of nearest Upson lumberman.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

UPSON BOARD

for walls . . ceilings partitions . . insulation

PEOPLE AGAINST VAN TEEL

(Continued from Page 23)

You don't know. . . . Well, well. And what can we do for you, Mr. Kennis?"

"As administrator it is my duty to collect the assets of the estate for the benefit of heirs and creditors. You can let me have that fifty thousand dollars."

"But, my dear man," said the cashier smilingly, "it was checked out last week. A check for the full amount came through: drawn by Ramspercker to the order of Otho L. Ramspercker, Inc., for deposit in the Motor Center Bank. Ramspercker evidently incorporated himself, for a reason that isn't hard to guess. He owed a lot of money, didn't he?"

"The name of a corporation means nothing," said the attorney. "That check came through last week? It was delayed quite a while. Ramspercker was drowned five or six weeks ago."

"You said he was drowned last week."

"I said the body was found in the morgue and identified last week. You may judge how long it was in the water from the fact that it took a dentist to identify it."

"Pardon me a moment," said the cashier, leaving him.

He returned shortly and called Kennis into the president's office.

There was concern in the large, pink face of the gray-haired banker as he shook the hand of the dapper attorney. He said, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Kennis," but he did not look pleased.

"You say this account—this gentleman has been dead for some time? We should have been informed. You represent the family?"

"I was appointed on the petition of a creditor; Mr. Ramspercker seems to have had no family. I have no information about his personal affairs."

"Nor have we, for that matter," said the cashier glumly. "He walked in here, opened this account by depositing a little cash and a check for fifty thousand dollars drawn to his order by one Hyman Mertz, shook hands with somebody and walked out—a matter of minutes. We have an address on West Ninety-sixth Street."

"A bachelor apartment below the viaduct there," nodded Kennis. "I spoke to the janitor—quite an intelligent man. He knew nothing of Ramspercker's affairs. This Hyman Mertz, who lent Ramspercker the fifty thousand dollars, probably knows all about him. I didn't ask Mertz anything. You or I don't care now who Ramspercker was. I come into the matter as a stranger to all parties, and you only want to know that your depositor is dead."

A young man with paper guards on his sleeves entered and put a canceled check before the president. The latter studied it, set it beside an authentic signature for comparison, and then had a good look at it through a glass. He pushed the check aside, smiled sourly at the young man who had brought it in and who was evidently the teller who had paid on it, and said, "Notify the New Amsterdam Surety Company."

"You think it's "

"No question," rumbled the head of the bank.

Kennis' small head went forward; his sharp-featured face swung from one to the other.

The teller was rattled. "In the first place, I—I thought—well, the name is the same. If that signature's not genuine, it's a mighty good tracing. It was just a bookkeeping transfer, I thought—Ramspercker to Ramspercker, Incorporated. And I thought I knew what the transfer was being made for, being that there was mention of a judgment against our depositor. Besides, it's the fifth check out of his book, just what it should be. Number five! And it's macerated with that special machine that he always used to protect against raising—punched, you see."

"The circumstances were certainly peculiar," murmured the cashier, who was himself not without blame for the acceptance of the bad check.

"He drew other checks?" The question was from Kennis.

"He deposited, originally, a few hundred more than the fifty thousand."

"But since this check exhausted the account," said Kennis, pressing him with professional zest, "did it not seem queer to you that it was punched with a special device to prevent raising? Didn't that suggest to you that the check was drawn by a person who didn't know how much was in the account?"

"It does now," admitted the teller.

"Mr. Kennis," said the president, "you understand, I am sure, that our talk here is confidential. We are insured against this sort of thing, but the surety company is entitled to be subrogated to all our rights, and we must not imperil them or commit them."

"Precisely," said the attorney. "Mr. Leake, there is a professional disdain, which I share, for proving a case by admissions. That sort of proof is, like the alibi, generally the weapon of the shyster."

He looked carefully at the back of the check.

"This is indorsed for deposit by George Van Teel, treasurer. An assumed name, no doubt. There's your forger. In my opinion, your depositor had nothing to do with this corporation masquerading as Otho L. Ramspercker, Inc. It was probably formed for the sole purpose of stripping this account. But this thing ramifies. The people who engineered this must have known of the death of your depositor long ago. Have you called the Motor Center?"

"We've done that," said the cashier. "The deposit was checked out in cash last Monday."

Kennis was still in the bank when a private detective arrived from the New Amsterdam Surety Company.

George Van Teel was taken into custody within an hour, and was arraigned before Magistrate McGirr in the police court.

III

"HELD to answer," announced the magistrate.

Counselor Ambrose Hinkle, leaning against the counsel table with his back to the magistrate, passing a slight hand over his sleek black hair so that his diamond rings might flash in the light from the magistrate's desk, said, "I ask Your Honor to fix bail."

He continued looking out at the crowded benches, exacting his tribute of admiring regard, a tribute to an advocate who had risen to the leadership of New York's criminal bar. It was cheap applause, from cheap people, but there was a broad streak of cheapness in Little Amby. It was cheap of him to affront the dignity of the magistrate by showing him his smartly tailored back, but it was probably good business; many people on the benches out there, and among them those who could be Little Amby's best and steadiest customers, had respect for the law, but only through terror.

The magistrate rolled his tobacco in his mouth and looked at the assistant district attorney.

"No objection," said the district attorney—an amiable, gentlemanly, but rather chuckle-headed young man whose family influence had landed him in a good job. "Provided that the defendant can give bail for a commensurate sum—for fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand peanuts," said Little Amby. "Where would this poor boy get any sum like that?"

"But, my dear chap," said the district attorney, "it is the People's theory that he already has it—ha-ha-ha!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Little Amby, delighted with the chance for a laugh. The judge looked down and chuckled politely. The court room, ever watchful to curry favor, thinking the judge must have made the joke, since he laughed at it, promptly let out a joyous roar so that the windows shook.

"Silence!" bellowed the court officers, pounding on tables and benches.

"Very good," sighed Little Amby, wiping his dry black eyes with a silk handkerchief of yellow and maroon. He lifted a foot, flicked a speck of dust from the gleaming patent-leather shoe and restored the gay handkerchief to the breast pocket of his black-and-white check suit.

He said, while so attending to his shoe, "I'm relieved to hear that the district attorney wasn't serious. He knows just as well as I that there's nothing in this charge at all. This poor boy has been made a cat's-paw by clever people. If it's a crime to look in the Help Wanted column and take a job and do as your boss says, then I'll sell the county my office down on Centre Street, because it's going to want the space for a new wing on the Tombs. It's an outrage to drag this poor boy from the bosom of his family and hale him here and pillory him before the public as a criminal. Somebody's going to sweat for this. Make it fifteen hundred dollars, judge."

"Absurd," said the district attorney, staring. "Besides, the Court has really no jurisdiction to fix bail under Section 557. The charge is forgery, Mr. Hinkle."

"Is that all that stands in the way of saving this poor boy from the ignominy and possible contagion of being thrown into the Tombs?" demanded Little Amby in a rolling voice. "The law says the committing magistrate cannot admit to bail if the offense charged is punishable by over five years—is that it? Then you'd consent to reasonable bail if the judge had the power, would you? You'd take as low as five thousand dollars, would you?"

"If the offense charged permitted of it, Mr. Hinkle," said the district attorney smilingly. "The question is purely academic; the law is clear and unambiguous."

"There's the book!" cried Little Amby, pointing at the penal code on the table. "Look up forgery in the third degree. And then the judge will tell you what's charged in the papers—acting as an officer of a corporation and concealing." He turned his back on the Court again and let the light of his countenance play on the audience on the benches.

The spectators looked at one another with grim and approving nods; they understood next to nothing of what was going on, but they could see with their own eyes that that little lawyer up there was ordering the district attorney about and telling the judge his business. Yes, there was a lawyer who knew what was what and took no nonsense from anybody.

Little Amby walked up and down with his round little stomach puffed out. George Van Teel's bail was set at five thousand dollars, and was furnished by a professional bondsman who came running from the back of the court room at a snap of Little Amby's fingers. The little advocate pulled his client's sleeve, pushed him out into the public aisle, and swaggered down it in his track, deigning to look neither to the right nor to the left. The audience had seen him come in with conquering stride, and they saw him go out with his man. The man who wrote the book up there on the table—the book whose say went—could not have done better.

Little Amby's closed car was waiting beside the car barn that adjoined the courthouse. The chauffeur was missing; Little Amby put two fingers into his mouth and whistled. Tug Gaffney, the ex-bruiser who was Little Amby's door man on Centre Street, came around the corner from Ninth Avenue, where he had been attending a crap game beside the car barn.

"Who done that there whistling?" he bawled. "Oh, was it you, boss? Step right in." He opened the car's door and patted his master's shoulder patronizingly as he steered him in; Tug was always kind to small people.

"Don't paw me, you big dog," snarled Little Amby. "Jump in, Van. Tell him where you live. I want to talk to you."

"It's certainly very kind of you, Mr. Hinkle."

"You'll pay your fare before you're through," said the little lawyer cheerfully. "It's going to cost you ten grand to beat the case, Van."

"What's that, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Why, I haven't any ten thousand dollars, Mr. Hinkle. I haven't a hundred dollars to my name right now."

"I don't understand this," said Little Amby with a gathering frown. "You told my man in the police station that you'd pay ten thousand dollars to beat the case. Come now, Van Teel."

"A man spoke to me in the station house," said George, recollecting, "and asked me what it was worth to free me, and I might have said something to the effect that I would give ten thousand dollars to be out of my trouble; but, of course, I meant I would pay that if I had it."

"And it wasn't your job—you didn't get the fifty thousand dollars, or even a slice?"

"No, Mr. Hinkle. I told you that."

"This is a fine note," said Little Amby disgustedly. "Innocent! The administration of justice in this city is getting to be a joke—letting criminals get away with the swag and lagging people who did nothing and who got nothing. A fine joke on the city bar."

"Well, Mr. Hinkle, I'd be glad to try and pay you something. Since I'm innocent, it's no trouble to defend me."

"My boy," said Little Amby, "you will probably bring about twenty years. If you're innocent the district attorney knows your story already. He'll tell it to the jury in his opening, stealing your stuff, and when you get up and tell it all over again they'll fall asleep or get sore. You got to have an interesting novelty. The jury figures that everybody's lying, particularly you, and they give credit to the best story. That's human nature."

He was silent and gloomy for a space, and then he said, "This Watkin—what did he look like?"

"He wore thick glasses," said George, who was equipped with ordinary powers of observation, "and fawn-colored spats."

"And betwixt and between?"

"He wore an overcoat."

"A man with fifty thousand dollars of new money," said Little Amby with patience bred of experience, "generally changes his clothes. How old was this Watkin?"

"That I couldn't pretend to judge, Mr. Hinkle."

"Color of eyes? Hair, if any? Complexion? Build?"

"I couldn't see his eyes on account of the glasses. He had bushy black hair, I'm almost sure. And I think he was dark-complected, or that might have been because he wore a light beard. Or did he wear a beard? Now, I wouldn't be positive of that. I didn't really get a good look at him."

"But he had bushy black hair?"

"As to that, I'd have to think. I know he wore a black derby hat, Mr Hinkle."

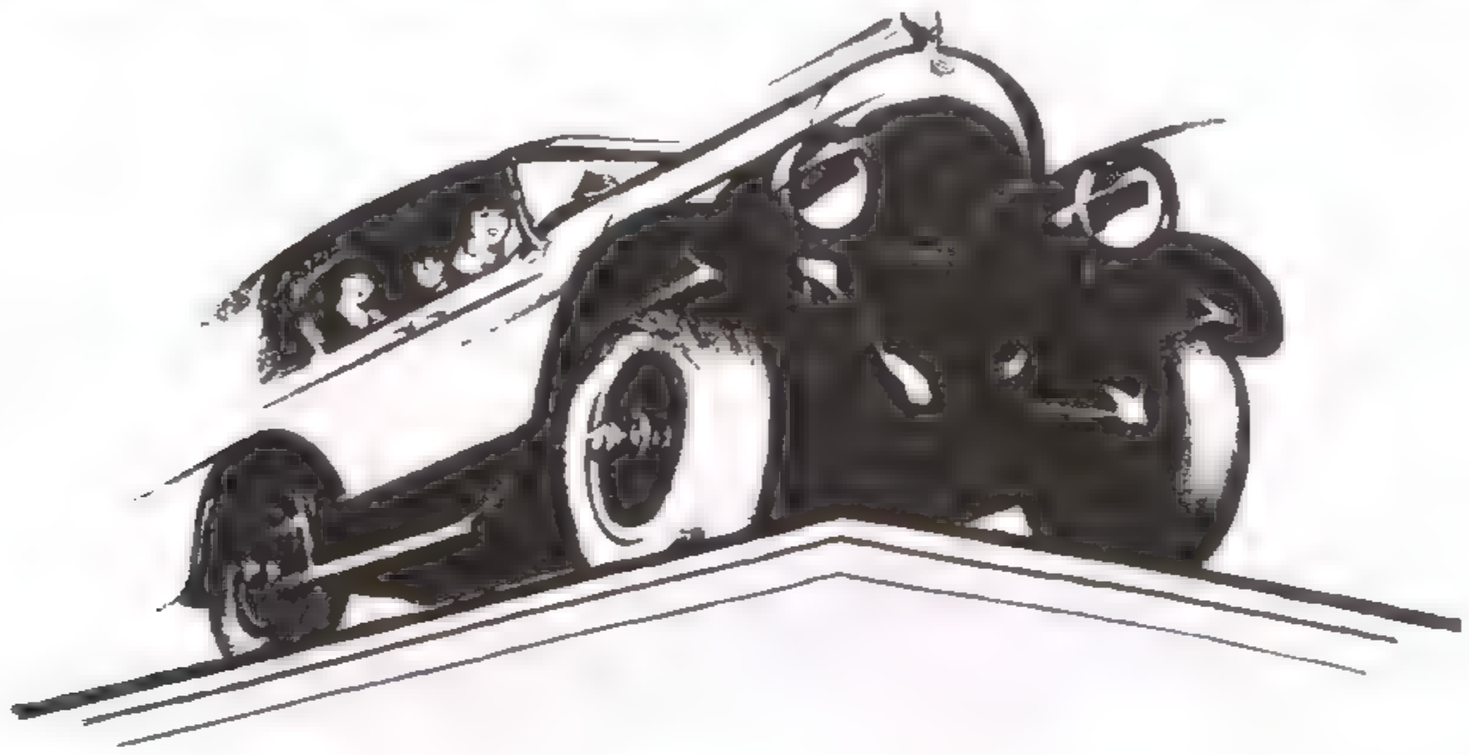
"There it is," said Little Amby. "That's the sort of incriminating statement you'd make if I put you on the stand cold and said, 'Now, Mr. Van Teel, tell this jury in your own words just what happened!'"

They sat silent, each immersed in his own brand of gloom, until the car turned into Audubon Avenue and slowed to a stop before the Van Teel abode. Little Amby strolled into the main hall with his hands behind his back, looking around as if he contemplated buying the house. He wished to see how George lived. He wished to see

Continued on Page 150

Fourth in Dollar

BY REASON OF PUBLIC ENDORSEMENT



MOTOR car figures for the last six months of last year and the first few months of this, register an amazing reversal of public opinion.

After three years Chrysler has been swept by popular approval from 27th to 4th place—led only by one great independent manufacturer and by two units of a corporate group.

The Chrysler watchword from the very first has been emphasis upon quality rather than quantity—but quantity has rolled up in ever-increasing volume as a result of this outstanding Chrysler quality.

In the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, after only three years of public history, Chrysler has been swept in recent months past all but two individual cars which are units in a corporate group of seven cars.

No such realignment has taken place since automobiles were first built; and yet the process is strictly in line with the public disposition to approve and admire individual initiative, to recognize and reward engineering progressiveness and valorous disregard for out-worn traditions.

Because nothing like it has ever happened before in the history of motor cars, the moral is so plain that there is nothing left for the discriminating buyer to do but learn through actual riding and personal experience why Chrysler has registered this amazing advance.

The four great Chrysler cars are themselves the strongest evidence of the new standards and new qualities of performance and long life which have brought about such an amazing readjustment in America's greatest manufacturing industry.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS

CHRY

Volume of Sales

These FOUR CARS TO THE TOP BECAUSE OF Standardized Quality

Chrysler "50"
FIVE BODY STYLES
$750 to $885
50 miles and more per hour

In the Chrysler "50", with its 50-miles-plus per hour, 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds, 25 miles to the gallon, Walter P. Chrysler and his engineers gave the public something immediate, something final and conclusive with which to measure Chrysler "50" against and above anything around its class either in six or four cylinders.

Chrysler "50" has been overwhelmingly accepted by the public for what it was designed and built to be—the giant of its class in Standardized Quality, outstanding performance, full family size, complete appointment, longer life and every essential that makes for outstanding and indisputable value.

Chrysler "60"
SIX BODY STYLES
$1075 to $1245
60 miles plus—with ease

Mr. Chrysler and his engineers, in designing and developing the six-cylinder Chrysler "60", set their hearts on a car which would in large measure advertise and sell itself.

They wanted the Chrysler "60" to settle all arguments by demonstration and by difference—and the extent to which it is dominating its own six field is an ambition splendidly fulfilled.

With its outstanding excellence in every phase of performance plus typically Chrysler smart appearance and complete equipment, it is surely not surprising that Chrysler "60" should be recognized as a value utterly unapproached by any other six of medium price.

Chrysler "70"
EIGHT BODY STYLES
$1495 to $1795
70 miles plus—

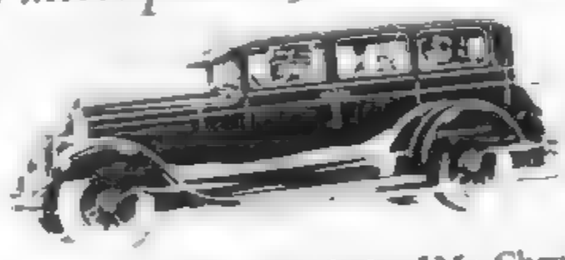
Chrysler "70" seized and held first place in its dashing class from the first month of its appearance more than three years ago.

Mr. Chrysler and his engineers conceived a smart, swift, fashionable car which would be to the public a refreshing departure from previous conventional design.

Standardized Quality reflects itself in every phase of "70" construction and performance.

It is still pre-eminently the 70-mile-plus quality car of its class—vogue-established and value-established as unique, alone, and literally above competition.

Chrysler Imperial "80"
TEN BODY STYLES
$2495 to $3995
80 miles plus—92 horsepower



The Imperial "80" is the fruit of Mr. Chrysler's conviction that the last word had not been spoken in fine car manufacture.

For the Imperial "80"—the supreme expression of Chrysler Standardized Quality—was designed and built for that market which sets no limit on price. It is all that the genius of Chrysler engineers could conceive to make a car *as fine as money can build.*

80 miles and more an hour, 92 horse power, an ease of riding that makes motoring comfort take on a new meaning—these are but symbols of the kind of luxury which Chrysler engineers have built into the Imperial "80".

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

MEAN MILES PER HOUR

CHRYSLER

Step out — with comfortable vigorous feet!

YOUR feet control "the circle of your activity." They are tyrants when abused, and you abuse them when you wear ordinary shoes that sag and pinch. Stop this abuse and you'll find them urging you to work harder, to play harder, to live happier.

Healthy, vigorous, comfortable feet are assured by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe. The concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents sagging and straining; the flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching of nerves and blood-vessels. These features are patented; they are found in no other shoe. And there are styles to satisfy every man.

Wear the Arch Preserver Shoe and widen "the circle of your activity" to take in the good things of life.

E. T. WRIGHT & COMPANY, INC., Rockland, Mass.
Makers of Men's Fine Shoes since 1876

THE
ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE

Made for men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.—for women and girls by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.
Sold by Leading Dealers

The Ohe... shown a... boys, ... of fancy styles. It comes in tan or black.

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.
Dept. S-58, Rockland, Mass.
Send booklet, "Styles that Every Man, Heart for Every Foot," and name of nearest dealer

Name
Address
City State

Continued from Page 147

if he was spending much money. He had seen many people get rich quick, but he had never seen anyone value easy money as if it had been the hard-won accretion of industry.

Mrs. Van Teel was not at home, but at her mother's. Little Amby lounged through the tiny rooms, shrugged his shoulders, and returned to George in the parlor. This was a room of depressing gayety, with white-painted woodwork, crimson wall paper, and a large wall mirror framed in red-varnished wood; the mirror made the room seem larger, making matters worse. George sat on the hard little green couch and stared at the parquet floor. He was beaten. He had not the spirit to play the host or to tell his uninvited guest to go home.

There was a step in the little private hall. "Is that you, Tug?" called Little Amby. "Stay with the car. I'm coming."

A youngish man, with puffy face, light blue eyes and unkempt yellow hair appeared in the doorway. He leaned against the door jamb, tipped his derby hat forward and aside, and smiled. While he smiled he chewed, probably gum or tobacco. "Which of you gents is Van Teel?" he asked, not doubting his welcome.

"My name is Van Teel," said George.

The newcomer struck a finger against the rim of his derby in acknowledgment, and said, "Who's your pal?"

"Who are you?" snapped Little Amby.

"We're coming to that, bug. Listen, Van, I got one for your private ear; so who is the little guy?"

"My lawyer," said George incuriously.

"Then he's right." The puffy-faced man looked around him elaborately and said in a loud whisper, "Where's Rammy?" Then he winked violently, as though an insect had flown into his affected eye.

"Rammy?"

"Yeah. Ramspercker."

"Did you say Ramspercker? You don't mean the man who was drowned?"

"No-o, I don't mean nobody was drownded," said the man with a complaining note in his hoarse voice. "Don't baby me, Van. Know who I am, don't you?"

"No. Who are you?"

"I'm Joe Hagameier—call me Hagey. I got that house over there on Ninety-sixth Street, where Ramspercker used to live"

"Janitor?" asked Little Amby, showing interest.

"Superintendent, bug," said Joe Hagameier. "Now you got me—where's my little pal Ramspercker?"

"But surely you know the man was drowned."

"Don't baby me, I tell you—don't baby me," said Joe Hagameier, seizing his derby hat with both hands and pulling it hard down on his head. "I'm a right guy; I've stepped out in my time. And I'm not going to tell you that I got a date to talk to a policeman, because I ain't a rat. What's for me, I get, see?"

"Sit down and talk to us," invited Little Amby.

"I'm not sitting down," said Joe Hagameier, suddenly sullen and suspicious. "I don't think you're right."

"You sit down or I'll hand you over to the police," said Little Amby authoritatively. "You have to explain yourself, and quickly."

"Is that so," said Joe Hagameier; and at once there was a pistol in his hand.

Little Amby's hands shot up above his head.

"That's quite all right, Joe," he said in a high and throaty voice. "Merely a friendly suggestion in your own interest. Keep that gun down, will you?"

"There's the guy I ought to plug, and I will if I get the chair for it," said Joe Hagameier, becoming enraged. He swung the gun toward George Van Teel, and tried to whip himself up to murder. "You don't know where Ramspercker is, hey? I don't cut in on this, do I? If I let out a peep, you'll call the police, hey?"

"You think he knows something about this case?" asked George.

"Yes, but don't rile him," mumbled Little Amby. "Can't you see he's some sort of nut? He'll shoot."

"Let him shoot," said George, standing up. With pale face but shining eyes he walked straight toward the menacing pistol. "Go on and shoot," he said tauntingly.

Joe Hagameier's face underwent a spasm; his hand obviously tightened on the pistol. And then, when George's breast was almost at the wavering muzzle, the resolution of the would-be killer crumbled. He permitted George to take the pistol.

"I was only babying you, bug," he whined. "I wouldn't shoot, honest."

Of the two men so unexpectedly put in terror of their lives, Little Amby recovered assurance more quickly. George sat down on the couch with abruptness; Little Amby plucked the pistol from his relaxed hands and stood up, repudiating with a snort of indignation his attitude of abject surrender.

"Why, you poor apology for a gunman," he said, in his best court voice, filling and echoing, "did you imagine for an instant that your bluff was imposing on us? Sit down there before I run this down your throat."

He stalked up and down the little room, daring the submissive janitor to look him in the eye, filling himself out in his own esteem and in that of the onlookers, convincing them against the testimony of their senses that he had mastered the situation single-handed, or that, at very least, he had been just about to take charge and to run things when he was forestalled.

"Call my man Gaffney up here, Van Teel," he ordered. "Never mind this fellow. I can manage him and a dozen more like him. He'll explain himself now, or account to me!"

IV

"NOT here no more," said the man with ashes on his head. He had come up from the dark cellar of the tenement on Great Jones Street when Little Amby had pressed the janitor's bell. "You mean Doctor Salem, the dentist? Not here no more."

"When did he leave?"

"Quite a while ago. I don't remember just when."

"Where did he go?"

"He didn't leave no address with me." He elaborated this by saying, "I guess he was willing to start life anew. He owed everybody. He owed us—rent."

"He was here in the beginning of the month," said Little Amby. "He identified a body found in the river."

"If it's about wanting work done," said the ashy man, dispensing a card from a sheaf, "here's a doctor over on Mulberry Street is taking care of the business. If it's about the rooms, you could see Mr. Mertz on Madison Street. If it's about anything else, I don't know nothing."

"Mertz—Hyman Mertz, the lawyer?"

"He's a lawyer."

Little Amby walked down the dingy steps into Great Jones Street. A mail carrier passed him, entered the tenement vestibule, and put letters into boxes. "Is Doctor Salem still getting his mail here?" asked Little Amby.

"It's being taken from the box," said the mail carrier. "We have no other address."

A day or two later Little Amby lunched in Saazar's Restaurant on Oliver Street. Saazar's hors d'œuvres were justly famed. A large pickle factory in the neighborhood spiced the air, making people think hungrily of edibles that would otherwise have occasioned them doubt, if not dread. Little Amby had the ample table-d'hôte with embellishments, had a thimbleful of old brandy, and lit a Havana; he liked his meals.

The cigar counter by the door cut off a corner of the restaurant; between it and the front window was room for but one table. This table was set in the space that would have been used for displaying goods to the public gaze, if the store had been devoted to retail merchandising; the solitary

(Continued on Page 152)

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

For ELECTRIC Refrigeration

McCRAY refrigerators may be used with any type of electric or mechanical refrigeration. All models are ready for immediate installation of the cooling unit. Remember quality in the refrigerator is vital to satisfactory service whether ice or machine is used.

PURE corkboard insulation, covered with waterproof insulating sheathing and sealed with hot hydrolene cement, insures perfect air-tightness in all McCray refrigerators.

A Refrigerator That SELLS Food

A REFRIGERATOR that *sells* food by displaying it temptingly, at the customer's eye-level—by keeping it fresh, wholesome, appetizing in appearance as well as flavor!

This is the McCray 103, shown above, with which merchants everywhere are building bigger business, cutting operating costs, avoiding spoilage and increasing profits.

Used with Electric Refrigeration or ice, every McCray model insures *efficient, economical, enduring service.* Built upon basic patents, in accord with an unyielding ideal, McCrays are the accepted standard of refrigerator quality.

For 37 years McCray refrigerators have been giving daily proof in service of the staunchness which marks every hidden detail of construction—in stores, markets, hotels, clubs, restaurants, hospitals, institutions, florist shops, homes. Send the coupon for details about refrigerators for your needs.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR SALES CORPORATION, Dept. E, Kendallville, Indiana
Salesrooms in All Principal Cities (See Telephone Directory)

For further information
MAIL COUPON

McCray Refrigerator Sales Corporation,
Dept. E, Kendallville, Ind

Please send further information regarding refrigerators for ☐ stores, markets ☐ hotels, restaurants, clubs ☐ hospitals, institutions ☐ florist shops, ☐ homes.

Name

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City

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☐ for electrical refrigeration
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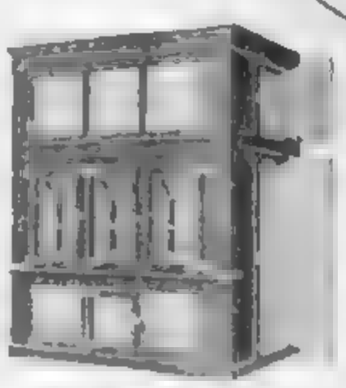
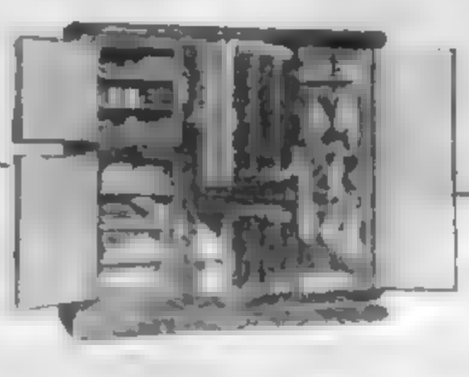
McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

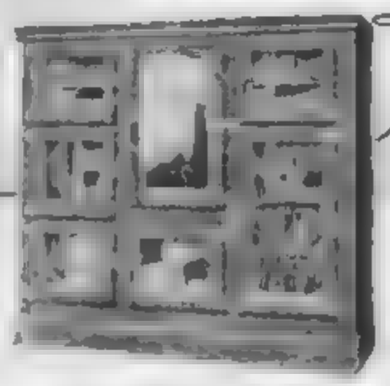
New Model for Homes



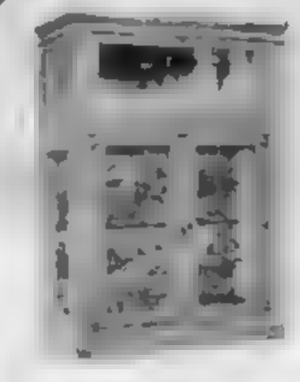
A Favorite in Meat Markets



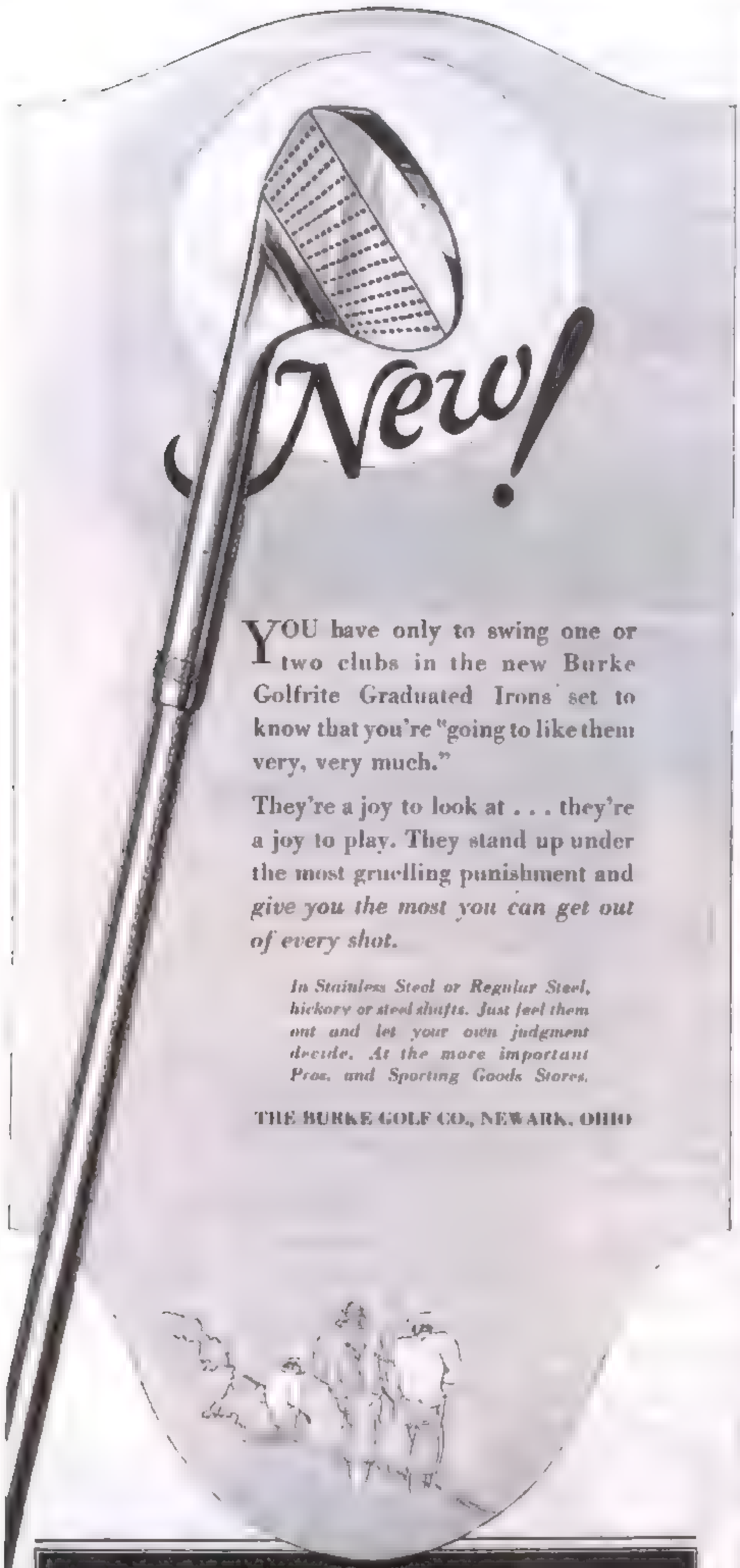
For Hospitals, Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs



Popular Model for Grocery Stores



A New Model for Florist Shops



YOU have only to swing one or two clubs in the new Burke Golfrite Graduated Irons set to know that you're "going to like them very, very much."

They're a joy to look at . . . they're a joy to play. They stand up under the most gruelling punishment and *give you the most you can get out of every shot.*

In Stainless Steel or Regular Steel, hickory or steel shafts. Just feel them out and let your own judgment decide. At the more important Pros. and Sporting Goods Stores.

THE BURKE GOLF CO., NEWARK, OHIO

BURKE GOLFRITE GRADUATED IRONS

BURKE *makes*

A Club for Every Purse and Every Purpose

(Continued from Page 150)

diner at this table was therefore in the public eye. The public was represented at this time by a row of dirty children with faces against the glass. With sympathy they watched the diner cut his food; with friendly apprehension they beheld each goodly morsel go dangling over the arch of stomach and chest to port in his mouth. When he chewed they looked into his eyes.

These eyes were large and brown and dull; they looked at the children with an indifference that was majestic and Oriental. The diner, a heavy and stolid gentleman, was tenement born and bred, and didn't mind people about him at any time any more than he minded flies.

Several times during his meal the brown eyes had rolled slowly toward Little Amby's table, but had not registered recognition or interest.

"Hello, Hymie," said Little Amby, standing at the cigar counter.

"Hello," responded the diner in a deep but unmusical bass.

Little Amby walked behind the cigar counter and sat at the table. "Hymie, I understand Otho L. Ramspercker was a client of yours. Who was he?"

Hymie chewed tranquilly. When he was quite ready, he said, "He was a man I lent fifty thousand dollars. Why do you ask?"

"I'm defending young Van Teel, who is accused of laying down that rubber check."

"Here is the situation," said Hymie, putting out a fleshy palm and turning on Little Amby his dull and untroubled gaze. "I lent fifty thousand dollars to this Ramspercker, and took a confession of judgment for my money. I put the judgment on record on February eighth last, and didn't hear from Ramspercker, and the next thing is, he is found in the river. Well, he owed me fifty thousand dollars and I wanted my money, which he had deposited up in the Sandy Hill Bank. So I got an administrator appointed for him, to take over his bank account. He went up there and found the bank had paid fifty thousand dollars on a bad check. That's their worry; it is up to the bank to hand fifty thousand dollars cash money over to Ramspercker's administrator, who will pay my judgment with it. This they have agreed to do." He ate.

"No question about the identification of the body?"

"What's the difference? I mean as far as my judgment is concerned."

"The identification was made by a dentist, I hear. What was his name?"

"It slipped out of my mind," said Hymie. "Look it up."

"Where was his office?"

"That I cannot say," said Hymie, taking out his cigar case. He rolled his body comfortably in his chair.

"Listen, Amby. This Ramspercker was a lodge brother of mine that I knew was on the square, and when he wanted to borrow fifty thousand dollars I let him have it. He wasn't going to spend it; he had the chance to grab the New York agency for a certain automobile, if he could prove himself financially; so I let him have the fifty thousand, and we let it lay in the bank while he was dealing; and when the deal slipped off I wanted my money back. I was holding a confession of judgment to protect myself, so I could slap it on record and grab the account in a half hour, see? And listen to me: The Sandy Hill Bank knew about that judgment before I recorded it, and when they paid on that bad check they thought they were playing ball with Ramspercker. He had promised them big business."

Hymie sat back and drew down the corners of his mouth and nodded his head.

"The identification," he resumed, "makes no difference to me, or to you, but it was most positive. I didn't view the body myself because I'm funny that way. But it wasn't the dentist alone. Two men turned up who saw Ramspercker fall off the Ninety-sixth Street dock in the beginning of February. . . . Why didn't they report something about it? Now, there's a funny thing. Look their testimony up; I forget their names and addresses, if they had any, but one was named Fred and the other was Eddie.

"They were on the dock toward dark, and saw Ramspercker there with a strange man. They heard a cry, and missed Ramspercker, and saw the stranger running—for a rope, they supposed. A sharpie was there—a rowboat they unfastened it, jumped in, and were floating down with the tide when they saw they had no oars. They got ashore below Seventy-second Street, and did not go uptown again righ away. Not until they read about the body being identified did it occur to them that the accident had never been reported; then they knew that the fellow they saw running was probably a dip who had taken Ramspercker's gold front and given him a push in the river."

"Very good, Hymie. And who is this Ramspercker?"

"Let him rest," said Hymie solemnly.

"And let you rest, too, behind that judgment."

"It's good," said Hymie comfortably.

Little Amby went from Saazar's Restaurant to his law offices on Centre Street opposite the Tombs.

Sol Cohen, Little Amby's managing clerk, entered the private room and said, "About this Ramspercker. We don't seem to locate anybody who might be our party."

"Did you run the old city directories?" asked Little Amby.

"Never mind the details," said Cohen. "You wanted a report at this time and you're getting it. We can't find him, so far."

"Have I got to do this myself?" grumbled his employer.

"Nobody's making you. Go to it, if you think you're so clever."

"I have ten dollars that says I can get the information in five minutes," said Little Amby.

"I'll cover that," said Cohen aggressively, pulling out a loose roll of bills. "It's exactly half-past one—they're off!"

Little Amby grinned at him and picked up the telephone. He asked for a number.

"That's Hymie Mertz's office!" exclaimed Cohen.

"Hello," said Little Amby sweetly. "The office of Hyman Mertz? This is the Federal Title Company. We're examining title to property on First Avenue which belonged to Otho L. Ramspercker in 1902. Our search returns a judgment against a man of that name in 1901, and that judgment affects the title if the judgment debtor is our party."

"Yes," said the voice on the wire. "Well?"

"Our party," said Little Amby, looking at Cohen with enjoyment, "seems to be a client of your office. The deed into him, and the deed out of him, were recorded at the request of Hyman Mertz of Madison Street."

"Well?" said the voice.

"Want to call the bet off?" offered Cohen in a hissing whisper.

Little Amby shook his head and said into the instrument, "The judgment of 1901 is against a paper-box maker about sixty years old, living on Ocean Parkway in Brooklyn and working for Pachurr & Fagan, and was for goods sold and delivered—a tandem bicycle."

"Not the same party," said the voice.

"Who is your party?" Little Amby held his breath. Cohen groaned.

"Who is this? You say we recorded deeds?"

"Federal Title. Yes."

"Hold the wire. By the way, our man is dead."

"That's no difference. He owned this property once."

Another voice spoke, asking, "Who's calling?"

"Mr. Bissett of the Federal Title Company," said Little Amby; and knowing well that his friend Hymie had not yet returned from Saazar's, he said, "Is this Mr. Mertz on the wire? . . . Hello, Mr. Mertz, you remember me from being in

(Continued on Page 154)

"HIGH-VACUUM" DEMONSTRATED

This Amazing Test Proves the Effectiveness of the Eureka "High-Vacuum" Principle of Cleaning

Yes, Madam, the stifling torrent of embedded, germ-laden dust and dirt discharged by the Grand Prize Eureka (with its dust bag removed as illustrated above) from an apparently clean rug is the most remarkable and convincing demonstration of deep-cleaning efficiency ever given!

This famous Eureka test has amazed thousands. It *proves* the exceptional effectiveness of the Eureka "High-Vacuum" Principle of Cleaning and emphasizes the fact that only through such powerful suction can you hope to get rid of the dirt that's deeply embedded in rugs, carpets, mattresses, upholstered furniture and other home furnishings. See this astonishing test with your own eyes—and draw your own conclusions!

Approximately every third purchaser of all electric cleaners selects the Grand Prize Eureka. Seven Grand Prizes and Highest Awards won in

Sesqui-Centennial Grand Prize for Electric Cleaners Awarded to Eureka—"High-Vacuum" Did It

international competition (including the Grand Prize—highest award obtainable for electric cleaners—at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, Philadelphia) have established beyond question the quality and wonderful helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka. Over 1,700,000 women have chosen it in preference to all others.

Try the famous Eureka and its great "High-Vacuum" cleaning attachments right in your own home—no cost—no obligation. Just write or phone any Eureka dealer, or write us for the address of our nearest dealer. And remember that the Eureka is low in price and can be purchased on extremely easy terms.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U.S.A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 68a-70 Margaret St., Sydney, Australia

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FREE

$8.50 Set

It Gets the Dirt

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

Lazy, happy hours on a sunny and picturesque beach.

Your Finest Vacation

In This Summer Wonderland

Come to Southern California this Summer. Low round trip railroad rates and living costs place this wonder-trip within the reach of all this year.

SEEING Southern California is like seeing many parts of Europe. It brings the *change* that Europe does, the enchantment of a different "atmosphere" new experiences, unique thrills, strange sights.

Palm trees and snow capped mountains add their touch of scenic beauty.

Thousands of people come here every summer to enjoy it, and to add to their good store of knowledge.

Lofty mountains, verdant valleys, rocky canyons, high vantage points from which you see into a distance of a hundred miles or more; orange groves and cactus; a desert like Sahara; rare golf courses and fine tennis courts; hiking trails and camping grounds, great wide beaches by the sea; lakes in the clouds—all are here, connected by 5000 miles of perfectly paved motor roads, to charm, to interest and to *amaze* you every day as long as you remain.

Sport-land, travel-land, or rest-land—whatever you are seeking, it is furnished at its best in this great playground.

Is it cool? The average mean temperatures (the 50-year record of the U. S. Weather Bureau in Los Angeles) read thus: 50 Junes, 66 degrees; 50 Julys, 70, 50 Augusts, 71; 50 Septembers, 69.

Yes, warmer days occasionally occur. Here the thermometer may go to 85, and you are very curious because you do not *feel the heat!* It is due to regularly *low humidity* (dry air), which is another Southern California feature.

And *rain* will not spoil your plans for daily fun. Cool—yet *rainless!*

You have wished, for years, to see and know this great, strange country of oranges and palms, Old Spanish Missions and glorious sunsets.

Decide now that you will visit it—this summer. It is the fascinating, new gateway to Hawaii and the Orient.

Come by rail or ocean liner to Los Angeles, visit San Diego and return home by way of Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. See the Great Pacific Coast in one memorable trip.

Ask railroad ticket agents about the low round trip fares from May 15th until October 31st.

We have prepared for you a vacation book par excellence which we will send you, *free*. 92 pages illustrated, tell you all about it. Mail coupon and get your copy now.

Southern California

All-Year Vacation Land Supreme

The city of Los Angeles, with a population of well over a million, is the largest city on the Pacific Coast . . . the hub of one of the country's richest . . .

Angeles alone . . .

Harbor Reports (1926), 17,152,494 tons. Total Harbor Tonnage, 22,094,970.

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Name
Street
City State

(Continued from Page 152)

here. . . . Listen, Mertz, we must know right away ——"

"This is not Mr. Mertz. Hold the wire."

But it was the same voice that spoke again, saying, "Our Ramspercker was an actor. Always was. This is the Federal Title, is it? Hello, hello . . . hold the wire. Here's Mr. Mertz himself coming in!"

It need hardly be explained that this flood of talk about the Federal Title Company and a judgment of 1901 against a man named Ramspercker was all pure invention, was just so much patter poured into the ears of Hymie's minor clerks in the hope of snapping a wanted bit of information out of them. And the information had come. Little Amby hung up.

"He's an actor. Better luck next time, Cohen."

■

LITTLE AMBY had occasion to go to Washington on business. He took the opportunity to stop off in Baltimore and interview a dental surgeon who had just added an enormous gold molar to the advertising emblems that beautified Charles Street.

"Doctor Salem," said Little Amby, "when you were practicing on Great Jones Street in New York, you did dental work for one Otho L. Ramspercker, did you not?"

"I don't recall the name," said the dentist, caressing his pointed beard and scrutinizing his inquisitor.

"I was told in New York that on March twelfth you identified Ramspercker's body, then in the morgue, by your dental work."

"Absolutely not," said the dentist. "I was not in New York on March twelfth. I never identified any body at any time anywhere. But what's the point? Why do you ask?"

"I'm an attorney—a client is interested in the estate."

The dentist looked at the card that Little Amby had given him and said, "Mr. Hinkle, is there a dental laboratory in your building?"

"You mean the Hesperus Laboratories?"

"That was the name," said Doctor Salem. "A few days ago I had a letter from those people, offering to send me a gross of Hesperus Tooth Lotion for free distribution, if I would let them put my name and professional address on the containers I wrote them at once."

"They failed in business, doctor."

"A very sudden failure," said the dentist, beginning to look unpleasant. He closed his fists and frowned down at Little Amby. "If I thought for one minute that somebody wrote me that letter just to find out where I had moved, I'd punch him."

"And serve the scoundrel right," agreed Little Amby, heading out.

In the middle of April, George Van Teel came by appointment to the little house on Centre Street. Little Amby came from his private room, shouldering into a new spring overcoat. He said to Cohen, "Going up to Fourteenth Street."

"I'm taking you to a show this afternoon," he said to George Van Teel. "I think it will brighten you up. We'll jump in the subway and save time and money."

They rode up to Fourteenth Street and walked east to Irving Place. In the lobby of the Academia Theater they found Joe Hagameier, the superintendent of West Ninety-sixth Street. He was examining critically the displayed portraits of Suzette, Princess of Egypt; the princess was billed for a dance.

The princess was going to close the show, sending the audience home enthusiastic. When the three men entered the dingy old theater, one that had seen better days and better shows, the audience was being kept patient by a performer who was billed as Procian. This man was presenting a playlet that was an adaptation, not to say an improvement, of a story of De Maupassant. Unless Procian was cheating the public, he played all eight characters himself alone—the mayor, the postman, the magistrate, the girl of twelve, the old peasant mother and three suspects.

"What do you think of it?" asked Little Amby, who had been watching his guests.

"I don't get the idea," said Van Teel.

"Does the princess come next?" asked Joe Hagameier.

Little Amby excused himself and went to a telephone in the foyer. He called the office of Hyman Mertz.

Getting the attorney on the wire, he said, "Is this Lawyer Mertz? I am talking from the Academia Theater on Fourteenth Street. Something terrible has happened, but don't be frightened. There is still hope

(Continued on Page 156)

Willie: "Why Don't You Use the Banister, Dad? It's Smoother"

Make every cleaning count for two!

Get twice the dirt every time you clean. And clean less often.

You can, with a Premier Duplex. It has double action for quicker and more thorough work. Its motor-driven brush flicks off the stubborn threads and shakes out the knife-edged grit. At the same time, strong suction is drawing it all into the bag

And the Premier Duplex is easy to use and to care for. It never needs oiling Ball bearings, packed in lubricant, in both motor and brush, keep it in constant running order. With a Premier Duplex you can clean in half the time—get twice the dirt—and enjoy double leisure for many, many years.

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Dept. 504A. Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto

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"Who do you think you are?"

DRIVER sees traffic signal to stop. Jams on brakes, but brakes don't hold. Passes first white line. Passes second white line. Stops in centre of crossing. All traffic halts. Horns from all sides croak and jeer. Thousands look on. Voice says, "What a dumbbell!" Over comes the Cop. Comes the bawling out. "Who do you think you are? etc . . ." But next time—Rusco to the Rescue.

Rusco Brake Lining stops quicker. Many tests have proved this. For instance, after a test of its stopping qualities, Mr. Gerald J. Buckley of 2515 Boston Boulevard, W., Detroit, Michigan, made this statement, "I stopped my Buick with four-wheel brakes lined with Rusco, in 14 feet, going 20 miles an hour." This is 21 feet quicker than police require, and a practical guarantee of safety.

Brakes when WET, too!

Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special compound so that water has no effect on it. It holds in wet weather just as well as in dry. To prove this, compare the stopping distance of a Rusco-lined car with that of a car lined with ordinary lining. Before making this test, turn the hose on the brake lining of both cars.

Rusco mechanics are trained brake men. They use special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper counter-sinking of rivet heads. They know how to *adjust* brakes expertly, not just by taking up on the rods. Proper adjustment helps prevent skidding.

Costs you no more

Rusco repair men pay more for Rusco than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They make less money, but give you a safer job.

Rusco Brake Lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name Rusco and silver cross-bars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest Rusco Service Station. They are the chief safety device on your car. "Brake Inspection is your Protection." The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco and Chatham, Ontario.

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Transmission Lining for Fords; SS, the smooth start, smooth stop lining that prevents chatter; Truckbestos for trucks. A type for every purpose.
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Send to me your free booklet about Rusco Brake Lining, sample of lining and name of nearest Rusco Service Station.

☐ For trade information, check here, attach to your letter or billhead and mail.

Name

Street

City *State*

(Continued from Page 154)

for him. He wants his cousin—are you his cousin?"

"Whose cousin?" said the grating and leisurely voice of the attorney. Then it quickened in saying, "The Academia? What's happened? Is he hurt? Hello there!"

"Are you his cousin?"

"You mean Procian? Yes, I'm his cousin. . . . You mean Procian? . . . Here, who is this? Who's talking?"

"Ambrose Hinkle," said Little Amby. "Come on up, Hymie, and join the party. I'm going back with young Van Teel now to meet your cousin. Well, isn't that terrible enough?"

He returned to his seat, picked up his guests, and went with them behind the scenes. Little Amby, who had evidently made smooth his path beforehand, led them swiftly to Procian's dressing room. Therein sat a man in his athletic underwear. He was not yet middle-aged, but was already very bald; his hair of golden red stopped no more than an inch above his ears. His face and neck were glowing, having just been washed; they lost luster when his green-gray eyes encountered his visitors.

"Hello, Rammy," bawled Joe Hagameier, hurrying to lay cordial hands on him. "This here is my pal, couns'lor. Yes, sir, he was supposed to be drownded, and one night I hear somebody moving around in his flat, and I went up and looked in to take care of the belongings of my pal here. Well, the Ramspercker I know has whiskers and wears lookers, and all this and that, so when I see this one so different, I think he is a bandit; and I am going to call a cop when he tells me it is Ramspercker and he is wanted and got to lay low for a while, and he will fix me up with a nice piece of change. Well, I never turned nobody up yet, counselor, but when he didn't come through, and I read this and that in the papers ——"

"Exactly," interrupted Little Amby. "This is the man you surprised in the flat that night, and you knew him as Otho L. Ramspercker."

"I won't be sure," said George Van Teel, staring at the actor, "but I think that's the man who called himself Watkin."

"If we're down to guessing," said Little Amby, "I'm open to a small bet that he answered for a few minutes in his time to the name of Doctor Salem."

"When you have sufficiently satisfied your vulgar curiosity," said the actor, "maybe you'll take yourselves to the devil out of here."

"If you prefer the company of an officer, my boy," said Little Amby, sitting down, "just say the word. Besides, we're here on an appointment with your cousin Hymie Mertz."

They waited. In a few minutes Counselor Hyman Mertz appeared in the doorway, surveyed the company jointly and severally with heavy-lidded brown eyes and crossed the room to the dressing table. He sat down, pulled up his trousers legs, yawned, and said, "Well?"

"Hymie," whispered the actor.

"Close up," said Hymie, sitting before him like a turret.

"I'll state our case," said Little Amby, after offering the contents of his gold cigarette case to his brother attorney. "I'll tell you what we're prepared to prove. If you think we haven't got the evidence, go to the bat with us.

"This gentleman whose stage name is Procian is your cousin; his real name is less euphonious and suggestive, and he has therefore shielded it from the public—it is Otho L. Ramspercker. Quite as you have stated, he borrowed fifty thousand dollars from you, put it into the Sandy Hill Bank, and gave you a confession of judgment. Then he stepped out of the picture.

"In March he reappeared as John R. Watkin, and looked around for a reputable business man to put down a bad check for him. He hired this young man here. He used his own bank account as the object of his scheme, because he could surround the forged check with convincing circumstances, and because, if there was a slip-up he could acknowledge that the check was good and halt prosecution. It would look as if he were merely trying to save himself from this cruel creditor who was pursuing him; and juries often have a soft place in their hearts for business fraud.

"But the bank accepted the check and paid on it. The check had to be proved bad now. So Ramspercker's death was discovered. A gentleman calling himself Doctor Salem appeared at the morgue and picked out the most unlikely cadaver, and identified it incontrovertibly as that of the lamented Ramspercker. The trouble with this is that the real Doctor Salem, who was formerly a tenant of Mr. Mertz and who is now practicing in Baltimore ——"

"Baltimore?" said Hymie interestedly "But, Amby, you got a wonderful imagination."

"Don't let me bore you, Hymie," said Little Amby. "I'll come down to brass tacks and stop theorizing. I want your gifted cousin to do his impersonations over again for the last and farewell performance. I want him to deliver to the Sandy Hill Bank fifty thousand dollars—anonymously, or with a statement that it is conscience money. That cleans his skirts as Watkin. Then I want him to reassume the character of Otho L. Ramspercker, go to the Sandy Hill Bank, and draw out his money—if he's accused of being dead, he can point out the obvious mistake. I dare say he planned to return to this life after the bank had paid you. He can then pay his share of the money to Hyman Mertz to satisfy the judgment or can give it to charity, for all we care."

"His share!" echoed Hymie. "We got partners in the money now, is it?"

"Before he can step out of character as Watkin, he is going to pay Mr. Van Teel here his salary of one hundred and forty dollars per week from March tenth, and two weeks more in lieu of notice. Before he drops out of sight as Ramspercker, he is going to give Joe Hagameier what can fairly be considered a nice piece of change."

"But, Amby," pleaded Hymie ironically, "don't you take a little something yourself?"

"Nothing at all," said the notorious little shyster, looking quite noble.

"Nothing," grated Hymie, with a sudden flash in the eyes, "except a chance to shoot up to the New Amsterdam Surety and the Sandy Hill Bank, and bargain to get them their money back, hey?"

"Seven hundred," said George Van Teel, licking the side of his thumb, "seven hundred and twenty—forty—sixty—and besides, Martha, I get a letter retracting all charges and begging my pardon, and it is going to be published in the paper that I had nothing to do with the matter, and it is all a sad mistake! Was that seven-sixty? Seven hundred and eighty—eight hundred. Eight hundred and ——"

"Are you going back to Finck & Woodman's?" demanded Martha, becoming less loving, even harsh.

"I'm considering it seriously."

"Why, you idiot, you should give thanks on your knees for the chance! I declare, George Van Teel, you put me out of all patience. After the terrible time we've been through, on account of these men who fish for people and try to get them in trouble, are you going back again to trying to get twice as much money as you can earn?"

"Gosh, Martha, I think you're right," he said, as if suddenly enlightened. "I'll just forget about the big salary and follow the solid advantage. Where's that evening paper I brought home? I saw a wonderful chance under Business Opportunities. A man able to invest his time and a thousand dollars in cash would receive profits of upward of two hundred per week from a marvelous invention. It may be all bunk, but it merits investigation. Where's that paper? . . . Here, Martha, where are you going with that money?"

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She Takes Pride in Her Cooking

Why? Because hers is a stove equipped with Kerogas Burners. She is an excellent cook, of course, but without the absolute control of her fire, such as Kerogas Burners give her, the perfect results she achieves would be impossible.

The control wheel on Kerogas Burners gives instant heat command. Intense, moderate, low or simmering fire—each is at her service.

Kerogas Burners are not only highly efficient, but economical as well. For they possess all the advantages of gas, yet that far greater economy of oil. With one part kerosene is mixed 400 parts air.

To insure perfect results, ask for an oil stove equipped with

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A large variety of makes from which to choose. There are two types of Kerogas Burners—one is the Patented Kerogas Burner, using kerosene; the other is the Pressure Kerogas Burner, using gasoline. Whichever you choose, you cannot go wrong.

See your dealer today—or write us.

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use.

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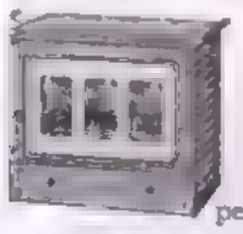

The Kerogas Oven

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DEALERS NOTE: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners

THE LOVE LOT

(Continued from Page 21)

Lawnview is a hilly, wooded tract a few hundred feet off the main road. Though it's not on the water, there's a beautiful view all the way across the Sound to Westchester, which explains the "view." The "lawn" you provide.

We wander about among the birches and the oaks until we come to a particularly spiffy spot sloping gently toward the beach.

"It seems a shame," I remarks, "to rip all this up to make room for stacks of stucco, clotheslines and garbage cans."

"The houses," comes back the young real-estater, "don't all have to be built of stucco. I guess," he goes on, looking at the map he'd fetched from the car, "this must be the overnight entry on the blue print. See—the wedge-shaped piece cutting into Allen's subdivision."

"How much land has he?" I asks.

"Almost a hundred acres," answers Bannister. "He bought about the same time I did, but he had to pay nearly twice as much for his stuff, from what I hear."

"Didn't I tell you," I exclaims, "that you had a baby doll of a buy here?"

"I'd rather," says Rufe, "have Allen's property at his price than my property at mine."

"Why?" I wants to know. "They look to me like cuts from the same bolt of cloth."

"Allen," explains Bannister, "has what they call rotarian rights. He's no nearer the Sound than I am, but he owns a right of way to the shore that gives the whole subdivision a private beach. Believe me, girl, that's a great talking point on Long Island."

"Maybe," I suggests, "you can fix it with him to let your folks use the right of way and the beach."

"Sure," grunts Rufe; "and I can also fix it so he'll let me have the use of his right eye."

"Well," I shrugs, "everybody doesn't swim, and I like Lawnview better than the other place. I'd love to have a home in a spot like ——"

"How," cuts in Bannister, "would you like to live here after we're married?"

"It would be wonderful," I smiles, "to live here."

"Know what I'm going to do?" bursts out Rufe. "I'm going to give you this plot and we'll have it when we get ready to build."

"A well-brought-up girl," I returns stiffly, "doesn't accept unimproved real estate from strange gentlemen."

"Come on," urges Bannister, "take it. The piece is just a find—it didn't cost me anything. You like it, and I want you to have it."

"It's time we were going," says I, looking at my wrist. "We'll talk about the plot later."

"I won't leave," declares Rufe, "until ——"

"Oh, very well," I shrugs carelessly, "I'll take it. Wrap it up—and let's hurry."

"Sold!" shouts Bannister, writing the word across the wedge on the blue print. "But you've got to put up something to seal the bargain."

So I puts them up. It's getting much too late to argue. Besides, the birds are singing, the woods are sweet and ——

"All you need to clean up with sales like this," I remarks, releasing myself, "is volume."

"I'll never get such a price again," grins Rufe. "Have some more lots?"

We reaches the Masons' just before dinner. On the lawn and in the house are some fifteen or twenty people, most of them, I finds out later, neighbors who'd just dropped in. There are several pretty girls in the crowd and I notices them giving Bannister the O. K. eye.

"He's handsome," says Mrs. Mason to me. "You'd never imagine he was—er ——"

"—— a prize fighter," I finishes. "No, you wouldn't. Nearly a hundred mills and not a mark on him. You knew he'd retired, didn't you?"

"Yes," she returns. "He must be very fond of you, dear."

"Why?" I laughs. "Does it show on me?"

"A man," says the boss' wife, "must be very, very fond of a girl to climb down from the top of a spectacular career for her. Mr. Mason tells me he gave up the championship and hundreds of thousands of dollars for you."

"He'll find," I tells her, "that he did it for himself. My father was on top of the same ladder once. He wouldn't climb down graceful, so they tripped him up and pitched him down. I spent my childhood watching him hunt for the pieces. He died with most of them still missing."

Mrs. Mason nods sympathetically, and I walks away to change for dinner. On the steps I meets Rufe.

"Who do you think I've been talking to?" he asks.

"Bernard Shaw's grandfather," I guesses.

"Allen," he answers. "He lives next door."

"What'd he have to say?" I inquires.

"Not much," replies Bannister. "At first he seemed a little sore about the dirty trick the blue-print people played him, gouging that rib out of his side; but when I told him I didn't know a thing about it, and offered, as a joke, to trade him a couple of my choice inside lots for the use of his beach, he got over his grouch and started kidding. Appears to be a nice guy."

"I thought," says I, "I told you this was a social gathering."

"Well," growls Rufe, "what are you going to do when a bird starts chirping real estate?"

"Feint with the weather," I suggests, "and cross with the latest scandal."

"What's the latest scandal?" he asks.

"The one you'll get into with me," I retorts, "if you talk any more real estate or fight around here. Go on and lay yourself out in your dinner disguise."

For a table mate Bannister draws a lispy, saucer-eyed blonde who "anthers" to the name of Ethel McDermott, while I catches Mason on one side and Allen on the other. The real-estater is a slim, shrewd-lipped lad, with just enough cocktail in him to make him talk a whole lot and say nothing whatever.

"Look out for Ethel," chaffs the boss in a whisper. "She's deadly. She grabs off men between the soup and the entrée."

"All right by me," says I. "A boy that can't hold his own through a fish course is not the boy for me."

Rufe, however, is not so wrapped up in the Babbling Bess that he doesn't shoot a glance at me every time a dish comes in with another piece of silver to be voted on. Not being so sure myself, I takes my cue from the hostess, which makes a sort of triple play, or rather delayed pass, of the cutlery—Mrs. Mason, to me, to Bannister. Rufe finishes up pretty good, though, being only one knife ahead of the game and only one dessert fork shy at finger-bowl time. I come out just even on the evening.

After dinner I'm pulled into a bridge game with three dames that don't know how to play either, and it's nearly an hour before I'm cut out and gets a chance to see Rufe again. I finds him in the living room surrounded by girls, with Ethel by his side, gripping his arm tight and looking melting into his eyes. Half hidden by a portière, I collects an earful of Bannister's blah.

"—— so I crosses with my right," reels off Rufe, "and smacks him against the ropes. When he bounces off I'm set with a haymaker that catches him on the point and almost lifts him out of his dog blankets."

"How cute!" breathes the blonde.

"After that," goes on Bannister, "Slag didn't know whether he was in a ring or out

(Continued on Page 161)

A 1/4 POUND BOX OF CAMPFIRE MARSHMALLOWS

for

10¢

CAMPFIRES—those large, fluffy marshmallows! With an *extra* delicious flavor! With a wholesome, pure food base! Campfires—a confection that is far more than candy!

You can buy them now in *quarter-pound* packages for ten cents! A new low price that is possible because the American people so universally appreciate Campfire Marshmallows! This popular pure food sweet is now sold in great quantities by the leading dealers everywhere.

Make Campfires your *every-day* confection. They are pure and wholesome. Children love marshmallows. Let them take Campfires to school. Have them when they come home too. Schools and summer camps everywhere have adopted the use of Campfires.

And be sure to take marshmallows on picnics with you! They are delicious toasted when you gather around the campfire at night.

You can buy Campfires at grocers', druggists' and confectioners'. They come in various sized air-tight cartons, and in 10-oz. and 5-lb. tins. And remember—the new Campfire package is the *only* one of its kind! The telescope box with glassine wrapper keeps the marshmallows fresh! Ready to eat the minute you buy them! The Campfire Company, Milwaukee, Wis., and Cambridge, Mass.

There are a great many cookery uses for Campfires too. They add extra looks and flavor to everything you make. The coupon will bring to you the booklet of tempting marshmallow recipes. For convenience and economy buy a 5-lb. tin of Campfires. They keep indefinitely.

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Enclosed find
☐ 4c in stamps for Campfire recipe booklet by Mrs. Gladys Williams
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Shorts and shirts that give gym suit comfort to street attire . . . or athletic union suits, finely tailored . . . socks*, shirts, ties, and handkerchiefs; not picked indiscriminately, but as *ensembles* to harmonize with the suit selected for the day.

Quite naturally, much of this haberdashery bears Wilson Brothers label. For Wilson Brothers style committee has searched, judged, created so skillfully that this mark is prevalent wherever men attach importance to dress and have a sensible liking for moderate price.

*Soon. An important announcement of a definite improvement in men's hosiery.

WILSON BROTHERS

Haberdashery

CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

Shirts • Neckwear • Hosiery • Scarfs • Handkerchiefs • Underwear
Nightwear • Belts • Suspenders • Garters • Novelties

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(Continued from Page 158)

in Kansas shooting flying fish. I hit him with everything but the referee's watch and chain."

"Adorable!" murmurs one of the other fillies.

"Then," continues Rufe, "came the curtain. A one-two, left over the heart and right to the jaw, and Slag ——"

Bannister looks up and catches sight of me.

I turns and walks away. A few minutes later Rufe hunts me up.

"You're all wrong," he blurts out.

"Yes?" I freezes.

"You told me," goes on Bannister, "that these folks wouldn't care to hear about fights. They've been pestering me about them ever since I been here, especially the frills!"

"Somebody had to provide them with cabaret," says I coldly. "If there'd been a monkey in the house they'd have expected him to do tricks too. You came as a guest and hire yourself out as a clown."

"Put your chains on," growls Rufe. "You're skidding. These people are really interested in boxing. Why, Ethel even saw the go between me and Bing-Bang Bolaski for the milk fund!"

"Ethel?" I eyebrows icily.

"The blonde," explains Bannister, "that sat next to me at dinner. Cute kid, isn't she?"

"Very," I refrigerates. "Why don't you give her a couple of lots?"

"Aw, Glove!" mutters Rufe, reproachful.

"I have no doubt," I continues, "she'd pay for them at your usual rates."

"I don't get you," puzzles Bannister. "Didn't you tell me to sell myself to ——"

"Yes," I cuts in, "but not down the river to the first peroxide that lisped at you, 'Itsy girl afraid of big strong mans.'"

Just then I'm called back into the bridge game, and when next I sees Bannister he's out on the porch with Allen, talking confidential. I'm still angry when the cards are finished, and I goes to my room without even saying good night to the boy friend. I'm about to undress when there comes a banging on the door.

"It's me," percolates the excited voice of Rufe. "I got something to tell you."

"Tell it to Ethel," I snaps. "I'm going to bed."

"Please!" begs Bannister. "It's important." I opens the door and steps out into the hallway. "You were sure right!" exclaims Rufe.

"What about, as if I care?" I comes back.

"About big deals being pulled off at social affairs," says Bannister. "I've sold Lawnview."

"Sold Lawnview?" I repeats. "To whom?"

"Allen," he answers; "and I make around five thousand dollars. Not bad for a month's work."

"The whole tract?" I asks.

"Every foot," he gloats.

"Including the plot you gave me?" I inquires.

"Oh, that's all right," shrugs Rufe. "I'll get you another one twice as good."

"Good night, big mans," lisps Ethel, passing through the hall. "Cute 'ittle dreams."

"You'll not get me another one," I flares. "That lot's mine and you can't sell it to Allen or anybody else. . . . Fights! Real-estate peddling! Fine house guest, you are!"

"Listen, Glove," pleads Bannister, "I've already agreed to the deal and we sign up in the morning. You see, it was like this: Allen really only wanted to buy the wedge to straighten out his own tract. There'd have been a thousand profit in that, but I told him I'd promised the piece to you. He spent an hour trying to get me to sell, anyhow, but there was nothing doing. Then he made me an offer for the whole thing. I couldn't pass that up, could I?"

"You couldn't," says I, scornful. "For a thousand you'd keep your word to me; for five you'd break it. All right, Indian giver, take your plot back."

"And the kiss you put up?" asks Rufe, struggling to be flippant. "Want that returned?"

"Give it to Ethel," I comes back.

III

WHEN I gets up the next morning late there's a note under the door. It's from Rufe:

Have gone to play golf with Mason. The deal with Allen is off. Sorry all over.

I'd been feeling a little ashamed of myself even before I got Bannister's message—letting that wide-eyed blond baby get my goat! After all, the boy probably thought he was following my instructions in being pleasant to the folks around the house, and as for his brag fight talk, what man can't be flattered into spraying himself with adjectives?

What makes me real sore, though, is that I'd let my anger crab a deal for Bannister, at a time when he needed a sale to buck up his morale. I'd almost forgotten about the plot I had taken jokingly from Rufe, and it's a cinch I'd have made no issue of it in the hallway if that darn McDermott doll hadn't come along and fanned a dying fire with that good night of hers. Altogether I feel like something the cat has dragged in when I goes down to breakfast. Only Mrs. Mason and some of the women are about.

"The men have all gone to play golf," says the hostess, "and we relicts are getting together a party to go bathing down on Allen's beach. You'll join us, won't you?"

I've as much desire to go swimming as I have to do the black bottom on a red-hot stove, but week-end parties are tough enough on the hostess even when the guests are agreeable, so I goes along. There are two machine loads of us.

"Where's Miss McDermott?" I asks. "On the links with the men?"

"No," returns Mrs. Mason. "She had to go back to the city this morning."

That's a relief to me; not that I'm jealous of that lisping lizzie, but I'm sure sour on her for the fool things she's made me do.

That's the way it is. We do something silly and then look outside of ourselves for somebody to hang the blame on.

About a mile from the house is Lawnview. Just beyond the line of Bannister's tract is a large billboard reading:

ALLEN DEVELOPMENT

LAST OPPORTUNITY TO GET LAND ON THE NORTH SHORE WITH WATER RIGHTS AT REASONABLE PRICES

At the sign the cars turn off the main highway into a rough path that leads straight to the Sound. There's something familiar with the surroundings en route. A large birch, with a broken branch trailing the ground, strikes my eye particularly.

"This Allen's right of way?" I asks.

"Yes," one of the women tells me. "It's the only road to the beach."

"I see," says I; but just what I see is nobody's business just then. It's enough, however, to make me absent-minded and give me a thrilly feeling the rest of the morning.

None of the men is back at the house for luncheon, but about two o'clock Mason drifts in. I immediately takes him off to a corner.

"Tell me," says I, "does Allen just happen to be here, or is he around because Bannister is?"

"He wanted to meet Bannister," returns the boss promptly. "I happened to mention in his presence that Rufe would be here for the holidays and he thought it would be a good chance to get together with his new neighbor. I figured it might be well for the boy too."

"It might," I nods. "You don't happen to have a map of Allen's tract, do you?"

"No," returns Mason; "but I can send over and get one for you."

"Never mind," says I. "It's not important."

"Come to think of it," remembers the boss, "there's a half-page ad in this morning's paper that has some sort of diagram of the place. What's the idea, Glove?"

"I don't know whether it is one yet," I returns, and departs for the library.

Sure enough, in the real-estate section of the Star is a map of the Allen development. Fifteen minutes later, when I steps out on the porch, I runs into the developer himself, in person.

"I've been looking for you," says he. "Can I have a few words?"

"Why not?" I shrugs, and sits down. So does he.

"Bannister," begins Allen, "tells me you own that piece of land on my—er—between our properties."

"That's correct," I assures him. "I've already made the first payment."

"I'm afraid, young lady," smiles the real-estater, "that, at best, you've bought a lawsuit."

"I just love lawsuits," I gushes.

"What," asks Allen, "do you propose to do with the plot if it should ——"

"Oh," I cuts in, "some day I'll build me a bungalow or start a sable farm."

"Rather than go to the courts about it," goes on Allen, "I'm prepared to offer you three thousand dollars for your holding."

"Why," I asks, "do you want the piece so badly? It's just a clump of trees with a rutty road through it."

"I need it to straighten out my tract," comes back the developer.

"Straight lines," says I, getting tired of the cat-and-mouse stuff, "are stylish this season, but I never saw such a glutton for them. A month ago you could have bought the whole of Lawnview for sixty-five thousand dollars; last night you were willing to pay seventy, just to straighten out a couple of hundred feet of your boundary. You must think you're talking to children."

"What do you mean by that?" splutters Allen.

"I mean," I returns, "that the wedge I own cuts all the way across your beach right of way, and your water privileges are not worth one hoot as long as I hold it."

"They're worth nothing to you or Bannister, either," snaps Allen, exposing his cards.

"True," I admits; "but we haven't been advertising and selling lots with a private beach; we didn't pay the price for the land you did; we didn't ——"

"What makes you so sure," cuts in Allen, "that your title's any good?"

"You," I smiles. "You've handled this whole affair with the delicacy of an elephant climbing up a silk rope. Besides, you're not the type that gives away thousands unless you know you have to."

"How much?" snarls Allen.

"Not a cent," says I. "You get back your right of way without paying a dime."

"Not a cent, huh?" he grunts. "What do you want?"

"Nothing," says I, "that a gentleman wouldn't grant a lady. Just the privilege of using your beach."

"For yourself?" inquires Allen.

"I couldn't be that selfish," I comes back; "for all of Lawnview, on the same terms as your folks."

"What?" he gasps. "That'd make Bannister's junk as ——"

"It sure would make it," I interrupts. Through the window I catches sight of Rufe striding across the lawn, and he sees me, but I'm not yet ready to call him into the proceedings.

"You qualified to talk for Bannister?" demands Allen.

"For both of you," says I, "since my wedge holds the balance of power."

"All right," snaps the real-estater, "it's a deal. I deserve to get hooked for letting a second-rate title hunter make a sucker out of me. I'll go over to the house and draw up an agreement. I'll bring it around tonight."

"What were you and Allen so clubby about?" grouches Rufe when I finds him in the library.

(Continued on Page 163)

Part of his *daily dozen!*

—and a decidedly important part, too. But he's going about it right! His Nursery Scale is a *Hanson* . . . proof that his weight record is correct.

Built with more than usual care and a mathematical precision which assures accuracy even to a fraction of an ounce. The sanitary, white, Hanson Nursery Scale is unsurpassed for quick, accurate weighing. Its cast-iron base prevents accidental tipping, and, as a practical feature, the hammock may be easily removed for laundering.

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Carbon is cleaned with special wire brushes, rotated by a Black & Decker Electric Drill. Valves and valve seats are reground by means of Black & Decker special Valve Seat Grinding Stones and Electric Valve Refacer, precision tools which do this work so accurately that *no lapping* is required.

And each valve is individually tested under air pressure with the Black & Decker Valve Tester, which guarantees that *every valve* is so perfectly ground that there can be no leakage of compression.

All car owners are interested in securing greater motoring satisfaction—in cutting down maintenance costs and lengthening the life of their cars. The use of the Black & Decker Method means all these things, as you would readily appreciate if you could see each step performed.

We have prepared a special booklet (available in English, Spanish, French and German) which shows each operation clearly in a pictorial way. This book is entitled "Grinding Valves and Cleaning Carbon" and will be sent to anyone free on request. In it we have made the "Method" so clear that you will immediately understand its advantages.

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

TOWSON, MD., U. S. A.

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(Continued from Page 161)

"Oh," says I, "we were just chatting. He's nice—nicer than you."

"Yeh?" barks Bannister.

"Yeh," I comes back. "You only gave me a lot; he gave me a whole right of way."

And I tells him about the deal I had made with Allen.

"But how did you find out about it?" puzzles Rufe. "I didn't have the slightest idea ——"

"I know you didn't," says I; "and so did Allen when he felt you out yesterday afternoon. That's why he tried to give you the rush act last night."

"Tell me," urges Bannister, "how'd you get wise?"

"I remembered a tree," says I.

"A tree?" he frowns.

"When I went to the beach this morning," I goes on, "I saw that tree on my plot, and on the far side of Allen's right of way—get that—the far side. I recalled it distinctly—quite an event occurred beneath it—the sealing of our ——"

"I got you," grins the boy friend. "It had a broken branch, didn't it—that birch on our love lot?"

"It did," I answers. "With it as a starter," I continues, "I figured back and worked out the whole thing—Allen's wild desire to get that wedge, his playing up to you and all the rest. A look at your blue print and a map of his subdivision and everything was jake. You get that all now, don't you?"

"Yes," bursts out Rufe in a sudden snarl, "I get it; and I get a lot more than that."

"What?" I exclaims.

"I get," rages Bannister, "that I'm a failure in business and everything else. I'm going back to the ring—I can stand on my own feet there."

"What's eating you now, big boy?" I asks gently.

"Nothing," shouts Rufe, "except that I'm getting tired of having you get me out of messes. I'm not the kind of guy that can live off a woman's brains. I'm not the kind of a guy ——"

"Look at me, Rufus A. Bannister!" I cuts in sharply.

"I'm sorry, Glove," he mumbles through trembling lips in fact he's trembling all over—"but ——"

"Would it make any difference with the way you feel," I asks softly, "if I was your wife?"

"Would it?" gasps Rufe. "We could work together then, and ——"

"You'll never fight again?" I interrupts from his shoulder.

"I'll do nothing," promises the boy friend, "that I can't do with you."

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CORRECT shaving soothes and protects the skin. Every shave is a correct shave with the Valet AutoStrop Razor. Its freshly-stropped, keen-edged blade leaves the skin smooth as velvet. Keeps the face young.

Valet AutoStrop Razor is more than a safety razor—it is a safety razor and a stropper ingeniously combined. A complete shaving service. Nothing to take apart—nothing to put together, except when you occasionally slip in a new blade.

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We wish that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic Should anything happen to yours affecting its perfect service, send it to us and we will restore it to perfect condition, without charge

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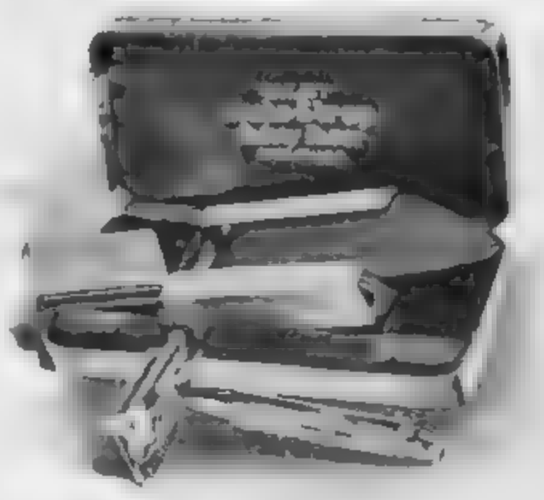

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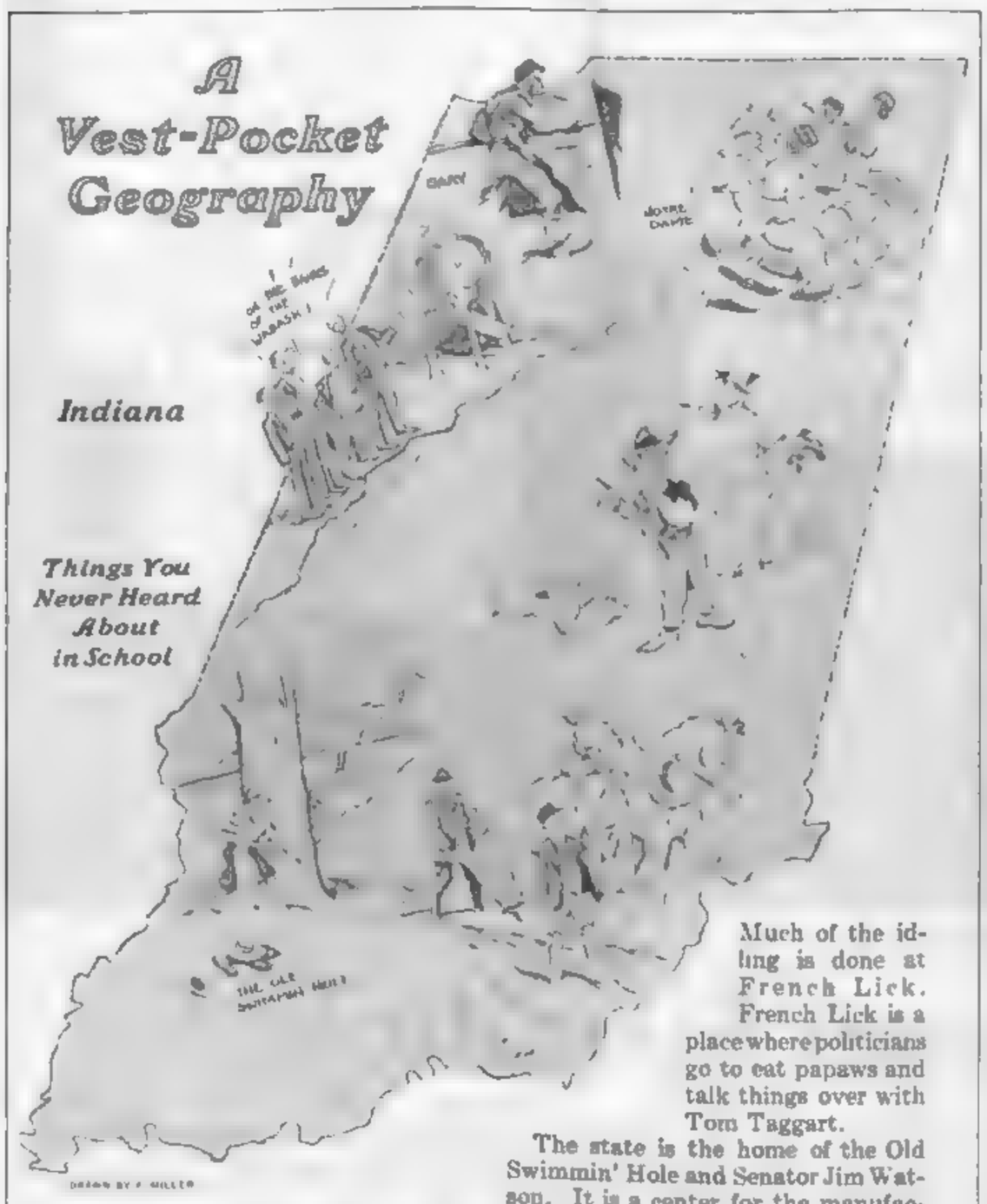

A Vest-Pocket Geography

Indiana

Things You Never Heard About in School

INDIANA is the cultural state. It is the land of Riley, Abe Martin, Tarkington and Jack Keefe. It is unique as the only Northern state which has had as many songs written about it as the states below the Mason and Dixon's line. The songs sometimes mention sycamores and the Wabash River. The Wabash really is a very ordinary river, but it is best not to stress the point when talking to a Hoosier. Indiana long has been noted for its home folks' atmosphere and as a place where one may idle and dream without incurring the suspicions of the constable.

Much of the idling is done at French Lick. French Lick is a place where politicians go to eat papaws and talk things over with Tom Taggart.

The state is the home of the Old Swimmin' Hole and Senator Jim Watson. It is a center for the manufacture of musical instruments and saxophones. A saxophone is a cross between a clarinet and a mother-in-law's revenge. It should be played only in sharps. Playing it in flats causes too much trouble with the other tenants.

Indianapolis is the principal city. It is the home of the great automobile races and a center of the automotive industry. The state is rich in pioneer history and was the scene of the great battle which resulted in the Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-Too slogan in the following presidential election.

WILLIAM P. ROWLEY.

Copeland

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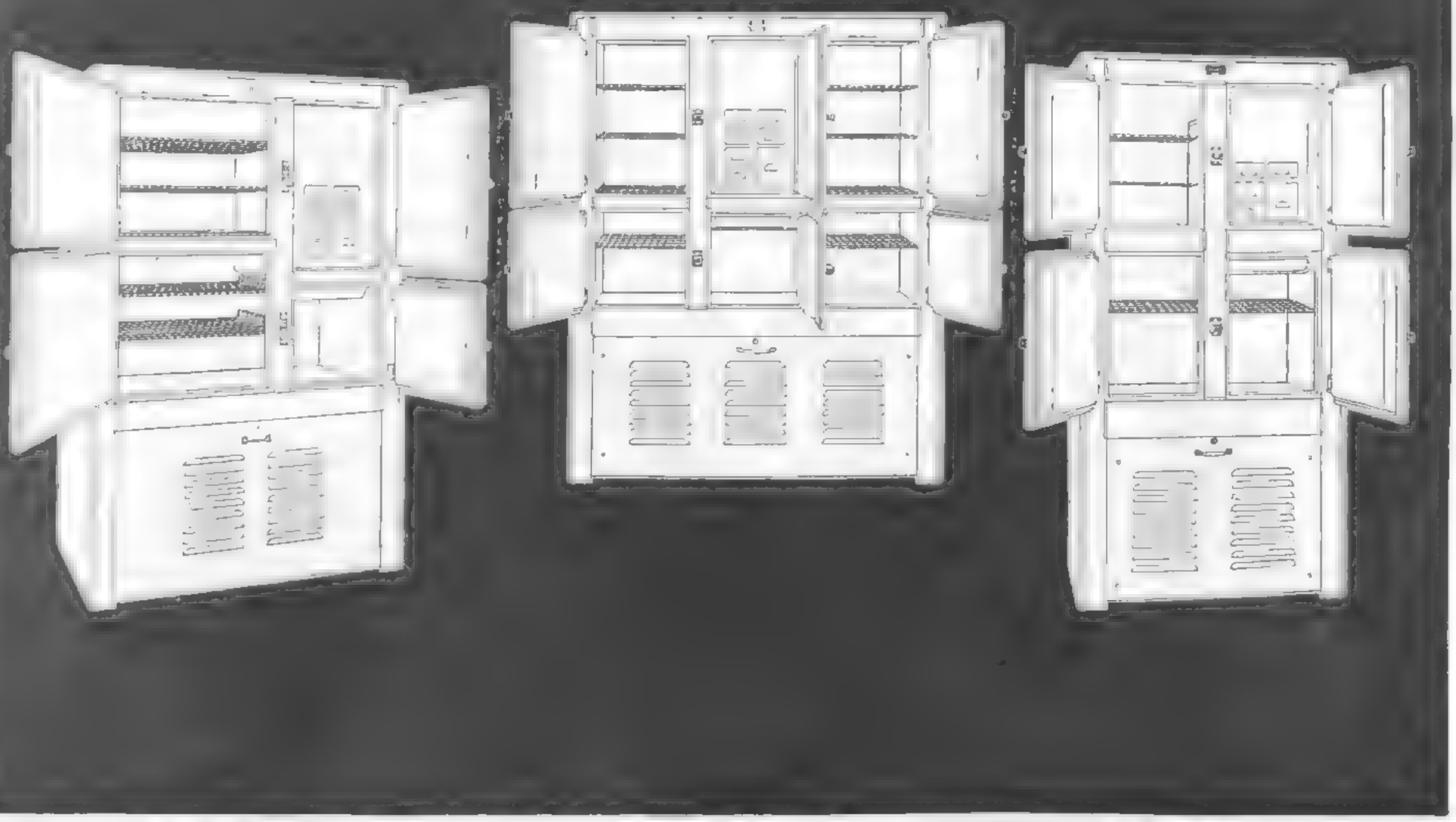

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Imagine...as many as 243 ice cubes—a double depth drawer for freezing desserts—as much as 16.12 cubic feet of food storage space—and a great big vegetable bin at the bottom, if you choose to place the electric unit in your basement.

Picture the glistening white beauty of all-porcelain cabinets trimmed in nickel-silver—*designed and built by Seeger*—especially and exclusively for Copeland.

Consider the practical convenience of all-porcelain inside as well as outside—of easy cleaning, rounded coves instead of corners.

Remember the reputation of Copeland for dependability, durability, economy and quiet operation—thanks to the part-by-part "over-strength" design of its refrigerating unit, compressor and entire system.

Surely all these things combined fulfill the utmost of your ambitions for a truly wonderful electric refrigerator. And why shouldn't they? For of all the famous Copeland models, the "16-23", the "14-22" and the "9-12", are the finest ever made.

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Please send me, without obligation on my part your free Copeland Recipe Book which shows how to prepare delicious frozen desserts. Name_____ Address_____ City_____ State_____ SEP4

THE MAP OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 7

We knew very little about him, but everything that we did know was thrilling, especially to the women. For one thing, of course, he was rich. His father had been as handsome and as able-bodied as poor Louis was ugly and crippled, and his mother had been beautiful; so it wasn't unreasonable to suppose that Roy, at thirty-four, was good looking.

His career had all the essentials of romance; he had been educated in Europe, and during the first six months of the war—so Louis had said, and it was true—he had been one of the English secret agents in Germany. He spoke the language perfectly and he was, supposedly, a neutral. After a narrow escape into Holland, he took a commission with the British Army. That was under another name, for if he had been made prisoner and identified he would have been shot. He was seriously wounded and invalided out of the service; then, under the same name, he entered the French aviation service as a pilot and brought down six planes before he was captured—a piece of archie ruined his motor. He escaped from prison after three unsuccessful efforts and got into Switzerland. At about that time America entered the war and he was commissioned under his own name as a major in the A. E. F., and detailed for G-3 duty at Chaumont. The correspondents got hold of his story and made a whale of a yarn of it.

After his release from the service, he rambled over Asia, South America and Africa, hunting and exploring. What more could anyone ask of a romantic character? I'm sure that more than one fond mother of a marriageable daughter went to the oracle and asked, "How's chances?"

There were some others who had their places in the seats of the anxious, and they were people to whom Louis Joralemon had loaned money upon unsecured notes. As tight as the old fellow was in any business deal, he helped dozens of people financially just because he had confidence in them or affection for them. Frank Daveny, who owned the Apollo Theater, was one of these. Just because both of them loved good music, he loaned Daveny twenty-five thousand to repair his theater and install a pipe organ.

In the Record office, poor old Murchinson was squirming the seat out of his trousers, and I was a little worried on my own hook. A newspaper is an irresistible toy for any person who knows nothing about running one; the less they know, the more irresistible it is. I remember one of my uncle's farm hands who went into town and gave a phrenologist one dollar to read his bumps. The phrenologist told him that among other professions at which he had a God-given ability to shine was that of newspaper man.

I've always wondered if the phrenologist didn't tell every man who came to him the same thing, on the general principle that every man believes it about himself and is willing to pay a dollar to have his belief confirmed. I can be bitter upon that subject, because I once worked on a paper that was run by a man whose papa had left it to him and who knew no more about a newspaper than a rabbit knows about platform bridge. At any rate, the only men on the Record who weren't uneasy were the union boys downstairs.

The day that Roy Joralemon arrived, Mr. Covell had an important case on in court and couldn't go to the station. It wasn't quite up to anyone else to go, and so he sent his junior partner, Billy Clark.

Billy came into the Record office a few minutes after the train arrived. "He's at the Andon. Didn't want to go out to the old man's—thought it would be too much trouble." Billy had a sour grin on his face.

"How'd he strike you?" I asked.

"Not so good. Made me feel like a servant. He's got a tough-looking map on him. Looks more like a pug than anything else. Covell 'll be out of court about 3:30 probably, so you'd better go on up to the Andon if you want to get your story first. Look him over—and weep!"

That was cheery news. I went directly to the Andon and was told to go up to Joralemon's suite on the third floor. He had telegraphed for rooms and so they had set aside the best in the house—naturally, since he owned a good share of the hotel.

When I entered he was talking Italian to the hotel valet, who was unpacking his luggage. He turned upon me and said as abruptly as a drill sergeant who is trying to be polite, "What is it you would like?"

Billy Clark's description of him wasn't far off. He did look like a pug, and a well-battered one at that.

I introduced myself and explained that I was city editor of the Record. "I thought I'd better see you, instead of sending one of the reporters, and get a story about your arrival in Planet," I explained. "I wanted to get acquainted, too, at the earliest possible moment."

"I see." Joralemon gazed at me with a chilly pair of blue-gray eyes and then twisted his face into a one-side smile that was really shocking.

It was a smile that didn't work out as it should; one side smiled and the other remained flatly unmoved. And for all the fact that there were some of the fundamentals of downright handsomeness there, it wasn't a pleasant face to see. A scar ran down from his left temple well into his jaw; his upper lip was thin and straight, and the lower one bulged, a souvenir of right jabs that had connected; one of his eyebrows tried to conceal a welt where the flesh had been smashed between metal knuckles and the heavy bone of his forehead.

But it was the scar from his temple to his jaw—a limey sailor had come into action with a broken bottle, I learned later—that was responsible for the oddly sinister quality of his smile, for the healing of the wound had produced a sort of face-lifting effect that wouldn't rank very high in plastic surgery. The cicatrix had drawn until there wasn't any mobility of expression left, which is quite likely to happen when the only healing agent handy is salt water. The smile disappeared as quickly as it had come.

Roy Joralemon lacked a few months of being thirty-five years old, but his age wouldn't have been easy to guess. His black hair, which ran straight across his forehead except for a sharply cut widow's peak, was becoming gray. Supple muscles bulged under a perfectly tailored coat, and he maneuvered his big body with a grace that scarcely would have been forgivable in a man whose face didn't assert his right to move in any way he pleased—and be damned to all who didn't like it.

When he spoke it was with an English accent. Not the bah-bah-bah of woolly little lambs who come down from Oxford and Cambridge, but with a deliberation, a distinct broadening of *a*'s and a rising inflection in his sentences. It was the English of a well-bred Londoner; and he spoke rapidly, earnestly, sometimes with a quick gesture of his right hand.

"The only thing I know about Planet," he said, "is that the approach through your factory district is the most monstrous stretch of unrelieved ugliness I have ever seen. I hope the rest of the city isn't that bad."

I assured him that all Planet was not quite so hideous as Millside, through which the tracks ran. "That might not be the most politic statement that you could make," I suggested. "Especially since you own so much of that district."

"Ah! Do I? Extraordinary! Then you might say that I was struck by its ugliness and that the first thing I shall do is to make it less offensive."

"That will please the reform element, at least."

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Styled Right!
Fresh and original are Monito colorings and designs—a decided departure from the stereotyped plaids, checks and stripes of yesteryear.
Ask at the men's wear counter to see the Monito Spring and Summer offerings. And remember that in Monito Socks, smartness and individuality are combined with comfort and durability.
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WHEN INGRAM'S goes on before your beard comes off, you enjoy cooling, soothing comfort.

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Write us today for your 7 free cool shaves. Your skin will thank you. Or to save yourself time—ask your nearest druggist for 120 of these cool Ingram shaves. The jar only costs fifty cents.

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"I don't give a damn for the reform element! I merely abhor ugliness. Truthfully, I would much rather that you put nothing at all in the paper at most, an announcement that I have arrived."

"Of course, Mr. Joralemon, that's for you to say. I mean—you know, you own the Record."

"How the devil should I know?"

"I supposed that you did."

"I know nothing about the estate. I was in the interior when the message came—laid up with sleepingsickness and having a rather tough go of it." Probably my eyes brightened, because I scented a story. He hastened to add: "But say nothing of that. An announcement that I am here is quite all that is necessary."

It was, beyond mistaking, an order. I suggested that he let us run a picture of him—a portrait.

"Portrait!" He laughed for the first time, and his laugh was so genuine that it swept away the bad impression of his smile. "No, I'd rather that this face shouldn't be published beyond my wearing it. You might print a map of the world instead and put my name under it." His fingers touched his scars. "Shanghai, Vladivostok, Quito. Nairobi's down here." His hand went to his chest and he laughed again.

For the first time I felt as though I were not working, sand-hog fashion, under pressure.

"By the by, have you a copy of this paper of mine?"

I gave one to him. He spread it upon the table, fished into his waistcoat pocket, pulled out a monocle and screwed it into his eye. A monocle in Planet!

"I am very pleased," he said at last, "that it is not a sensational paper. I shouldn't know quite what to do about it if it were sensational. In fact"—the monocle made his smile less of a grimace—"I don't know what to do about it as it is. I know nothing about newspapers except that they print a jolly lot of rot."

The interview, such as it was, came to a close when Mr. Covell was announced, and I went up Samset Street to the Apollo Theater.

The doorman said that Francela Daveny was inside and I found her in the dusk at the rear of the house inattentively watching the picture. Way down in front, in a faint aura of light, was her father, playing the organ that Louis Joralemon had financed. He played beautifully.

"Hello," said Fran. "Well, how about it?"

"Peculiar bird," I told her. "He's got a face to scare babies with. Calls it his map of the world because it's been bunged up everywhere from Hoboken to China. And he wears a monocle!"

"Dad's pretty worried. What do you think his attitude is going to be?"

"Hanged if I know. Wish I did."

We walked out into the lobby and stood there for a moment. Fran was a mighty pretty girl—the sort of prettiness that you don't expect to find combined with capability and hard-headedness. Curly blond hair with a touch of red in it, blue eyes, a nose that was a bit *retroussé* and a mouth that became a crescent when she smiled. It was a thoroughly satisfactory smile and I'd seen her use it like a lasso when she wanted to rope someone in. She had some pretty hard cases to handle—film salesmen, stage hands and such like people. Now and then a salesman, fresh from Fil-lum Row, would try making a pass at her, but he wouldn't try it a second time. Fran had a wit that was corrosive and funny at the same time; she could make a jackass of a man and then send him away yearning for the better life. I can't imagine what her father would have done without her, for he had all the temperament of genius, with a very small share of the ability which makes the temperament forgivable.

The Davenys had been washed up in Planet when Fran was eight years old. Her mother was in the cast of a musical comedy for which her father was musical director. Mrs. Daveny was taken ill with pneumonia and died. Frank, having let the company go on without him, just stuck in Planet because he was too stunned to do anything else. Also, he was broke. He got a job playing the piano in a small movie house, chiefly because he could play and sing the illustrated songs—do you remember them?—at the same time. Later, although it didn't seem quite moral, considering his past, he was made organist at St. Peter's, where his friendship with Louis Joralemon began. It was due to Joralemon, of course, that he was able to take over the Apollo and make it a first-class movie house, and it was Francela who kept him from funking.

Fran and my wife became friends soon after we came to Planet. Dorothy was pretty lonely at first, because my work kept me on the jump twelve hours a day, and Fran had been lonely all her life. You can imagine that there wasn't much of a place for young women of their kind in Planet. They didn't have any social position—society in Planet would have been snooty to Queen Victoria—and they didn't have the money to keep up such a position if they had had it and wanted it.

In addition to the fact that each of them had a man under whom she had to keep a hot fire burning, they had a great deal in common—books, music and the all-important fact that they could laugh at the same things.

"Do you think he is going to be difficult?" Fran asked perplexedly.

"I don't know. Maybe. I shouldn't like the job of trying to make him do anything he didn't want to do. But he says he hates ugliness. Conversely, I suppose he likes prettiness. You might unlimber your nicest smile for him. I'll let you know if anything turns up. Billy Clark's going to give me the low-down just as rapidly as he gets it and I'll shoot it along to you."

That was typical of the way all of us felt about Roy Joralemon's arrival.

I went down Samset Street to the office, to assure old Murchinson that he could get out at least one more issue of the Record before the iron ball rolled.

III

THAT night the Covells gave a dinner party for him, and he was supposed to go with Judy Covell to a dance at the Shwanawak Club. In other words, it was to be Judy who should lead the lion in and present him to the younger set. But at 11:30 I glanced up at someone who was towering beside my desk and found Roy Joralemon.

"Hello," he said. "I saw the electric sign, so I thought I'd drop in. Hope you don't mind."

"Of course not! Sit down. I'll be busy for a few minutes until the rag rolls."

Murchinson had gone home. I had his work to do, and my own. Also a hunky rooming house in Millside was burning up and I was holding out a front-page column for it while the cub was getting the facts. Finally the telephone rang and the cub was on the other end, chanting nice easy names to catch over the line, such as Piotrowska, Kabotsvitzch and Schliegenhupphen.

Joralemon couldn't have come in at a better time—from my point of view, at least. It was fast work, slamming the story into shape, knocking out the headlines, with the boy shooting it through the tube in takes of half a dozen lines each to keep the composing room foreman from bawling "Copy! Copy!" up the tube at the top of his lungs. There is something of the show-off in all of us, I suppose. I know I enjoyed showing off at my job that night. I shoved the carbon copies over to him, and before I batted out the last paragraph of the yarn the boy was putting the wet proof of the head and lead upon my desk. Roy Joralemon's eyes widened and I was pleased. It is a good thing for a newspaper owner to know that the news doesn't collect itself and write itself

"I thought you were going to the Shwanawak Club with Judy Covell," I said.

(Continued on Page 169)

For Mother's Day
MAY 8TH

The gift
that will please
your Mother best

It is this box of delicious Artstyle Chocolates, with a wide variety of tempting centers. It will also remain a permanent token, for the container is a beautiful metal jewel box, enamelled in repousse and richly colored. Being all metal, it keeps the candy in perfect condition. One and two pound sizes, packed in special mailing containers and sent to any address. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY
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DRUG STORE
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

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The Rexall Store — Stockholders United Drug Company

You will recognize it by this sign

H A R M O N Y T H A T F L O O D S T H E H I G H W A Y

A GLORIOUS, unrestrained tone of new harmony, carrying the free joyous lilt of the open spaces . . . swift and sure as a bird in flight . . . sounding two sharply harmonious notes simultaneously. A wonderful new Sparton Signal that does not startle—but chimes and charms your way thru traffic. A "Courtesy" horn for courteous people.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY
Also Makers of Sparton Radio Receivers
JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

The Sparton Chime

(102)

(Continued from Page 166)

"I was, but it washed out. . . . You know, I would like a drink."

I fished out a bottle and he nursed on it thoughtfully while I finished my work. I could see that there was something on his mind. Then we went down to the composing room, where I O.K.'d the make-up and waited until the sheet was rolling. With a couple of copies of the Record in our pockets—he seemed to lose interest in the paper just as soon as it was an accomplished fact—we went on over to the back room of Hank Crummins' place and sat at one of the corner tables.

Joralemon was pretty conspicuous in evening clothes and with that face of his, and Hank gravitated closer and closer to us. Hank was the leader of the bad element of Planet; it was his scalp that the reform bunch, headed by the Reverend Purley Hubert, was out to get. That night he acted as though he thought Joralemon might be looking the place over with an idea of cutting into his trade. Finally I called him to our table and gave him the usual underworld knockdown: "Shake hands with Mr. Joralemon."

Hank was so pleased that he nearly gurgled, and he broke out a bottle of some stuff he said was his own private stock. When he left us I began to get the story of the dinner party, which I checked up later with some other people, including Judy.

"It was grim," he said—"very grim! I'll have to do a little light drinking before I'll recover."

It seems that he found himself at the table with eleven blankly strange faces, all of them examining him as though he had been some rather terrible animal. Mrs. Covell was on one side of him and Judy on the other.

Across from him was old Mrs. Farrell, the dowager duchess of the Planet Forge Company, who always jerked the trap at any social hanging.

"It was quite ghastly, you know," explained Jerry. "I felt most uncomfortable."

Mrs. Farrell, probably in the name of social order, examined the culprit, without giving him the usual warning that any statement he made might be used against him. Everything seemed to go well enough until she asked him: "Which animal, Mr. Joralemon, do you find most exciting to hunt?"

"Man," answered Jerry unequivocally.

"What?" The old lady's voice sounded with horror and the Reverend Purley Hubert jumped.

"I say that man is the most exciting animal to hunt," replied Jerry. He screwed his monocle into his eye. "You never can tell what the blighter is going to do. He is the most dangerous and the most cunning."

"But," interposed the Reverend Hubert, "one scarcely hunts one's fellow man in these days!"

"Oh, yes, now and then. I've bagged"—he paused to count and let the monocle drop into his lap—"six of 'em." He added, just so there could be no mistake: "Aside from the war, of course."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Judy at his side. The blood had left her cheeks and the two spots of rouge stood out as though they were thin patches of tissue pasted there.

Judy Covell was nearly twenty-four years old, and I doubt if in all those twenty-four years she had ever had an emotion which she hadn't whipped into submission. She was a slender girl and quite beautiful. Her face, with its finely cut features, had a quality of beauty that was spiritual and anæmic at the same time. She was delicate, undervitalized, nervous, and as full of repressions as one person can be this side of a nervous breakdown. Very few people liked her. The usual formula was: "She's so cold," which was ridiculous. The truth about her, as closely as you can come to summarizing the truth about anyone, was that Judy was an intensely emotional person who was frightened almost into paralysis at the idea of being loved or of loving anyone.

At the moment when she said "How horrible!" Judy Covell was undoubtedly more in love with Roy Joralemon than she had ever been with any man in her life. He had broken the glass case she had fitted over herself, picked her up, whirled her around and tossed her sky-high. It is a wonder she didn't faint.

But Jerry went on regardless of her and told the Covells' guests that "a chap had to do something when a johnny started out to kill him." Thereupon—and not without a malicious pleasure in shocking them to their marrows—he told about the men he had killed; from the Bolshevik agent who started after him in Constantinople with a knife and whom he was obliged to throttle, to the two natives he had been obliged to shoot in the jungle between Quito and the Amazon.

"I dare say," he admitted to me while we were tilting Hank Crummins' private bottle, "that it was a bit thick, but they had made me feel beastly uncomfortable."

Also, before they left the table, he had announced that he intended to see that the ugliness of the inviolable Millside was remedied. He might just as well have tried to give a lecture upon Rabelais before the local Thanatopsis Club, using as his topic, "A certain jollity of mind pickled in the scorn of fate."

When the dinner was over, Judy went up to her room, supposedly to get her wraps and take Jerry on to the dance. Her mother followed her, probably sensing trouble. Judy refused to go, and when her mother insisted, Judy settled the matter squarely by having hysterics. The excuse offered to Joralemon was, of course, the conventional headache.

"I'm really quite sorry," he told me, almost contritely. "Not about the others, of course. One simply can't stand such twaddle. But about Miss Covell. She is very beautiful, don't you think? I really wanted her to like me."

We went on with our light drinking, as he called it. More celebrities—including the chief of police and two aldermen of our little city of homes—rolled in, and Jerry went big with them. Before the night had ended he could have worn two monocles at the same time and they would have thought nothing of it.

Came the dawn, and Jerry was rolling out to my house in Hank's car. He said he didn't want to go to the hotel because it reminded him of an ice box, and I had offered to put him up. In the hall I found a note stuck in the corner of the mirror announcing that Fran Daveny was staying all night. That meant that she was in my room and that I was to bunk in with my wife, which I had intended to do anyway, giving Jerry my bed. But what to do with Jerry?

"Hell's pit, old chap!" he said. "Don't worry about me. Fling me the odd blanket and I'll sleep on the divan."

I managed to get him bedded down after a fashion and went upstairs to tell my wife that she wasn't to shoot or yell for the police if she found a hard-looking moke asleep in the living room when she got up, because it was the famous Roy Joralemon.

Dorothy looked a bit stunned at first, then she sat up in bed and beamed at me. "That's fine!" she said. "I hope that he and Fran'll like each other. What luck!"

IV

MY WIFE likes to have me get fairly tight about once a month, because she says it makes me easier to live with, and so I was pretty sure she wouldn't read Rocks and Shoals to me in the morning. But when I woke up I was as cheerful as if the firing squad were waiting for me. Also, my mouth tasted as if I had drunk my bath water. But I cheered up a little when I looked out of the window. There was Jerry, sitting on the lawn with Fran Daveny, my wife, the youngster and the dog, and all of them seemed to be enjoying life. Jerry was in evening clothes, except that he was wearing an old golf jacket of mine; and he was a comical sight, with his monocle stuck in his eye.

I rang for the maid and told her that a cup of coffee might mean all the difference between life and premature dissolution. Dorothy had one ear open for the sound of the bell in the kitchen and she came upstairs immediately.

"How's the head, old boy?" she asked.

"Awful! How's everything downstairs?"

"Fine!" She leaned over the foot of the bed. "I think your Jerry is a dear." I couldn't quite see Jerry as a dear, but I wasn't in the mood to put up an argument. "He and Fran are getting along famously," she announced, beaming like Mrs. Machiavelli herself. "It was a great idea, your bringing him home last night."

"I have a lucid moment now and then," I admitted modestly. Dorothy told me that she had been afraid that Jerry would be very embarrassed, waking up in the living room of a strange house with nothing to wear but his evening clothes, but that he hadn't been embarrassed at all. He started to apologize humbly, but before he was halfway through the apology both of them had begun to laugh.

By the time I got downstairs, after an alternating hot and cold shower and going through all the business of a man pulling himself together again as though he were a badly wrecked picture puzzle, Jerry seemed to have become one of the family. The four of us had a combined breakfast and luncheon on the side porch; one of those brunches with coffee gurgling in the percolator, little sausages frying happily because they have almost reached the purpose and destiny of their existence, whole tomatoes that have been chilled for hours, "riz" biscuits hot from the oven. I don't suppose there is any country in the world where you can have such a thoroughly delicious hodgepodge of food.

Jerry was in fine form and telling ridiculous stories of his adventures—silly, trivial stories that kept us laughing. Fran Daveny, when she laughs, has a way of throwing her head back and going to it in such a whole-soul fashion that you can't help laughing with her. There wasn't the most remote suggestion about Jerry of the man who had horrified the guests at the Covells' dinner party. He had a curious way of giving you, entirely, anything in his character that you drew from him.

I was called to the telephone. It was Billy Clark, Covell's junior partner. It seems that Covell was gnawing his fingers to the joints because his pet client had disappeared off the face of the earth and Billy had been sent out in search. It didn't take him long to stumble over the story of last night's party. I assured him that Jerry was safe.

"He raised hell at the old man's last night!" said Billy.

"Did he?"

"Yeh—star-chamber session after he had left. They sat first as a grand jury and then as a court of trial. Mrs. Farrell"—she was the dowager duchess of the Planet Forge Company—"was all for public execution because he didn't show proper respect for royalty—lese majesty—trying to kick down the bulwarks of civilization. And Judy ——"

"Oh, damn Judy!" I interrupted.

"Unanimous! But, anyhow, Judy tossed off a set of hysterics. There weren't any smelling salts handy and so they had to use ordinary household ammonia. She's been running a temperature ever since because household ammonia is vulgar."

I choked him off, as I wanted to get all the glad details from him at first hand. He promised to come to the office later.

That afternoon, after I had given my cubs their assignments, seen that they had clean handkerchiefs and kissed them good-by, Billy came in and chortled out the whole story. I have already told you the most important details of it, except that Mr. Covell was thoroughly angry with Judy. Regardless of any matrimonial idea he had in his head—and he certainly had one—he realized the importance of keeping Jerry as a client. The handling of an estate that large meant a considerable amount of money to him, not to speak of the power it gave him in Planet.

"I think that Judy'll walk the chalk line," said Billy. "She'd better!"

"Covell really has his dander up, eh?"

"Whew!" He grinned at me. "If you see Joralemon, you might tell him that the old man is waiting for him at the office."

Jerry's next sensation was staged that afternoon at the Apollo Theater. Dorothy had some shopping to do before the three of them started off on a cruise of the city, and so she left Jerry and Fran at the theater. The girl in the box office wasn't feeling well, and Fran sent her home to rest before the evening performance. Fran took the girl's place herself, to sell whatever few tickets remained to be sold, count the house and make out the box-office report. Jerry said that he would much rather spend the half hour with her behind the wicket than go into the theater and watch the picture.

It was one of those glass-inclosed box offices. You know—marble counter, shining brass, with a new automatic ticket machine which counts the tickets sold. Fran had been showing him how it worked; there was a series of buttons to poke, each button for a different class of ticket.

The performance was about half over and only a couple of people came in. Fran stepped out of the box office to speak with the door man about something or other, and neither she nor Jerry noticed that Mrs. Ferdinand Green, who had been at the Covells' dinner party the night before, was approaching with her small daughter. Jerry was perched on the stool before the window, head down.

"Two loge seats, please."

"Right-o!" said Jerry, and he gave the buttons marked Loge two jabs. The tickets gurgled up from the inner works of the machine, and Jerry—don't forget the monocle—beamed into Mrs. Green's face as though he had just pulled a rabbit out of a hat. She gasped with surprise, and he laughed.

Let it be said to the credit of Mrs. Ferdinand Green's self-control that she was able to wait until the end of the performance before she started out to tell the world that the scion of the Joralemons was selling tickets at the Apollo. Just like his father—chasing after a pretty girl—and equally sure to come to a bad end.

And all this time Mr. Covell was at his office, expecting Jerry to show up and be interested in his millions. The only thought with which he could console himself was that Jerry had sent Judy a large floral peace offering.

Fran, Dorothy and Jerry spent the rest of the day riding about Planet together, from Lakeside to Millside. They had dinner at the Andon and then went to Fall Creek Park, where they rode upon the roller coaster and used up most of the ammunition in the shooting gallery. A little before one o'clock in the morning he drifted into the office to announce: "I should like a drink, you know."

After the paper was out, Jerry and I sat in the office, talking over various things. I was dog-tired, but he seemed to be on the top of the wave and was all for going to Hank Crummins' place again. I've never known a man with more energy than Roy Joralemon.

It was curious how often the name of Judy Covell came up as he talked. His mind kept working back to her through devious channels, and I began to realize that he had been deeply impressed by that delicate, orchidaceous beauty of hers.

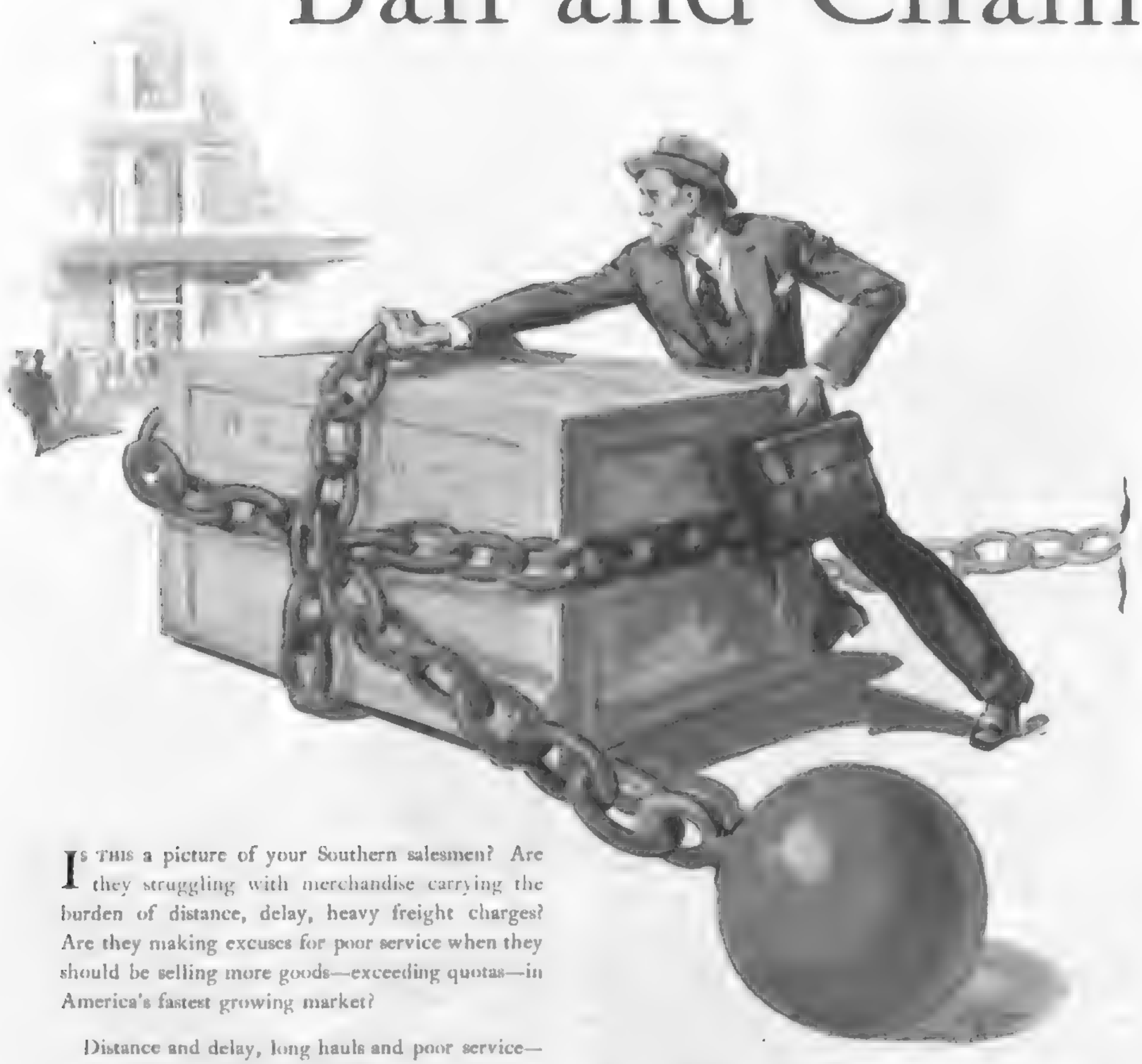
"Do you think it will be all right for me to call upon her tomorrow?" he asked finally.

"Of course! Why not?"

Jerry scowled at the end of the cigarette. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "I'll need a bit of guidance here in Planet. I was lucky to stumble over you people. I think I'll stay here—really live here." That resolution, I felt, was strongly connected with Judy Covell.

Continued on Page 173

Ball and Chain



Is this a picture of your Southern salesmen? Are they struggling with merchandise carrying the burden of distance, delay, heavy freight charges? Are they making excuses for poor service when they should be selling more goods—exceeding quotas—in America's fastest growing market?

Distance and delay, long hauls and poor service—the ball and chain which hold back your business, cut down your sales and eat into your profits.

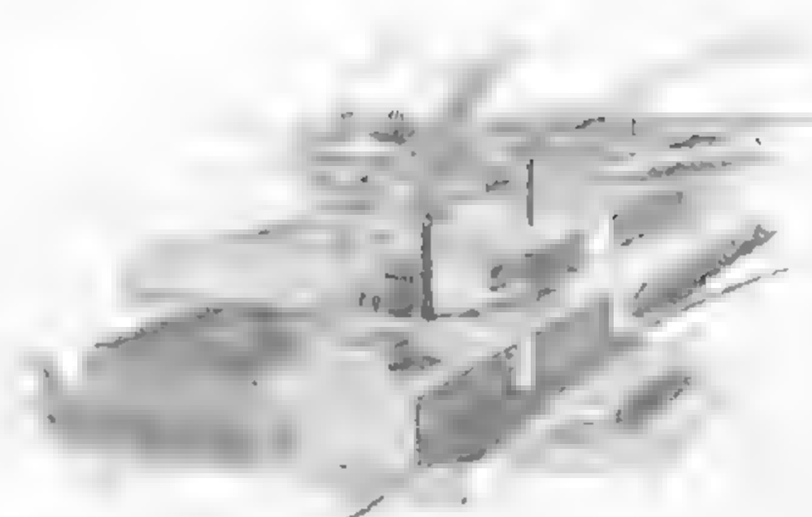
The rich Southern market will no longer yield full volume and profit unless you can serve it properly. Hand-to-mouth buying has brought about new merchandising methods.

Industry can no longer serve the entire country from any one point, however centrally located. Branch offices, warehoused goods and branch factories, strategically located in the heart of each major market, are vitally necessary to modern day selling and distribution.

America's greatest producers have found the South a profitable, rapidly expanding market. Buying power has trebled in the past decade. 1926 income was the greatest in all history. Are you getting your share of this profitable business? Are you fulfilling the new wants created by this great prosperity?

Merchandise

—Why American Industry has made Atlanta Southern Headquarters



NEARLY 800 of America's outstanding concerns have found it necessary and profitable to establish Southern headquarters in Atlanta.

One after another, after careful surveys and detailed comparisons, reached this conclusion: that Atlanta is the one point from which the South can be most efficiently, most economically served.

And the records of these Atlanta branches have amply justified the combined judgment of America's leading executives. Many of them lead the entire country in volume. Many more have broken through their quotas.

Atlanta is logically Distribution City for the South, and the Atlanta Industrial Area affords not only easy and quick access to a rich market: due to proximity of raw materials for practically every industrial need, efficient Anglo-Saxon labor, low cost, abundant power and reasonable taxes, plants here show amazingly low production costs.

Here, then, is a rich, growing market of fourteen million people reached overnight from Atlanta. The whole progressive South lies at Atlanta's finger-tips. Here is swift transportation in the fifteen main lines of eight great railroad systems. Here is a location that offers large manufacturing economies in nearly every line of industry. More than fifteen hundred different commodities are manufactured in Atlanta.

Here is opportunity for bigger profits. Here is a chance to break the shackles that retard the sales of your products in America's Fastest Growing Market.

Let Our Industrial Engineers Serve You

The services of our Industrial Engineers are at the disposal of interested executives. We will gladly prepare a special report of the Atlanta Industrial Area in relation to your business. This report will be sound, unbiased and wholly dependable. It will be made entirely without obligation or cost, and may readily be the means of opening up new channels of profit for you. All communications will be held in the strictest confidence.

Write to INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
171 *Chamber of Commerce*

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South

What ATLANTA *Offers You*

TRANSPORTATION—Fifteen radiating lines of eight strong railroad systems. A semi-circle of ports with adequate coast-wise and export shipping.

LABOR—Intelligent, adaptable Anglo-Saxon people, free from the unreasonable attitude which elsewhere has so seriously hampered production and raised costs.

RAW MATERIAL—25 of the 26 industrial minerals in commercial quantity. Cotton, Lumber and other important materials are all close by.

POWER—Abundant Hydro-Electric Power for *any* industrial need at very low rates.

FUEL—Coal, fuel oils and wood in good supply at moderate prices.

WATER—Soft, and useful in its natural state.

SITES—Plentiful locations on railroads, accessible to Labor, Power, Water, etc. Building costs much lower than in other sections.

WAREHOUSING—Adequate space, well located for reshipment or city delivery.

FINANCIAL RESOURCES—Headquarters Sixth Federal Reserve District. 23 Banks and Trust Companies with resources more than two hundred millions. Atlanta stands 5th per capita in bank clearings nationally, 33rd in population and 15th in volume of clearings.

COST OF LIVING—Estimated by National Industrial Conference Board 7.5% below average for the country. One of the seven low cities in this respect.

SOCIAL ASPECTS—Schools, churches, hospitals, parks, playgrounds and all recreation excellent. Famous as a sport center.

CLIMATE—Altitude of 1050 feet above sea level makes for health. No extremes of heat or cold.

No State Income Tax
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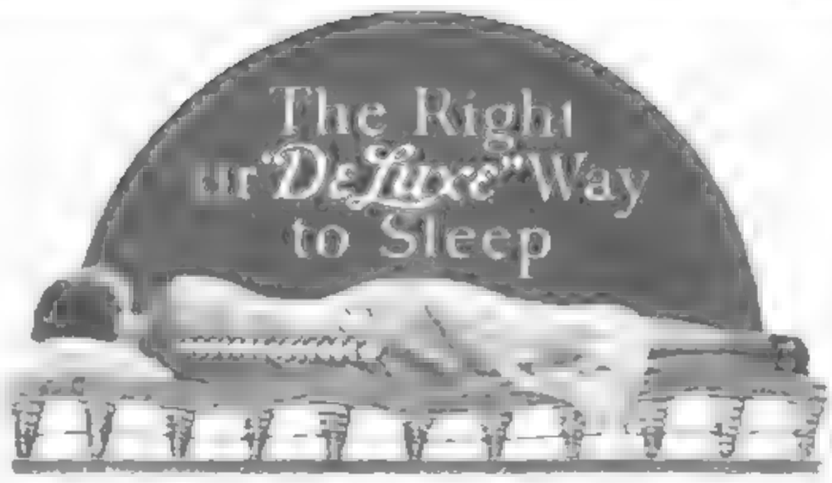
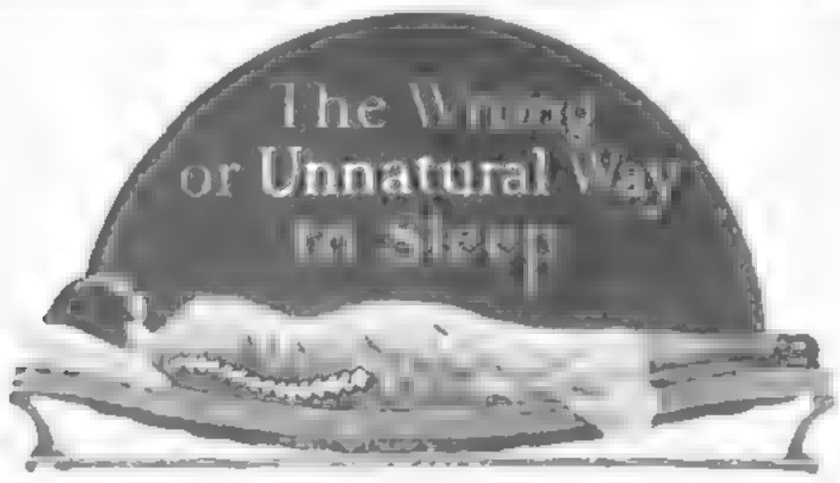
MEMO
to Your Secretary

Send for this booklet
which gives the experience of some of nearly 800 great concerns that have already come to Atlanta to serve the rich Southern market.





To be wide awake tomorrow get deep sleep tonight

Enjoy the new comfort that only a bedspring built to fit the body can give

IF your sleep is *deep* you need less of it to fit you for the day's work or the evening's play.

Deep sleep comes only if the body is comfortable. Complete physical relaxation is necessary. No one is truly sound asleep whose body is "on edge" because of a hard bed or a bed with sags and ridges and bumps and holes.

The ideal bed is one that yields itself to the weight of the body only where that weight is exerted. The bedspring must shape itself to the body's curves.

That is what the De Luxe bedspring does. It *fits the body*. It keeps the spine straight, releases tension on nerves and muscles and so induces sleep. Two persons, however unequal their weights, can sleep side by side on this spring without disturbing each other.

And the De Luxe bedspring lasts a lifetime . . . it is perfectly noiseless . . . it has no side-sway . . . all because of the scientific manner in which it is built. Strains and tensions are nicely balanced and selected materials insure long wear.

THE furniture or department stores where you usually trade sell De Luxe springs. For your protection ask for them by name. There are scores of bedsprings on the market, made in every conceivable type of construction. We ourselves make many different types of springs. But the comfort and lifetime wear that a De Luxe spring gives are found only in bedsprings that bear the De Luxe label.

We have made the De Luxe bedspring for people who want *comfortable* beds with springs that last a lifetime. Hundreds of thousands of families endorse this policy every year by purchasing De Luxe bedsprings. Buy yours TODAY.

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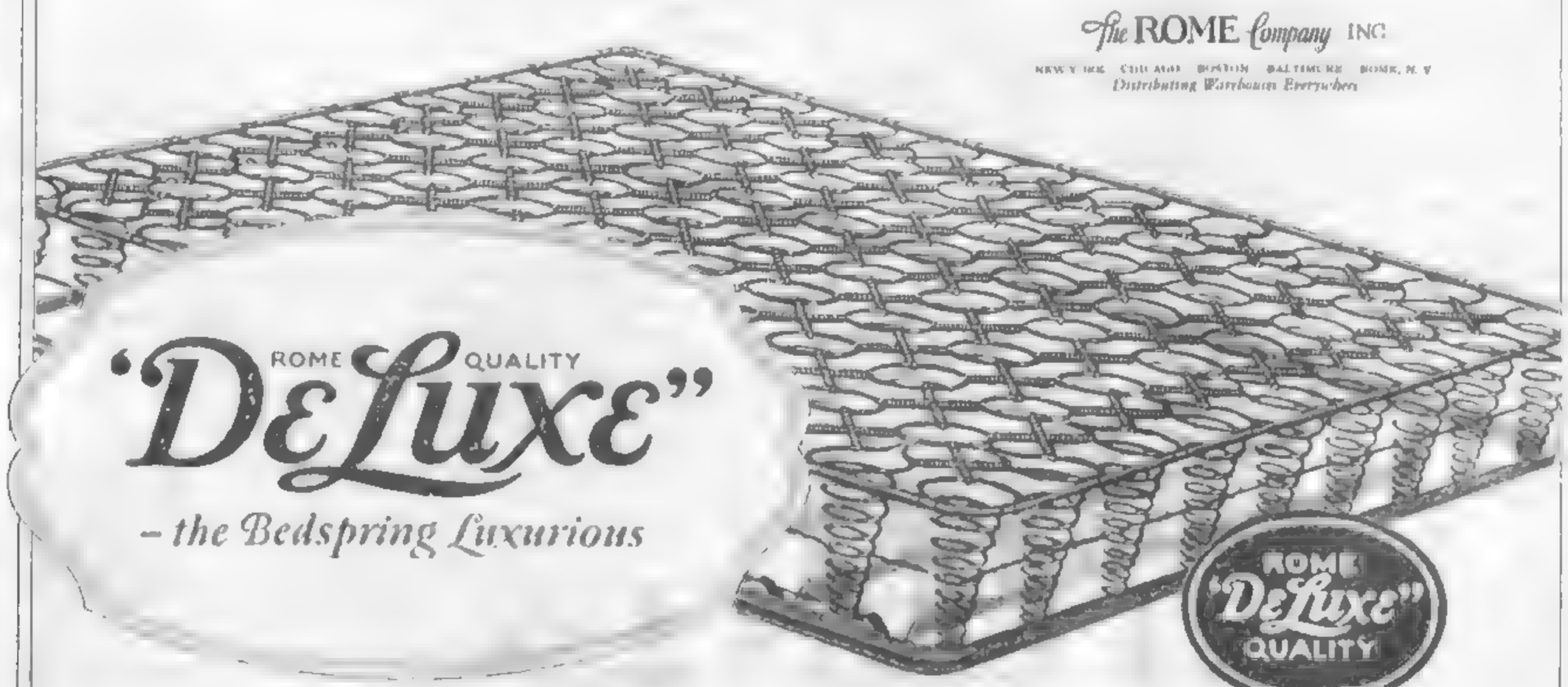


ROME QUALITY

"DeLuxe"

– the Bedspring Luxurious

ROME "DeLuxe" QUALITY

Your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only the De Luxe bedspring has, is the De Luxe label stamped on the side rail. Look for it and be sure!

(Continued from Page 169)

"Then you hadn't intended staying?"

He told me that his original plan, when he heard that he had inherited his uncle's estate, was to organize an expedition to explore the headwaters of the Amazon. The news that he was a rich man, rather than merely well off, meant simply that he could finance a really big expedition—boats, planes, bases with radio communication; an aerial survey always preceding the main body of scientists and laborers.

"It's a job that takes a bit of doing," he assured me. The Joralemon Expedition, as he had it outlined in his mind, would have taken five years at least, and would have cost millions. But now, quite suddenly, the plan was becoming nebulous; it was already in the past tense.

"I should rather like to settle down, I believe," he admitted.

"You mean marriage, a household and all the rest of it?"

"I should like to have a pack of cubs," he said, and smiled. "It must be good sport—having youngsters."

That twisted smile of his no longer struck me as sinister; sometime in the course of the previous evening I had forgotten all about it.

I tried to imagine Judy Covell having a pack of cubs, and couldn't; then my thoughts jumped to Fran Daveny.

We walked silently down Samset Street and Jerry said he thought he would go to Hank Crummins' for a little while. I begged off

"It's been an interesting day," he said as we parted. "I was a jolly ass not to come here before—not to come home. But it was difficult, you know. I'll see you tomorrow. By the way, there isn't anything I could do for you on the Record, is there? I mean something to make your work a bit easier. Of course, I don't know a bally thing about newspapers."

I told him that I would like to hire a real reporter; one who knew a story when he saw it, knew how to get it and knew how to write it. A job of twelve hours a day and seven days a week was beginning to wear on me. Work and worry had been pretty tightly sandwiched for two years, ever since the kid was taken ill. As Don Marquis puts it approximately:

Sing a song of sixpence,
Digitalis, dope,
Four and twenty doctors,
Viewing him with hope.

"Get your man, by all means," he said. "And please don't hesitate to tell me what I should do about the paper. No bally sense in working like a horse all the time. We all must live, you know."

At home I found Dorothy awake and anxious to talk. "I think he's terribly interested in Fran," she said. "I'd love to pull that off! Fran's such a peach!"

I said to myself, "So much for woman's intuition," and broke the news that I thought Jerry was head-over for Judy.

"That little refrigerator!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Could you imagine anything worse?"

I admitted that I could think of just one thing worse, which was to be married to Judy myself. My contact with Judy Covell had not been exactly intimate, but I had talked with her fairly often—she was usually on the publicity committee of any charity shindy in Planet—and she interested me as a specimen. In some of the things she did, and especially in the ways she did them, she used to remind me of the general who tried to kid the enemy by making his soldiers march backward. As a specimen she was fascinating; but as a human being she gave me a definitely concentrated pain.

I was too tired to do much worrying about anyone, so I got undressed and plowed a comfortable furrow for myself in bed. Dorothy perched upon the edge.

"We're all off on the wrong track about Jerry," she announced. "Just because he has so much money, and because he is a strange type to us, we've been thinking about him as a frightfully complex character. But he isn't—he isn't at all! He's no more complex than a child! Idea and action are all the same to him. He gets an idea—zip!—the idea is action!"

I went to sleep.

V

I DIDN'T get the low-down on the next things that happened until quite a long time after, but eventually I was able to put all the pieces together.

For more than a week I didn't see so much of Jerry. He came in almost every night for a few minutes, but during the daytime he was always busy with Mr. Covell. I was busy, too, breaking in the new man I brought up from New York. Also, Jerry got an idea that the editorial rooms of the Record were a disgrace, which they were, and ordered them to be completely renovated and refurnished, so we had to chase our desks and typewriters all over the building.

He scarcely mentioned Judy Covell, although I knew that he was seeing a good deal of her. Judy and her father had had a hot session together during which he laid down the law in no uncertain fashion. They reached a compromise to the effect that Judy wasn't to be expected to marry Joralemon if she didn't want to, but that she most firmly was expected to be enough of a Girl Scout, however much her finer feelings might be pained, to see that Jerry met the proper people and enjoyed himself.

Judy could be wonderfully agreeable when she wanted to; and having won what I suppose she considered a moral victory, she started out to be very cordial—what the French call *sympathique*. The law of contrasts began getting in some of its dirty work. They made an odd pair, running about Planet in her roadster; Jerry with that battered face of his twisted into a smile whenever she spoke to him, and Judy with her delicate, inbred beauty. They became a familiar sight along Samset Street and the road to the Shwanawak Club. They used Judy's roadster most of the time, because there was only a huge limousine in his uncle's garage and the cars he had ordered for himself had not yet been delivered. Judy, oddly enough, seemed to hold herself in readiness to drive him wherever he wanted to go.

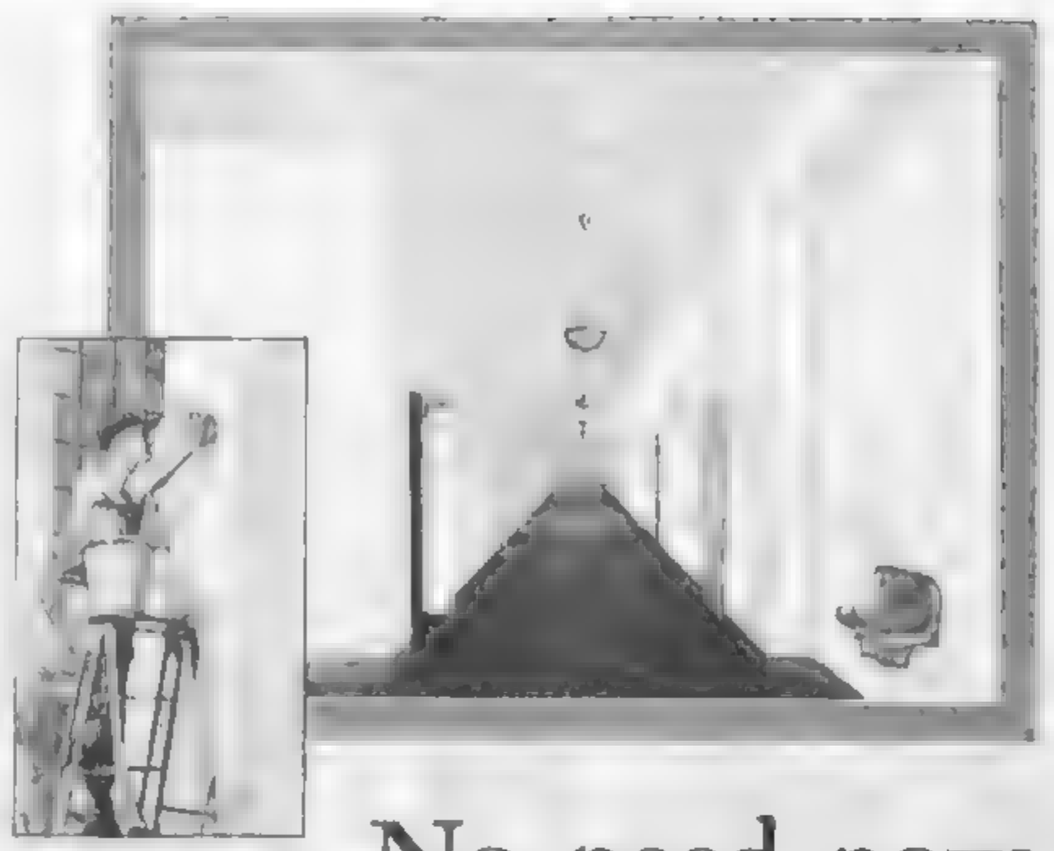
The whole business was curious—Judy's attitude toward him, her attitude toward other people, and Jerry's seemingly complete capitulation. As a matter of fact, she did practically nothing about seeing that he was taken into the fold of the younger set. The most important thing, from the point of view of the Covells, was that Jerry be kept happy, and Judy appeared to be doing her job beautifully.

He stopped in several times at the theater to see Fran and spend a half hour or so talking. Sometimes in the afternoon he would run out to the house to play with the kid and the dog and talk with Dorothy. All of us, including Hank Crummins, were calling him Jerry by this time. Between midnight and one o'clock he used to arrive at the Record office, give a glance at the paper and spend an hour with me. Then on to Hank's place. He thought of five hours' sleep a night as a great deal. I have never known a man who could get around more liquor, hold it so well and feel so well the next day.

Dorothy finally admitted that I had been right about his interest in Judy. "Heaven help him!" she said. "He doesn't say anything about her. Probably he knows that none of us like her."

I have no idea just how Judy and he came to an understanding—an amorous understanding, so to speak—but I imagine it was very much in the time-tried way of a maid with a man and vice versa. Anyhow, he hadn't been in Planet two weeks before the rumor that they were engaged was accepted as a fact. No one had the impudence to ask him if it was true; and Judy, when one of the girls asked her point-blank, simply laughed.

One night Jerry came to the office and waited until I was through work. I could



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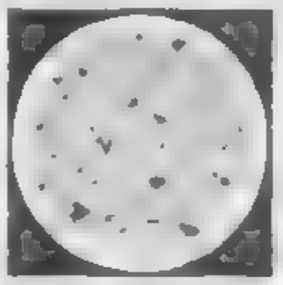

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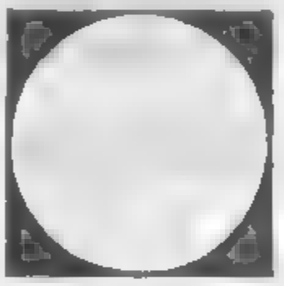

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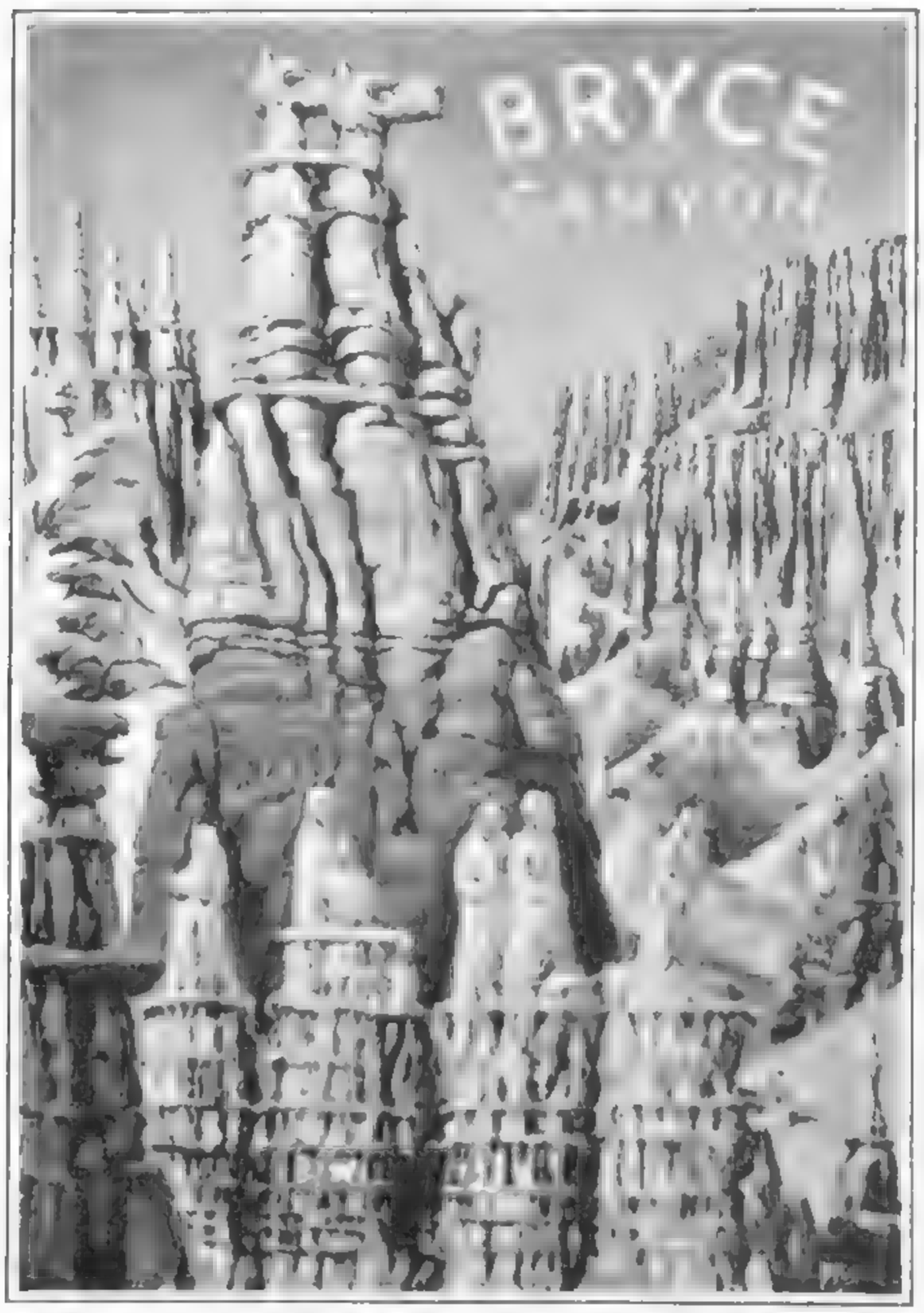

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

see from the uneasy way he moved about that he had something on his mind. He suggested that we drive out to his house. It was a beautiful night and he had found some jolly good bourbon in the cellar. At that time he was still living at the hotel, but there were a couple of servants at the house who took care of him whenever he wanted to be there.

We sat out on the veranda, looking down over the unrippled silver of the lake. Cabot, his uncle's old butler, brought us our drinks and was sent to bed.

"In going over my affairs with Mr. Covell," he began abruptly, "I discovered a note of Fran's father."

We had scarcely thought about that note, which had seemed at one time to be of such overwhelming importance, since we'd become acquainted with Jerry.

"I'm not going to collect it," he said. "But I don't want Fran to feel that I am making them a present of it. I want them to feel that it's my uncle, you see. I doubt if he meant to collect it. At all events, I was wondering if Dorothy couldn't handle it for me—explain and all that sort of tosh. I'll make a mess of it. One doesn't want to go around acting like Santa Claus."

"Talk to Dorothy about it. She'll wangle it in some way."

"Right-o! That leads me to another thing. I really do need someone to help me—to take over the job on a salary. Dorothy has such dashed good sense! Would you mind if I offered it to her?"

"Not at all." I explained to him that when I first met Dorothy she was advertising manager for one of the big beauty shops in New York, and that she really wanted a job of some sort. She was lonely for it. Dorothy had never kicked, but it is pretty tough for a woman who has brains and ambition not to be able to use them, and now that the kid's leg had practically recovered from its paralysis there wasn't any reason for her to be at home day and night. Not only that, but it was good news financially. It meant we'd be out of the hole in no time.

"By Jove!" he said suddenly. "If Dorothy has been in that beauty-shop racket, she probably knows about those surgeon johnnies who repair a chap's face."

"You're not thinking of having the map of the world readjusted, are you?"

"I might," he admitted. "After all, I don't have to see the bally thing except when I shave. But it's a rather rum go for others. You can't expect a girl"—he broke off and added lamely—"to be overjoyed."

So that was it! Judy was desperately protecting herself from any close contact with him—an embrace, a kiss—by claiming that the Joralemon face was not all that a face might be. "I'd let the map of the world alone, if I were you."

He was silent for a moment. "I'll talk with Dorothy about it," he said finally.

"You certainly are planning to settle down!" I said. "No more violence?"

"I hope not. A few days ago Judy asked me if I really liked to fight, if I enjoyed it. Curious question to ask a chap. Really, I don't like fighting. Why should one? I've simply found myself in a position time after time where I've been forced to fight. Sometimes I think this face of mine is a standing invitation to any tough who wants exercise." He laughed. "If I should get it fixed, I might find myself in trouble less often." Then he changed the subject abruptly: "About Murchinson. He's getting old. Have you any idea what my uncle had in mind to do with him—or for him?"

"Pension him, I believe. He never said definitely. It was one of those things he intended to arrange."

Jerry nodded and got up, walked about the veranda. "Have another drink," he suggested, and took one for himself. Again he made that circuit of the veranda, deeply preoccupied. He seemed to be trying to bring himself to the point of coming out with whatever he had on his mind. It made me uneasy.

"Anything worrying you?" I asked, after two or three minutes had gone by.

"Yes," he answered flatly. "There's something wrong ——" He checked himself. "But it's nothing I can talk about. In fact, I don't know what it is. Forgive me for being so enigmatic, but —— Oh, hell's pit!"

I was puzzled, naturally. "If there is anything I can do to help ——"

"But there isn't, old chap. I may come to you later. Forget about it for the present. Let's move into town. By the way, I hope you will take Murchinson's place as managing editor before long. We'll pension him, and I want to do it in a way that will make the old chap feel very happy. Do you think he'd like it if we gave a big dinner for him? Have everyone there. All the important people in Planet—Covell and that crowd, the labor johnnies, Hank Crummins."

"You'll have a tough job getting those people to mix."

"We can do it. Dorothy'll have some way of arranging it."

I more than expected that he would go to Dorothy with this other business, whatever it might be; but he didn't. He didn't even intimate to her that he was worried or troubled, and I stayed just as much in the dark until the very end.

VI

DOROTHY was busy every day at her new job. Louis Joralemon's office, which consisted of three big rooms on the top floor of the Joralemon Building, were as dingy and depressing as his house was beautiful. During the last five years of his life he had scarcely set foot there. He had a private telephone line to the house, and an ancient private secretary, who was among the pensioned, had acted as go-between. Dorothy was ordered to make a clean sweep of the place and to refurnish it.

Jerry had a way of handing her a batch of papers and saying, "I do wish you'd look these over and tell me what you think about them." He kept her on the jump, and she was happier than she'd been for a long time. For one thing, her job became increasingly important every day. I was equally busy, because my job was increasing in importance and my head was full of ideas for the Record.

It was nearly a month after he had come to Planet when the fight on High Hill Road happened. Jerry and Judy Covell were out in his new roadster, which had just been delivered. They were loafing along when a big car, manned by two louts, passed them and covered them with dust. Jerry stopped his roadster until the dust cloud had subsided and then went on slowly.

The car that had passed them was loafing along, and the driver of it, as Jerry came closer, edged over to give him an inviting amount of room to pass. Judy had her handkerchief to her face because of the dust, which masked her from the two men. Jerry decided to step on it, but just as he started to come alongside, the car jumped ahead. That is a trick that louts and young road skunks think is wonderfully funny, but Jerry didn't agree with them.

The road at that point wasn't decent enough for him to put up an argument. He dropped back again. They were yellow with dust and Jerry was furiously belligerent.

"Please turn around," ordered Judy.

"I'll do no such thing."

"I want you to! I insist!"

He remembered later that her voice had a note of terror in it, but that made no impression upon him at the moment. He was too murderously angry. He had come to know that road fairly well, and realizing that there was a good strip ahead he stepped on the accelerator and shot forward again. Once more the other car was loafing and inviting him to pass.

He gave it nearly full throttle and drew abreast; then he suddenly swung over, crowding the other from the road. Fenders clashed. The man who was driving slammed on the brakes, realizing that he was headed for the ditch, but it was too

(Continued on Page 177)

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(Continued from Page 174)

late to keep from wrecking. The car plunged from the road, broke a front wheel and stopped.

Jerry stopped a few hundred yards farther on, yanked his roadster about and headed back to finish what he had started. Judy was crying, begging him to go on, screaming at him and beating upon his shoulder with her fists. He was scarcely aware of her existence.

Both men were out of the car and on their feet when he reached them. There probably wasn't any mistaking what his intentions were as he got to the road; not with a face like that; with his eyes burning from a yellow coat of dust and his lips drawn back from set teeth. One of the toughs grabbed up a tire wrench and the other a hunk of stone. Jerry reached into his car and took his stick; then he went forward, eyes flashing from one to the other to catch the first move.

The stone came at him and he ducked it. The fellow retreated, apparently hunting for another stone and watching Jerry at the same time—with the result that he fell over backward. The one with the wrench stood his ground, and Jerry rushed him, broke the stick over his head and grabbed at the wrench.

Then he realized vaguely that his roadster with Judy at the wheel was plunging down the road. But that was a fact of no importance. He was busy fighting. The man who had fallen got to his feet and started into the mêlée. Jerry jumped back out of range of the half-stunned fellow with the wrench and slugged the newcomer with his left. He warded off a poorly aimed blow from the other, came in with his right.

Jerry had a good deal of science in the art of battle. He knew that it was two against one until he had both of them groggy, after which it would be fairly even; and he had the fight even—at least he called it so—after his first two blows. One man was groggy from being whacked upon the skull with a stick, and the other was as badly off from the effect of Jerry's left. It must have been a discouraging blow, for it broke two bones in Jerry's hand; and for all the fact that Jerry claimed apologetically to have glass hands, I can't imagine that it was any light tap.

He couldn't, later, give any accurate description of what happened, except that there was a considerable amount of fighting done. The man who originally had the wrench, which had disappeared, finally lay down in the road and went to sleep; and the other, realizing he was alone, let discretion get the better of him. He ran for the woods, but Jerry went after him and finished him.

"And then, by Jove," Jerry told me, "I believe I passed out of the picture myself for a few minutes. I'm not sure."

At all events, they were picked up eventually and brought to town, all three of them in fairly pulpy condition. Jerry went directly to his home and telephoned to me. I telephoned to Billy Clark and had him get on the job while I went out to Jerry's. Billy called up after a few minutes to say that Judy was at home. She had run into the house and flung herself down sobbing upon the couch; her mother had been unable to get any sort of coherent story from her. Mr. Covell had been called home and he was trying it with equal lack of success.

Jerry's face was pretty well battered; one eye was becoming puffy and red, the lobe of his right ear was torn and his lips were cut. On his chest he had an ugly bruise where one of the men had kicked him. Jerry had a very faint recollection of being down, seeing the boot coming toward him. I was afraid at first that he might have one or two broken ribs, but he didn't. Of course, his left hand, in which he had broken some bones—it wasn't the first time—was in a bad way.

I told him that Judy was at home, which seemed to relieve his mind considerably. "When I got out of the car," he said, "I told her to leave me. I might have been knocked out, you know. It wouldn't have been so good for her to be there alone with a couple of toughs."

Our eyes met, his searching mine, and I turned away, because I knew he was lying to me and I felt embarrassed. The doctor finally came, and soon after the doctor Billy Clark arrived. "Judy's all in," he said. "They had to get a doctor to give her a shot of something to quiet her. What the devil is it all about? Do you know?"

I told him what Jerry had told me, including the line about his having sent her away. From what Billy had to say, I imagine that Judy, by the time she reached home, was really in a serious condition. Not just a plain case of the weeps and silly hysterics. She lay there until the doctor managed to get her quiet, her body racked by long dry sobs, sometimes gasping for breath. Billy said that instead of feeling as he usually did about her—that he wanted to shake her or spank her—he felt really sorry for her. She seemed so utterly broken.

"Do you realize that that girl's just about at the end of her rope?" he demanded. "There's something wrong somewhere!"

The words made my mind jump back to the night upon the veranda when Jerry had been so troubled. He had said then that something was wrong, and that "something" had struck me as being more than vaguely connected with Judy.

I had to get back to the office, but I stopped in for a minute to see Hank Crummins. We had a talk in the back room and I told him as much about what had happened as was necessary for him to know. I wanted him to do some scouting for me and find out who the fellows were.

Hank came in that evening with the lowdown. "One of the men was Joe Filey," he said. I knew a little about Filey—a garage hand who had taken to bootlegging on the side and who was considered a pretty tough character around the factory district. "The other one's name is Olin. I don't know anything about him, except that he comes from New York. It was his car. Probably been running liquor up for Filey to peddle. They're talking big about getting Jerry." Hank chewed on his cigar thoughtfully.

"Do you think they'd have nerve enough to try it?" I asked.

"You can't tell. They certainly won't try it in any fair fight, but there's plenty of ways to get a fellow from behind. Jerry'd better watch his step for a while. I hear that Moe Paskow has been talking with them. He told them to pipe down. With Moe in the case, there'll probably be some sort of dirty work pulled."

Moe Paskow was a shyster attorney in the Millside section who had recently had a narrow escape from disbarment on a charge of swindling foreign laborers.

"With Moe mixing up in it," I suggested, "it looks more as though they might try a shakedown."

"That's the number!"

"Did they know their little playmate this afternoon was Joralemon?"

"Not until he cut loose the works. They claim he used brass knuckles and a loaded cane."

"That's the bunk!"

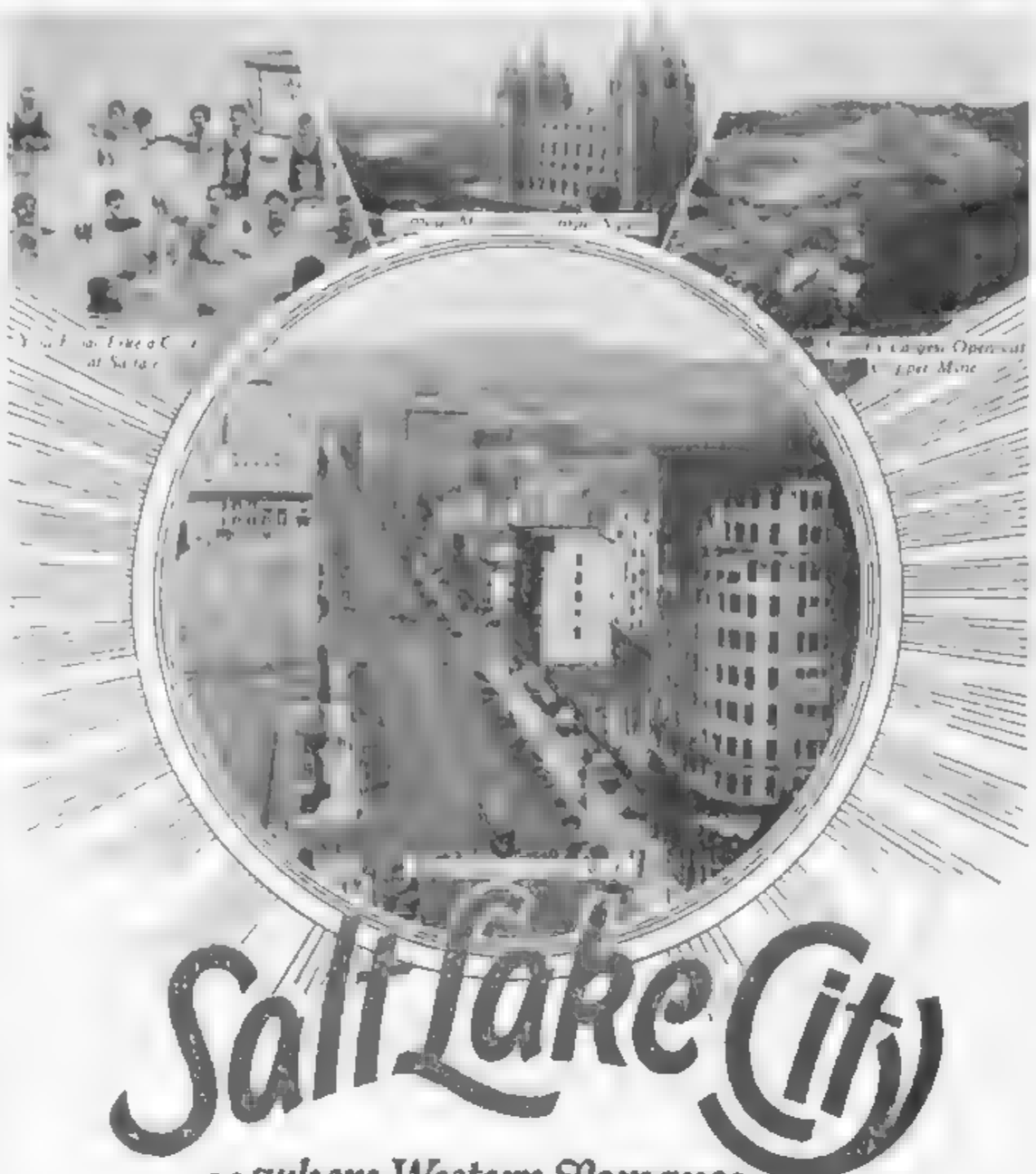
"Well, my man tells me he made a couple o' pieces of Hamburg of them."

We talked for quite a time, and Hank opened up with a lot of straight talk upon the subject of bootlegging and the ethics of adulteration. Among other things he said was that the whisky that Filey sold was so adulterated that it didn't even have any of the taste of whisky left. He himself didn't believe in cutting pure whisky any more than one quart to four quarts of the finished product. He talked like a man who has the honor of his profession to uphold.

I was surprised, along about midnight, to see Jerry come into the office. He showed the signs of battle, especially around his left eye, but he was feeling fine.

The next day Moe Paskow spread the rumor that he was about to bring suit for personal damages to his clients, damages for the wrecked car and costs. The papers were being prepared—assault with deliberate intent to maim—loaded cane—brass

The City Interesting — The City Beautiful



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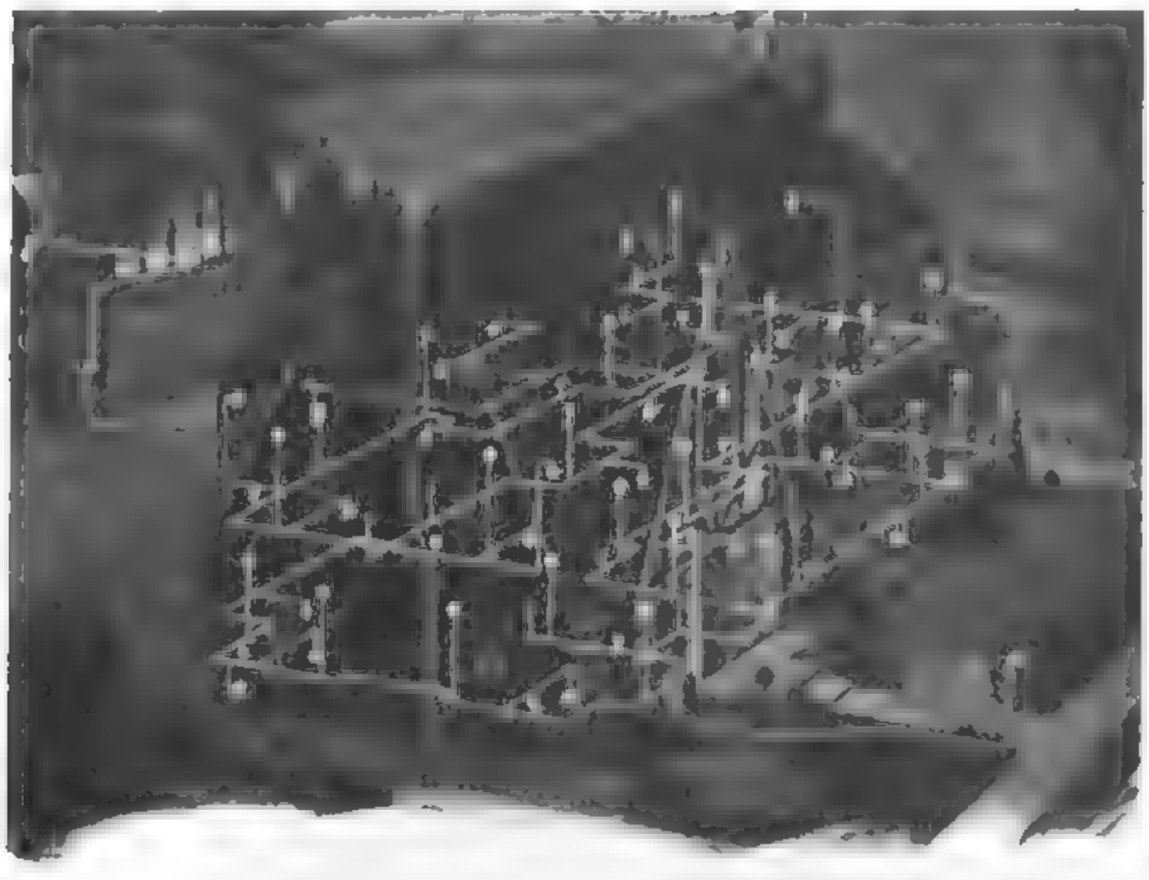

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Square D endorses the movement, now nationwide, to place adequate wiring information at the disposal of all home owners and home builders. A full measure of comfort and convenience from electricity need not be costly. Nor does it demand the use of any one specific product or group of products.

Highest electrical utility depends, rather, upon the use of a wiring plan that provides current for any purpose *when* and *where* you want it. Standard specifications that will give you a new appreciation of electric service in the home may be obtained on request from the Society for Electrical Development, from your local Electric Company or Electrical League, or through *responsible* electrical contractors and wholesalers.

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SQUARE D
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

knuckles—physical and mental anguish and all the legal lingo that was necessary to describe how two home-loving innocents were laid upon by a wicked giant. Of course, everybody knew that it was merely a preliminary to an attempted settlement out of court, a lawful shakedown. Neither one of the toughs would have a leg to stand upon in court, but the chances were fairly good that Jerry would be willing to avoid the ugly publicity of such a case by paying five thousand dollars legal blackmail.

I went on out to his house with the news. Jerry's face set like concrete. "Let 'em sue and be damned to 'em!" he growled.

"Don't forget that it means taking Judy Covell into court," I reminded him.

His eyes met mine in cold anger for a moment, then he turned away and went to the window, stood there looking out. "Would you pay blackmail?" he demanded without looking around.

My thoughts raced to the two toughs, to Judy, to Moe Paskow, to Fran Daveny. "I would not!" I answered.

"I don't intend to," he snapped back.

"Paskow is going to file suit tomorrow afternoon at two o'clock," I told him. I got that information from one of the men on the afternoon paper. They had arranged with Paskow to have an advance copy of the complaint so that they could pull an extra the minute the papers were filed and the story became privileged. I suggested that he see Covell and have a talk with him before then.

Jerry nodded. "I'll telephone to him. He's at the house, I believe. Judy's quite ill."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

He turned about suddenly and faced me. "Rather a jam, isn't it, old boy? H'm! Hell's pit! I imagine that I would be better off and that everyone would be better off if I headed for the Amazon." His face took on that set-concrete expression again. "But I'll hang before I'll pay blackmail!"

From his house I went to Jerry's office and talked with Dorothy. The decoration and furnishing of one of the rooms were complete—a greenish-gray rug, faintly yellow walls, with a few etchings upon them, comfortable chairs and a large flat desk. It was to be Jerry's room, but Dorothy was using it until her own office was ready.

I told her what the situation was—at least as much of it as I knew. She said that the Covells had a trained nurse for Judy and that the doctor had been there practically all day. Later she telephoned to say that Covell had gone to Jerry's house, spent an hour with him and returned directly to his own home. Billy Clark called to ask if I had any news. I didn't have, nor had he.

Jerry failed to appear at the office for his usual midnight visit. All of us were in the dark.

The next afternoon at about one o'clock I was tipped off that Moe Paskow was not filing his complaint until later, perhaps not until the next day. That sounded like the beginnings of an out-of-court settlement. At two o'clock Dorothy came in to ask what was happening. But she was the only one to contribute any news. Jerry had told her that he wanted to be alone in his office for an hour or so, and suggested that she take the afternoon off.

"Probably a conference between Jerry, Covell and Moe Paskow," I suggested. Just then my telephone rang. It was Jerry calling.

"Would you mind staying in your office until I call you again?" he asked. "I may want to get in touch with you rather quickly."

"I'll be here," I assured him.

"Thanks, old man." He hung up.

"Something doing, anyhow," I said to Dorothy. "They'll probably have it settled in half an hour. Two thousand dollars. Those bums are suing for fifty thousand each. It looks as though Judy refused absolutely to go into court."

"I suppose so," answered Dorothy disgustedly. "I'll be with Fran if you want to find me."

Nearly an hour passed before Jerry telephoned. "I say," he began, "I wish you would come over to my office. There's rather a bit of trouble afoot. And by the by, you might bring along a couple of witnesses."

I was out of the Record office in about two jumps. On my way to the Joralemon Building I picked up the two most respectable witnesses I could get my hand on—George F. Fratter, a merchant; and William Seligsman, sales director of the Planet Refrigerating Machine Company. I had no idea of what we were going to find, and yet every instinct warned me to expect something pretty bad.

The outer door was locked. I rapped and Jerry opened it. "I've just shot Joe Filey," he announced quite negligently. He indicated the door of his private office. "I was forced to do it in self-defense."

We entered. There was Filey, face down upon the carpet, his right hand still clutching an automatic. He had died instantly.

We were thoroughly shocked, of course, and stood there for a moment dumfounded. Jerry's attitude was perfectly impersonal.

"I was at my desk," he said. "Filey was here by appointment to discuss the settlement of his suit against me. I refused to pay him anything and his attitude became threatening. I told him I would throw him out unless he left at once. He pulled a gun, but I pulled my gun faster. We fired at practically the same instant. His bullet missed me and entered the wall." He pointed to a small hole in the plaster and then turned to me. "Will you be so good as to take charge of the matter? Inform the police and do whatever is necessary."

The remainder of the afternoon was more like a cyclone than anything else I've ever been in. Thanks to the fact that I had at least one good reporter in the office, a man who could think fast and work fast, we were able to pull an extra—almost before the afternoon paper knew that anything had happened. Of course, I kept the story locked up in Jerry's office just as long as I could. People came in, but no one left without good reason, and I had the telephone. I shall never forget Jerry's smile when he realized what I was doing. He liked to see a man hot on his job, and I was going strong that day.

VII

THE story that Jerry told me when we were alone was merely an elaboration of his first explanation of the shooting. The subsequent testimony followed the same lines, and of course Jerry was cleared of all charges. The other tough, Olin, disappeared from the city and didn't come into the case at all.

Judy and her mother left Planet the following day for a sanatorium in the South, without Judy being told what had happened. Her condition, it appeared, was so precarious that they feared the effect of any excitement. A few weeks later she and her mother went to Italy and settled down in Florence. There is, curiously, quite a colony of people there who have been more or less broken by life in Planet the Covells, the Toddhunters, the Devers. Judy belonged in that strange, anæmic little group of expatriates; and, I believe from what I have heard, she is fairly happy there. It was curious that the last time Jerry should ever see her was in the thick of a fight—Judy vanishing in a cloud of yellow dust.

After such an enormous upheaval, life never seemed to get back in the same groove for any of us. Planet was a changed place in dozens of ways. Before any of us realized quite how it came about, there was a substantial feeling in Planet that Millside might be made less ghastly to look upon. It was, after all, the only entrance from the outside world into the city; and so far as æsthetics went, there was no deeper problem involved than that of washing the dirt off one's face at least once in a while. The whole thing was painlessly done, and the doing of it included ridding the district

(Continued on Page 181)

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2 FANDANGOS are attached with absolutely no tacking or sewing.

3 FANDANGOS leave upholstery and interior unmarred when removed.

4 FANDANGOS have the new patented fasteners whose features insure perfect satisfaction.

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The sets consist of covers for seats, backs, side panels, arm rests and door covers with large pockets. The back part of the front seat cover reaches the floor, thus offering protection against the feet of the rear seat occupants in the car.

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☐ Light	☐ 4 Door	☐ Sedan
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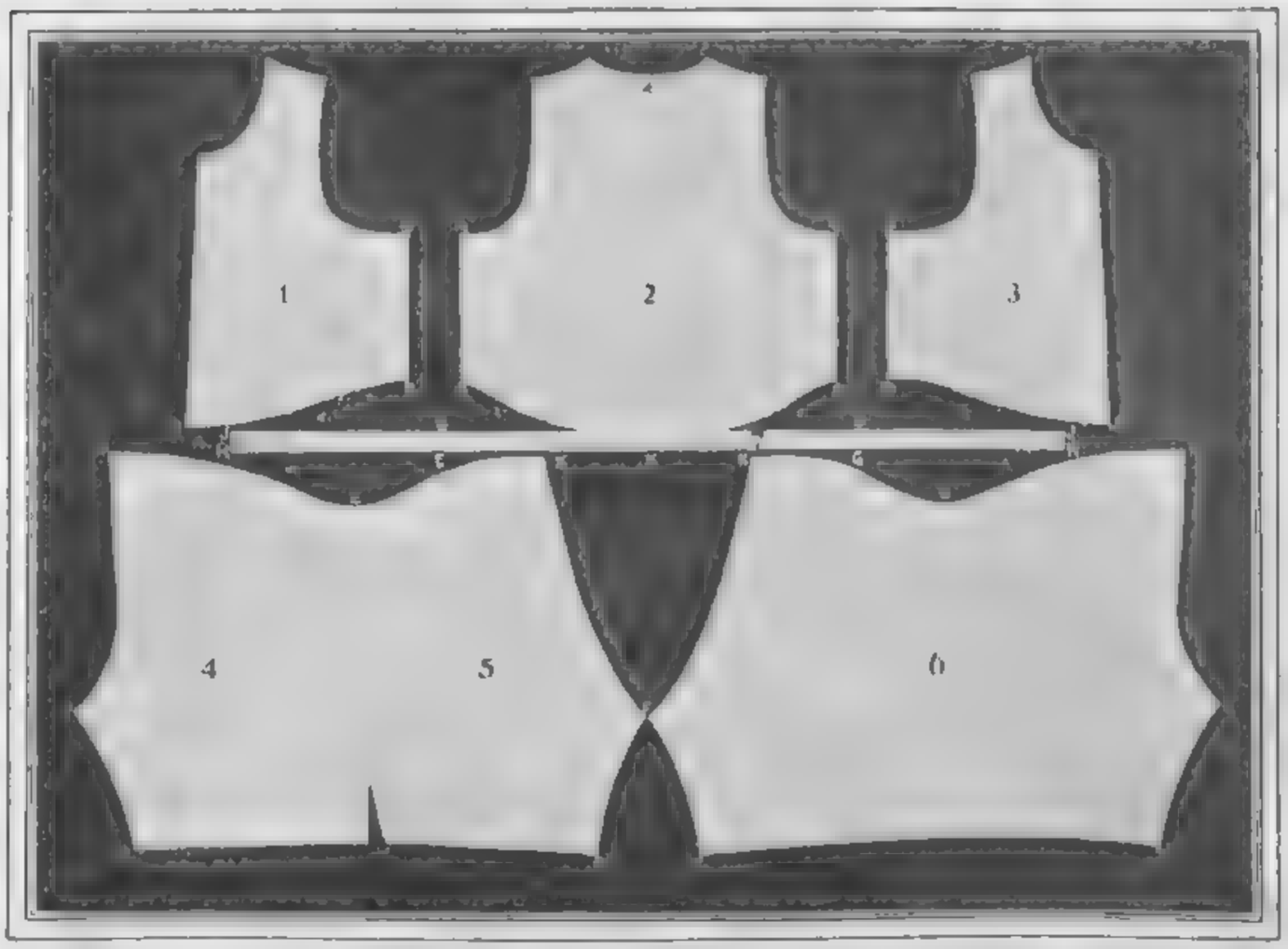


The Rockinchair Garment: No. 1, right front of shirt; No. 2, back of shirt; No. 3, left front of shirt; Nos. 4 and 5, right leg, showing side leg opening; No 6, left leg, No. 7, band. Nos. 1, 2 and 3—the shirt—are joined to Nos 1, 5 and 6—the drawers—by No. 7—the exclusive Rockinchair band.

CURVES —the Secret of Rockinchair FIT

IF the human body were built like a box—if it were to remain rigid without ever bending—it would be a simple matter to fit it in the ordinary Unionsuit. But it isn't—it is a blending of CURVES—it is constantly twisting, turning and bending.

You can not fit these curves—you can not secure free movement of the body—with straight lines.

You hear a great deal about underwear *fashioned to fit.* The picture above *proves* that in the case of Rockinchair, it is more than a claim—it is a FACT.

Tonight when you take off your Unionsuit compare it with the above chart. Is it made in two straight pieces down the front from shoulder to knee? Is it reasonable to expect as good a fit from such a Unionsuit?

Rockinchair is designed and assembled in two pieces—a shirt and drawers—joined at the waist by the famous Rockinchair band

Furthermore, each Rockinchair garment is made to fit an individual figure—actually custom-made. There are 36 figures in all—divided into five basic-model groups.

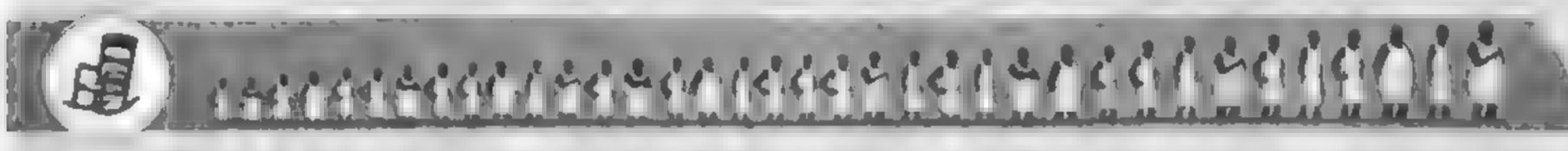
One of these 36 garments will give you the finest fit you have ever enjoyed in a Unionsuit. To pick out *your* garment however, 3 measurements are necessary—Chest, Waist and Trunk. Have your dealer take your measurements today! His Rockinchair Size-Indicator will then pick out your model and size.

Rockinchair originated the sanitary, convenient side leg opening and the bloused effect in the back—all which ensure perfect freedom of body movement

Write for "The Story of Rockinchair"

HENDERSON AND ERVIN—MARK HENDERSON, *President*—289 Madison Avenue, New York

ROCKINCHAIR



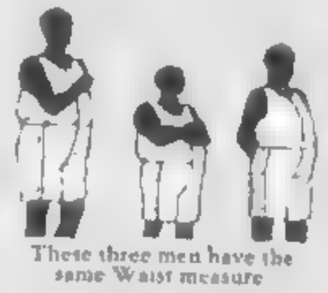
36 Sizes for 36 Builds—Which is Yours?

3 Measurements are Necessary for Proper FIT in a Unionsuit.

CHEST
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Chest measure

WAIST
alone won't do.



These three men have the same Waist measure

TRUNK
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Trunk measure.

All three measurements are necessary. It requires only a minute or two for the retail salesman to measure your Chest, Waist and Trunk (trunk from middle of right shoulder, down the front, through the crotch and up the back to the starting point). His Rockinchair Size-Indicator will then automatically select your size and model

You will never know what FIT in a Unionsuit means until you wear *YOUR* individual suit of Rockinchair

(Continued from Page 178)

of such types as Filey and Olin. A good deal of the clean-up was done with the assistance of Hank Crummins, more or less on the basis that one quart of pure whisky should not be cut more than to produce four quarts of bootleg. As a practical working basis, it wasn't so bad. As for the Record, Murchinson was pensioned and I took on the job of managing editor. The paper began to exert a real power in Planet; but it was, after all, just a part of Jerry's power, which had grown incredibly since the shooting.

I don't think any of us realized at the time quite how thoroughly Roy Joralemon and Planet fused together and became part of each other.

It was not until the fall that Jerry opened up and told me the whole story, including the vital bit that had always been missing, of what actually happened during those few days of violence. Probably the fact that he had just proposed to Fran Daveny, and life was opening beautifully before him, brought him to the point of confiding in me

We were walking up and down the big veranda after dinner, while Dorothy and Fran were inside at the organ. Fran was playing, just improvising as they talked. Outside, it was just cool enough so that we were more comfortable if we kept sauntering. Music was flooding out through the windows, and below us the lake was like a huge platter of mercury.

"I knew that something about Judy was terribly wrong," said Jerry. "She loved me, after her own fashion, but there was something else—something stronger, something that was torturing her.

"It came to a climax that day in the car when I lost my head and decided to fight. As I looked back on it later, I realized how terrified she was; also, that she kept her face hidden with her handkerchief. It was quite a natural thing to do, considering the dust, but she didn't do it naturally. She was hiding her face, trying to keep Filey from seeing who she was. That was why she ran away—because she was afraid of him."

He paused for a moment and then broke out: "Hell's pit! It was awful! Filey had been selling her dope—cocaine—for the last three years!"

Mr. Covell had come to him the afternoon before he shot Filey and told him the whole thing, just as he had learned it from Judy within the past few hours. Judy had started taking dope during an illness four years before; a nurse had given it to her, and that whole ingrown nervous system of hers had responded to it. There are, curiously, those natural addicts who capitulate utterly to a drug; it becomes, almost instantly, the one relief from the torture of living. The nurse, an addict herself, had continued to sell the stuff to her until she left Planet; then she had sent Filey, who used to supply her at a garage where she stopped for gasoline. Filey had raised his prices to the very limit of her ability to pay, and she had sold secretly a number of Liberty Bonds to meet his demands. Worse than that, he had threatened exposure.

"You can imagine what exposure would have meant to the Covells," said Jerry. "At any rate, Judy broke down just as soon as she got home. The poor thing had no more cocaine, she had no more money and she was sure that Filey had recognized her, which he had. Filey, by the way, wasn't a drug addict. He didn't even have that pitiful excuse for what he was doing.

"I got in touch with Moe Paskow and told him that I would discuss the matter with Filey—Filey alone. I felt sure that Filey would come, because he was out to make the big killing, and I knew that he wouldn't dare to come unarmed, because he would be afraid I'd beat him up again.

"The rest was easy. I simply taunted him, talked to him about dope, insulted him and threatened him until he began to lose his head. Finally, when I had him worked up to the proper point, I made a move as if I were going to attack him and he reached for his gun—just what I had expected. I let him get his gun out and then I shot him. It was quite simple, you see."

We made another circuit of the veranda in silence.

"By the bye," said Jerry, "don't mention any of that to the girls. It's rather unpleasant, and all of us are so very happy. Shame to spoil it by anything ugly, you know. Some day we'll tell them the whole yarn, but not now. Life's so beautifully jolly! Should we go in and join them? And I should like a drink."

We found Dorothy and Fran laughing. Fran had her head back and her hands were resting idly upon the organ keys. She got up and went to Jerry.

"Dorothy was just telling me about how you'd planned to have a surgeon change the map of the world," she said, chuckling. "You funny old thing!" Her hands went to his cheeks. "Don't you dare to change it! Why, I'm going to use that face to teach the children geography!"

The Iceman's Wooing

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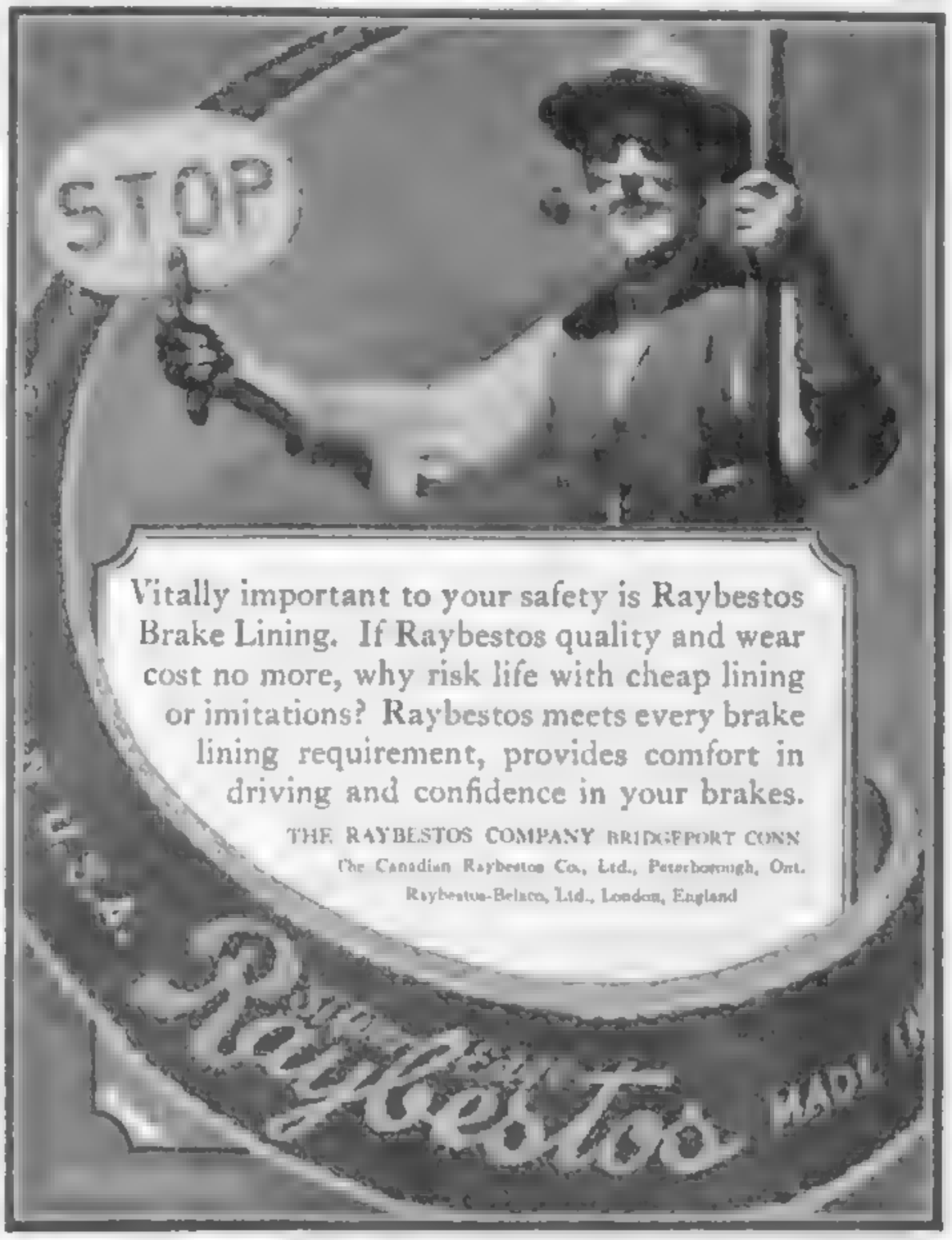

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Tell me all about that $5000.00

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THE EUROPEAN COMPLEX

(Continued from Page 5)

with the rest of the world, and we seem to be able still to compete in feats of strength and swiftness. Good food and a stimulating climate have, of course, helped. And yet, although I for one am convinced that the American nation as a whole is the one nation that is becoming steadily better-looking, one of the commonest complaints of the apologetic American abroad is that he or she is ashamed of the appearance—we will come to the manners later—of his or her compatriot. I imagine, however, that even the most apologetic of Americans is beginning to revive a trifle, now that the English, the Germans, and even the French are beginning also to travel in organized herds.

Of course, a sensitive person—without much discrimination—is likely to become sorrowful over the antics of compatriots in a strange country, just as a sensitive person notices the vulgarities of a cousin considerably more than the vulgarities of somebody else's cousin; but the apologetic American in the past has overlooked numerous obvious facts.

Until recently the American traveled more than anyone else. There was more of him or her to be sorrowful about. Eighty per cent of all crowds are vulgar. People when traveling are at their worst. It is a rare gift to travel inconspicuously and beautifully.

Moreover, solecisms spoken in your own language or performed in a familiar way are more noticeable than when spoken in a language you do not understand or when performed with a quaint exoticism.

About a gentleman from America who picks his teeth there is none of the *cachet* that surrounds a French nobleman when engaged in a similar operation, and the adenoidal drinking of soup by the English can be forgiven if you do not hear too much of it.

Much of this, however, is changing as the other nations take to the trail. Anyone who has been in Italy with the Germans in the spring, anyone who has been on a steamer filled with French, may continue to be sorrowful, but it will be for the world in general, not for America exclusively.

The Well-Dressed Man

I wish everyone could have had two experiences that I have had. Once, while I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I saw a Lancashire regiment on the march, and another time I happened to be in Brittany when fifteen thousand English landed on a three-day excursion. The latter was like an outpouring of gnomes, the former an example, almost too vivid, of what social rigidity can produce—the grotesque, asymmetrical private, the big blond fine-looking young officer of the upper middle class. In their eagerness to produce beautiful earls the English have done badly by the rest of the nation.

But admitting that the English have produced beautiful earls—and they have—although here and there, even among earls and countesses, the national passion for projecting teeth, elongated necks, and hands and feet that do not quite match, has got the better of the equal national passion for creating and maintaining the best-looking and best-dressed upper class extant—but admitting that the English have produced beautiful earls, that is not saying that recently the richer French and Americans, especially since they have all taken to sport, have not begun to improve on the original model. Other things being equal, all you have to do to look like an earl is to take plenty of exercise, not worry overmuch, and change your clothes frequently, and the Frenchman and American have certain initial advantages—the Frenchman is more graceful, the American actually is stronger.

Many people overlook the latter fact and fail to connect it with the charge, yearly becoming less just, that although the American has the most expensive clothes in the world, he does not, with a few notable exceptions, know how to wear them. Clothes made in the English fashion are made for tall thin men, not for the American physique. When the American evolves his own styles, which he is doing, and has learned to make his rounder muscles more supple, as he is learning to do, there will be less to be said on this subject. Also, another fact overlooked is that whenever the Englishman or Frenchman thinks of dress he thinks of it only in terms of the richer classes, while the American thinks of it in terms that are universal.

The American expects all Americans to look charming and is affronted when they do not. Below the upper classes, no Englishman or Frenchman imagines himself well dressed, and he most certainly isn't; but all Americans are secretly anxious to look—not like earls, but dukes. Some day most of them may.

The Source of All Contagion

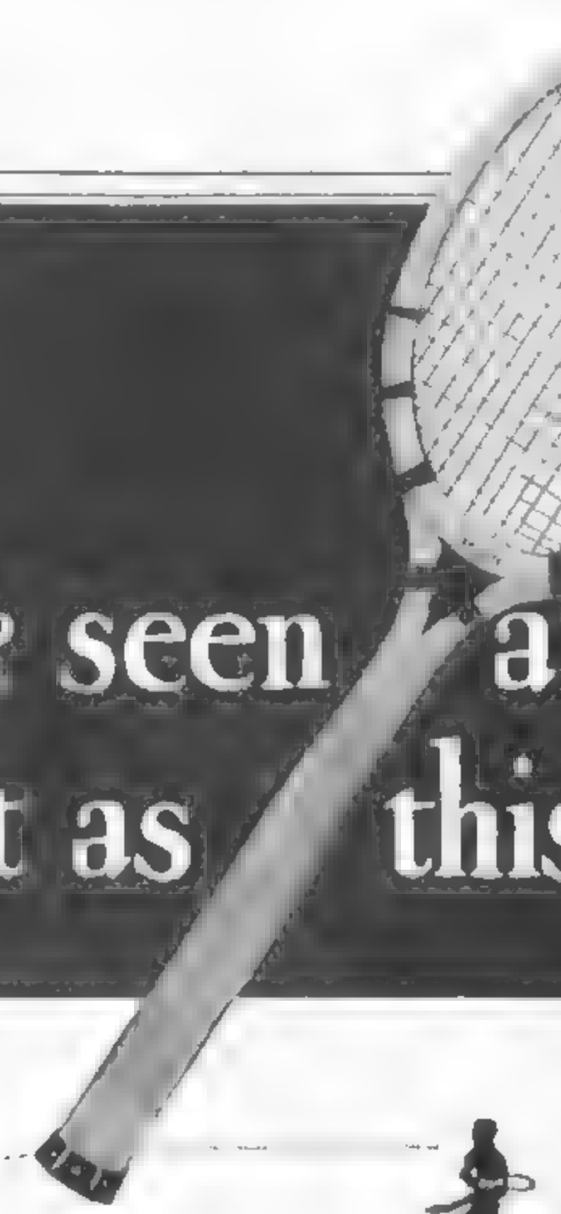
We have spent a good deal of time on sartorial and physical matters, not only because they are important in themselves but because they form so large a share of the discontent of the apologetic American; but there is not the slightest intention of neglecting or underemphasizing what a man thinks and does—two factors that are, of course, bound up together, but not completely. There is always a gap between what a man thinks and what he does, and in any nation, a formidable chasm between what the best minds desire and what, in action, the nation appears to be. Heaven help the world if this were not so! At all events, let us see what the Europeans and apologetic Americans accuse us of doing.

We are, to begin with, jazz-mad, motor-mad, money-mad, size-mad, crowd-mad, publicity-mad and speed-mad. We have no privacy, no service, no time to think. If a queen comes to see us, our curiosity is inhuman; but when crowds line the streets of London every time royalty drives through, that is merely patriotism. According to Dr. Joseph Collins, that well-known socio-fictionist, or fictional sociologist, we are a nation of nervous invalids suffering from adult infantilism. All the evils that are now sweeping Europe are due to us; the French parsimony—to give it an ornamental name—the English vulgarity, the Charleston, the Black Bottom, the cheap motor car, the motion picture, the radio, road advertising, the increasingly bad manners of the Parisian waiter and the increasingly high wages of the London butler. Financially, socially, morally and artistically, we are the source of all contagion. When the franc goes down we are to blame; when the franc goes up we are equally culpable. When we invade Europe in hordes, as we did last summer, we raise prices, consume products to the detriment of the natives, and spoil manners; when we stay away from Europe we are responsible for the empty restaurants and the near-panic that follows.

Gilbert Chesterton, in the large manner that is his, says that the disease of today is Americanism, and that the main object of the present generation should be to fight this disease in all its manifestations. Aldous Huxley claims that we call undertakers morticians, which we do not, except for a few pompous souls who in England would call themselves chirurgeons by appointment to His Majesty the King, or something similar; and therefore he does not like us. H. G. Wells announces that we speak and are hampered by an almost unintelligible lingo. St. John Ervine, despite the Civil War, despite some other war every ten years, despite pioneering and the fact that in our veins broods all the

(Continued on Page 185)

The game has *never before* seen a racket so fast as this . . .



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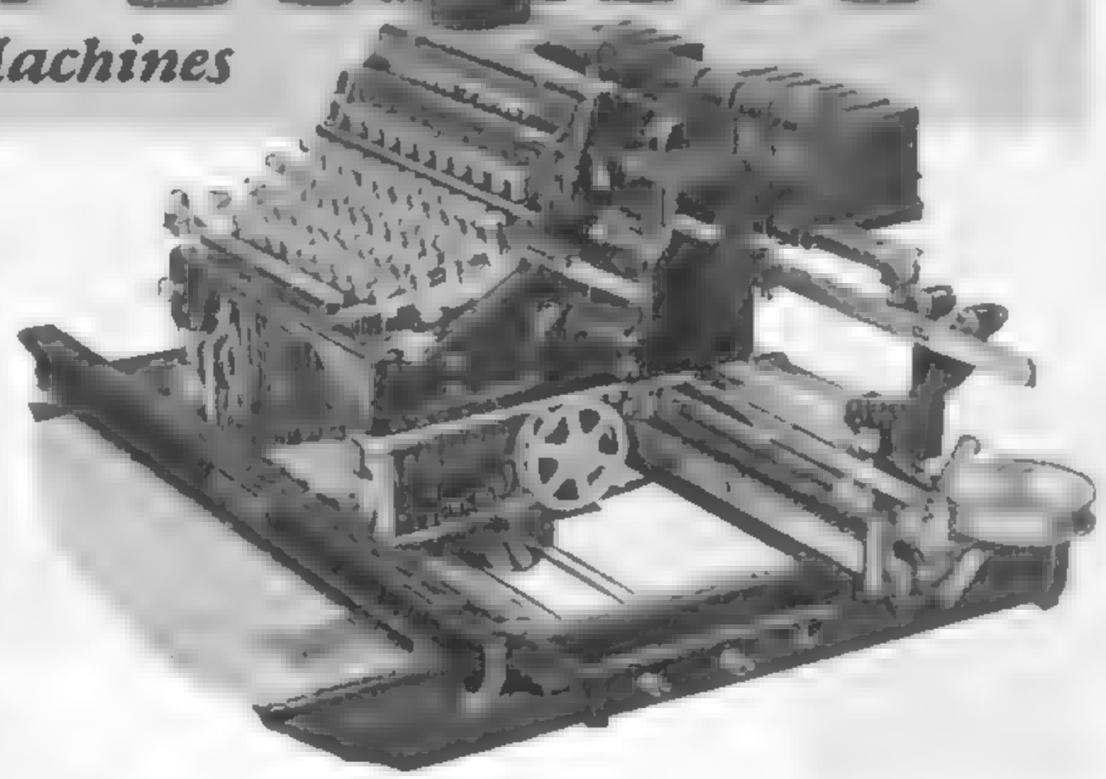

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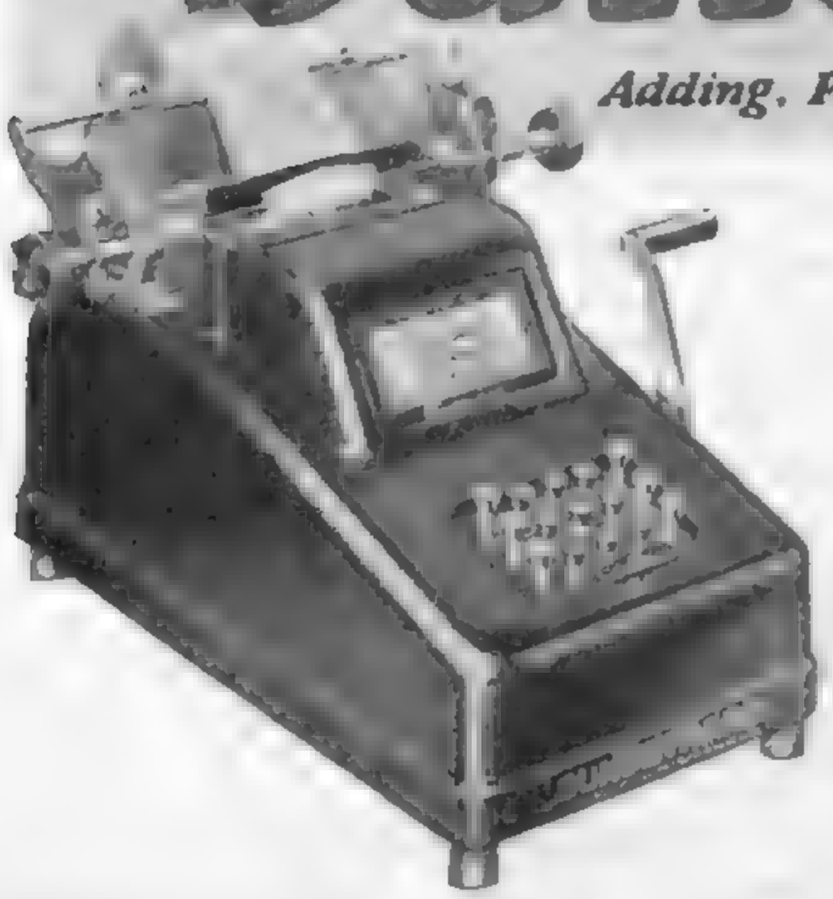

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(Continued from Page 182)

suffering of Europe up until a century or so ago, claims that we cannot produce a national drama until we pass through fire. And even John Galsworthy, that gentle critic, in his latest book created an American the like of whom had never existed on sea or land—a dinosaur of an American. This, when Galsworthy knows America intimately.

Turning to a few of our home critics, H. L. Mencken never speaks of us except as "a nation of boobs"; his playmate, that distinguished ratiocinator, George Jean Nathan, ascends Mount Sinai constantly; and Sinclair Lewis is assured that when he writes of Main Street and Babbitt and Elmer Gantry he has painted complete pictures.

Extraordinary all this—if true. What becomes of all the quiet well-bred people one knows, and the quiet beautiful homes they live in, or all the quiet homely folk who raise wheat and potatoes, and so on? One wonders at times how we even find the privacy and leisure to perpetuate the race. I think what all these gentlemen are objecting to is democracy, not America. With many of their objections no fault can be found; their error lies in their choice of a scapegoat.

We are living in an age of growing democracy, and this despite such surface reactions as the Russian commune and Mussolini. Much of the ugliness that annoys us—the breakdown in morals, in manners, the congestion, the speed, the noise, the growing powers of stupidity—is due to this fact. We may not like these portents; we may try to control them, satirize them, hasten their emergence into something more comely, but we cannot prevent them. They represent evolution—never a pretty thing. We may not even believe in democracy as an ultimate political vehicle, but we shall have to endure it until we can think of something better. When you have put a man into possession of print, the motion picture, radio and rapid communication—and even the Balkan peasants today are in possession of all four—you have made of him a democrat; and it makes not the slightest difference whether for a while you choose to govern him by means of an emperor, a dictator or a committee. Your only possible next step is to try to show this new democrat that democracy, if properly understood, is as brave and gentle and courteous as the best features of the lopsided thing he has left behind. Democracy is everywhere, even in the Kingdom of the Dragon. If the evils of which we speak come from America, it is only because America is further along the road, or the Via Dolorosa, or whatever you choose to call it, of the democratic pilgrimage.

Outworn American Toys

Indeed, here is the amusing end of such a train of thought. Since democracy, crippled and distorted and misunderstood as it may be, is the social manifestation of the times, America, one of the youngest of nations, but one of the oldest of democracies, will, before long, of necessity find itself of all nations the most mature socially and politically. One's grandfather may be eighty-four and still be a child when it comes to running a motor car; and although we are children where kings are concerned, we are old and sometimes even weary when presidents are in question.

And I think actual proofs of what I am saying are increasingly evident. Disease cannot sweep a nation unless a nation is ready for it. If the Europeans did not like the black bottom, they would not dance the black bottom. There must be something rotten in the souls of the French and English and Germans and Italians, or else there must be something stirring. Furthermore, you may have noticed that the European becomes enthusiastic over the Charleston and the black bottom and other American importations only when the American himself is weary of them and has gone on to something more attractive.

If a large section of the French population were not kindly disposed toward the road sign, road signs would not now be rearing their ugly heads all over France, nor would the earnest business men engaged in this sort of ruthlessness speak of France as the most hopeful European field. Even the little Thank You's and Come Again's and You Are Now Entering Col des Quatre—Chemins de l'Oie are prevalent. Meanwhile America is getting tired of road signs and is taking steps to abolish them. Note this: There is much loveliness to be seen in Europe, and an infinite amount of interest, but practically all European loveliness is old and practically all European newness is hideous. Europe may have taken the black bottom from America, but only the modern Frenchman, considering what he inherited, could have made the lovely Biarritz coast into what it is today.

We are, indeed, a nation of boobs, but so is every other nation; and when we consider solely action and the more material manifestations of the mind, such as architecture and landscape planning and national parks, and so on, ignorant as we are, we are nevertheless the only nation extant which exhibits a large intelligence. We at least know what we have done and are doing, and are pretty generally worried about it.

On the Surface

Expatriation is usually a sign of a middle-class mind and invariably of an unthinking mind, which does not mean that a man may not live all his life in Europe and still be unexpatriated, nor, on the other hand, that many expatriates may never have seen Europe save for a week or two. New York is full of the latter. In a democracy these middle-class minds have no obvious standards or checks to which to relate themselves. There is no one except themselves to tell them how middle class they are. They may honestly believe the nonsense they talk; living among the vulgar clever or the vulgar rich, they may honestly think that all Americans are one or the other. Probably the hardest thing to be in the world is an intelligent democrat. As for myself, I have pursued this phantom of sophistication and good breeding into many countries and into many capitals, and I have found it rare everywhere, but as likely to be met with in Seattle as in Paris.

And this brings us to the last main factor—the factor of thought. "And here," say the apologetic Americans, "we have you. Surely you will admit, if you are honest, that compared to Europe we are distressingly young and immature in the things of the mind—where the mind functions aesthetically, where the mind functions morally." Well, I am not so sure. In this, as in other things, I think the best simile is one I recently heard—that Europe is a boy in his last year at Eton and America is a freshman at a university.

Now we all know that a boy in his last year at Eton, or any other great preparatory school, is, on the surface, a mature and finished product, while, to the contrary, the freshman is an unripe and gawky individual. Yet in reality the freshman is older. The preparatory-school boy is the climax of one system, the freshman the beginning of another, and the latter system is an advance upon the former. The European has a façade that disturbs and embarrasses the American, and yet behind that façade there is frequently nothing but an old lady knitting socks which do not fit. Beautiful socks, delicately made, but they do not fit.

Say war to a European. He will smile, he will shrug his shoulders—all but a few young Englishmen and women—and he will leave you with the impression that you are a crass unfledged optimist to entertain for a single moment the idea that war is not inevitable. There is practically no argument against the statement: "But, you see, I am older than you." Such a statement, however, is no argument at all, and the American is not young in believing that war is nonsense and can be abolished;

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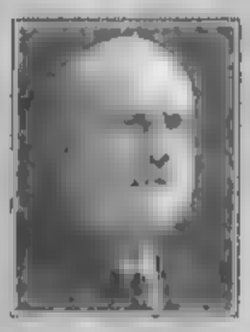

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he is mature. The boy at Eton may think not, but the freshman at the university knows better, although his proofs may not be so good.

It is always easier to prove something that has happened than it is to prove something untried. Next to European diplomacy, war is the most childish pursuit imaginable. If Europe could grow up, which it does not seem to be able to do, tomorrow we would see the forming of the United States of Europe, with its lack of tariff walls and its lack of armaments—except those directed toward the United States of North and South America. In a thousand years or so we might even see the United States of the World.

Weariness is never a sign of maturity; it is invariably a sign of callow youth or else of senility. To say *cui bono* is unreasonable. The *reductio ad absurdum* of that is suicide. The vigorous point of view of which Europe accuses us is not the point of view of adolescence but the point of view of a busy and healthy man between thirty and fifty. Nor do the really intelligent Europeans ever make this blunder. It is not the really intelligent Europeans who say that we are immature because we are optimistic. The really intelligent Europeans envy us and wish that the bulk of their own nations felt the same way.

In the present state of mankind I do not believe that anyone is really mature socially or morally or intellectually, but if it comes to a question of comparison, the American, it seems to me, holds his own—fundamentally, that is to say, and even where surface manners are concerned, when you consider the civilized American. I do not know anyone more civilized, more charming, than the civilized American, save perhaps the civilized Frenchman.

Intelligent kindness is the height of sophistication; the eighteenth century, the most sophisticated century the world has ever known, was full of this sort of kindness, and the civilized American is an essentially kind creature. He has not, as a rule, time to be anything else. It is in his point of view about war and in his social contacts that he is a more noticeably mature person than the European—always, in the latter respect, although not in the former, omitting the Frenchman.

A Matter of Comparison

Living in a large and democratic country, where you may be a prince in Topeka but unknown as such in Philadelphia, the American has learned to judge a man minus credentials and to make himself readily accessible to everyone. Does this delicate social sense seem to you immature? To the contrary, the English fear of meeting someone you shouldn't appeals to me as an excessively juvenile proceeding, a tiresome proceeding, an irritating proceeding. It is always wasteful to make a man hate you; it is much more grown up to spend a moment in politeness and then go about your business, if that be best.

Nor am I any more impressed by the Continental attitude toward sex, nor the European attitude toward art, religion, education or life in general. For every one of our follies there is an equal one abroad; although, of course, these questions should be discussed class by class; nor is it fair to match the follies of America against the follies of all Europe. One certain nation should be chosen. Very well; let us choose what is generally admitted to be the most civilized nation in existence—France.

Class by class, I should say that France and America compare as follows: In culture and intelligence and ability to enjoy life, the French upper class probably leads the world; but this does not imply that the American upper class, where these matters are in question, does not equal the English upper class and is not ahead of the German and Italian upper classes. Coming to the middle classes and the working class, the American Babbitt, as our superior fellow citizens like to call him, is about 60 per cent more broad-minded, civilized and intelligent than the French Babbitt. He is better dressed, better informed, cleaner and infinitely less static. To see Babbittry at its blackest, cultivate the acquaintance of a small business man in a small French town; to find a narrowness and a social cruelty exceeding that of Main Street, frequent some Place de la République. While as to the American mechanic, compared with his French brother, he is a very angel of diligence and cleverness. There is not time to prove these statements, nor others I shall make; look into them for yourselves.

The Test of Maturity

I deprecate exceedingly—making a hasty and incomplete summary—for instance, the American legislative mind, if it can be called a mind; but I do not overlook the fact that while we have passed a law in Tennessee prohibiting the teaching of evolution, France for years has had a law prohibiting the mention of the Bible or the name of God in its public schools. What is the difference basically? Several of our states have laws against cigarettes, but all France has a law against the wearing of monastic costumes. The atheist, as we all know, is the same person as the Puritan turned upside down. And even when it comes to blue laws, France has its full quota of anti-alcohol societies, societies for cleansing the stage and societies for this, that and the other, besides its government, which is constantly passing absurd legislation to which the French, like ourselves, pay no heed. The hatred of women smoking is even more prevalent in the French middle class than in the American middle class, and the average American woman is infinitely freer than her French sister. Furthermore, just as in this country, when the popular interest in nudity and pornography is waning, as it always will if left to itself, some Parisian manager calls to his aid some society dedicated to purity, and much ado, amounting to nothing, is made. Then the sale of tickets goes up again. No, countries are not so different.

Even on the subject of sex liberty, that battle cry so dear to the Continental and the expatriated American, I am not greatly impressed. The average French family has much the same ideas as the average American family, and the average French wife or husband is just as likely to shoot an erring spouse, and the average French court just as likely to bring in a verdict of the unwritten law, as any 100 per cent American wife, husband or jury. While, when it comes to the upper classes, it seems to me that instead of having achieved liberty they have merely got themselves into a blind alley. Modern scientific thought, psychoanalytical and biological, points to the conclusion that monogamy, even if badly maintained, is a more mature ideal than polygamy perfectly practiced. Nor need we even regret the latter so long as our divorce courts remain amiable.

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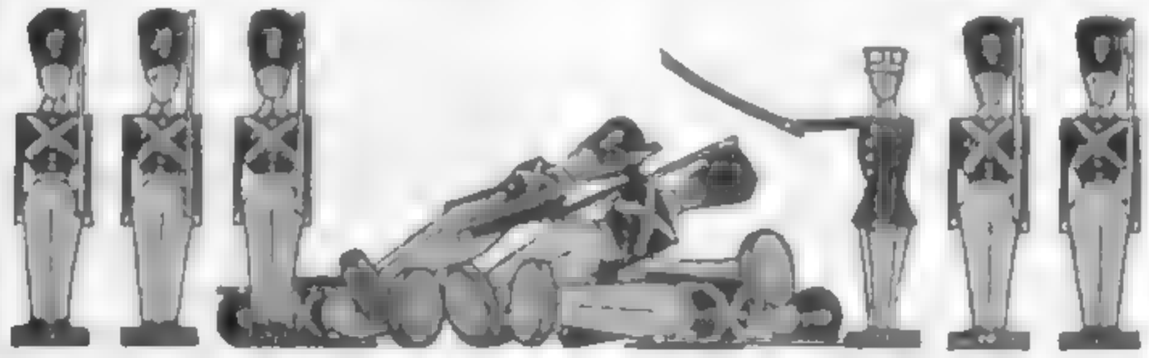

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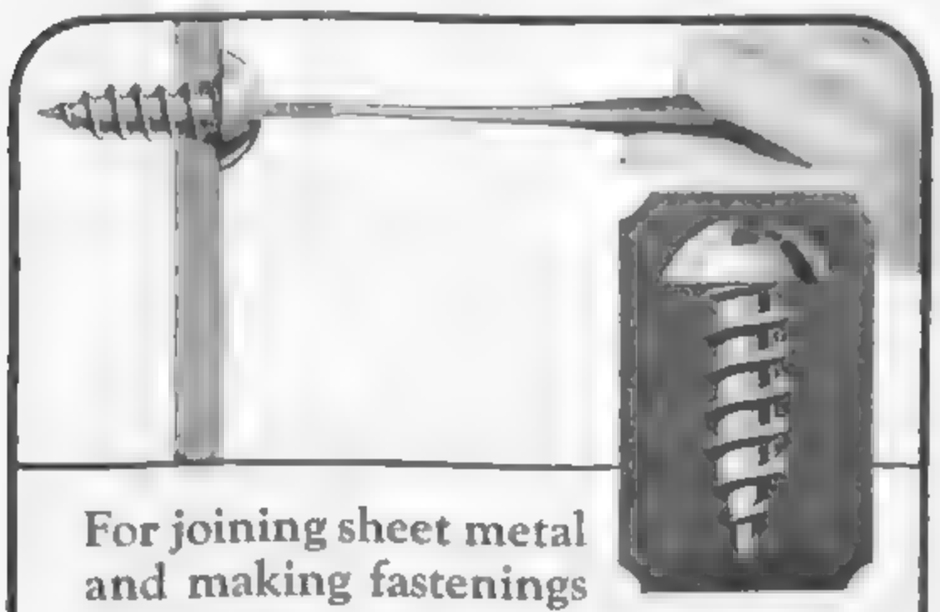
Dictaphone	Otis Elevator	Westinghouse



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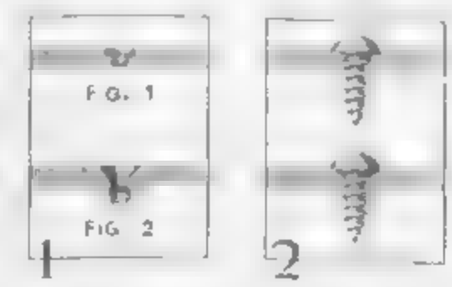

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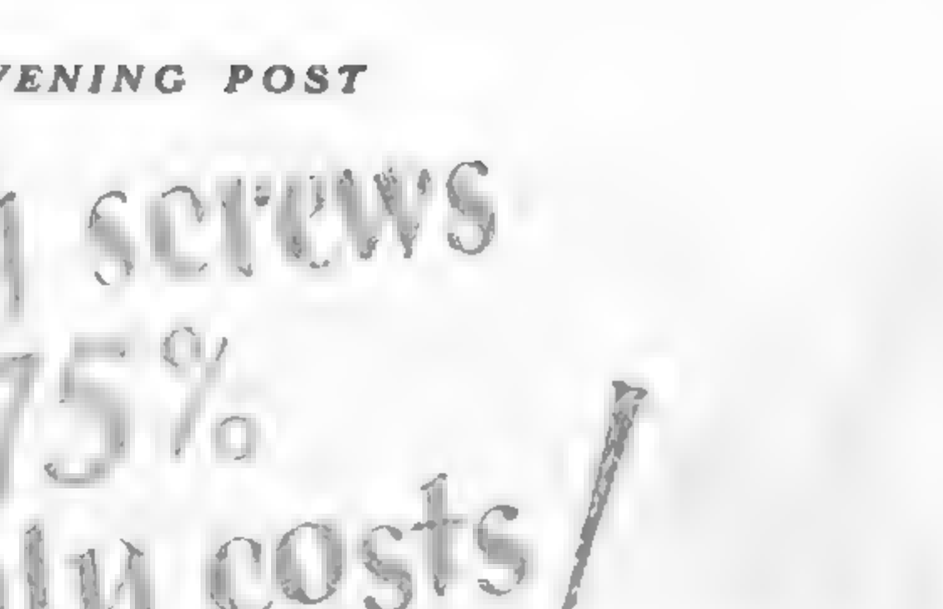

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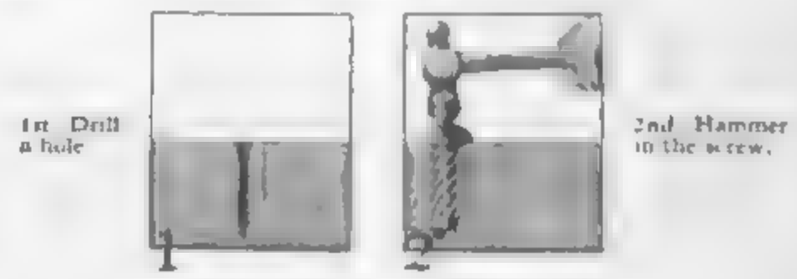

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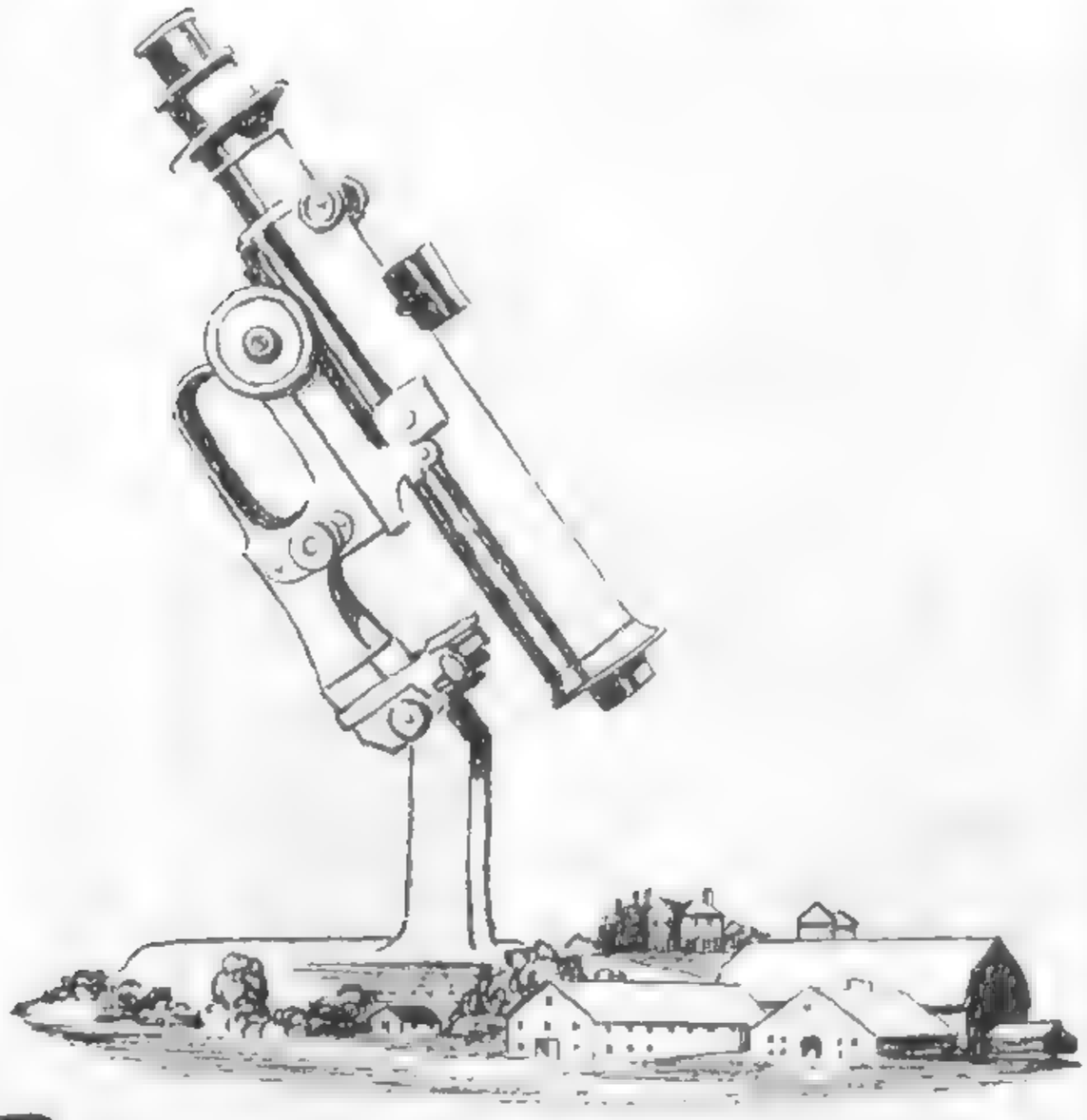

Putting the Modern Farm Under a Microscope

THE General Federation of Women's Clubs, with the aid of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, has just completed the most elaborate survey ever made of farm home equipment. The facts regarding 40,266 farms and farm homes, which are now available, show among other interesting things that

32,736 have door and window screens
29,396 have automobiles
28,732 have sewing machines
21,189 have telephones
20,597 are within three miles of electric lines
20,057 have refrigeration of some kind
17,842 have water piped into the house
16,131 have washing machines
13,844 have pianos
13,191 have phonographs
13,091 have cream separators
12,214 use kerosene, gasoline or distillate for cooking
10,618 have electricity
8,111 have radio sets
8,111 have stationary engines
6,946 have vacuum cleaners
5,863 have tractors
9,262 are within 5 miles of a town of 2,500 or larger
9,287 are from 5 to 10 miles of a town of 2,500 or larger
8,915 are from 10 to 25 miles of a town of 2,500 or larger

The average acreage is 129.7
72.6 per cent are occupied by owners

They live in the country but they shop in town

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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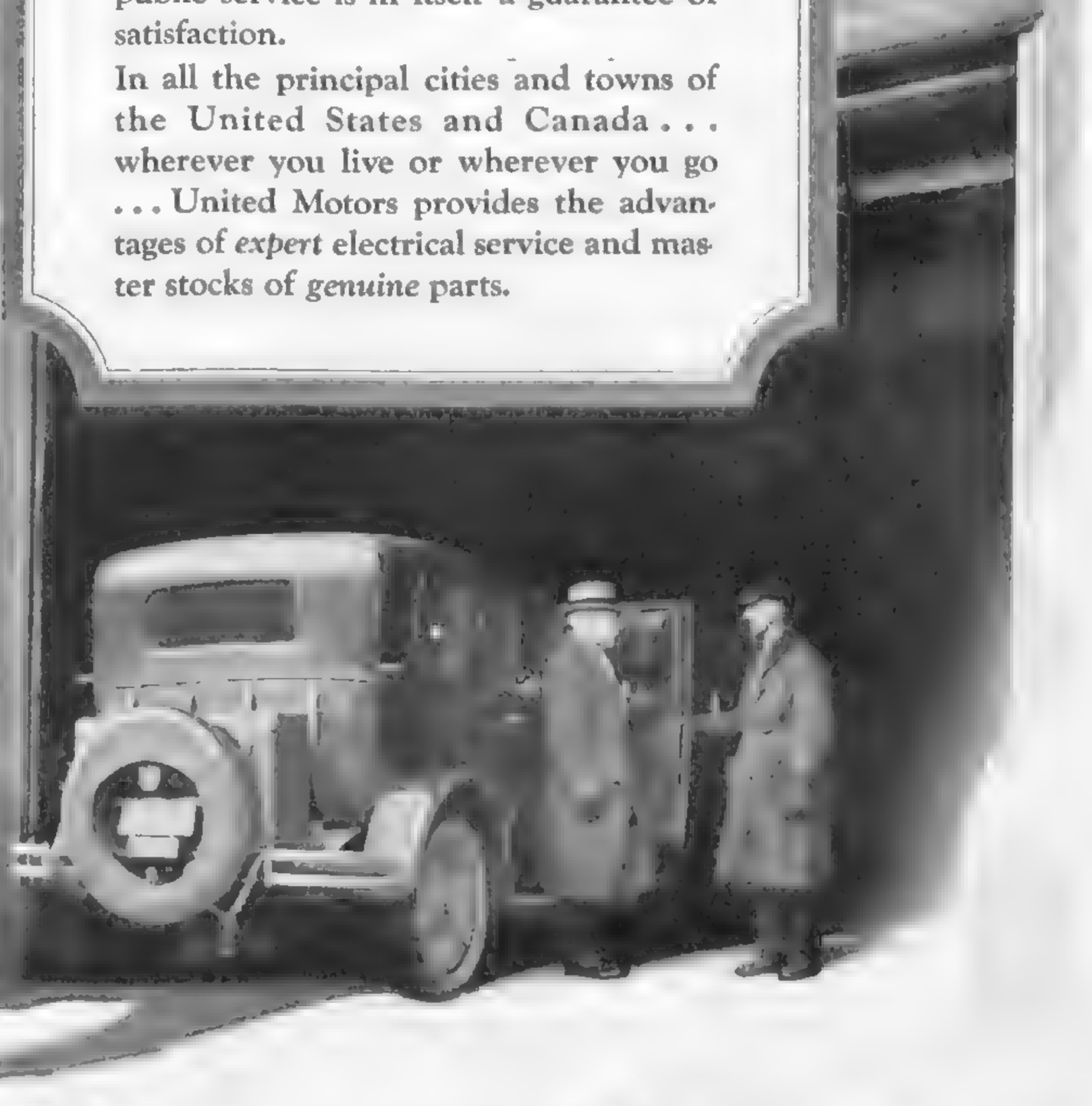
In all the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada . . . wherever you live or wherever you go . . . United Motors provides the advantages of *expert* electrical service and master stocks of *genuine* parts.



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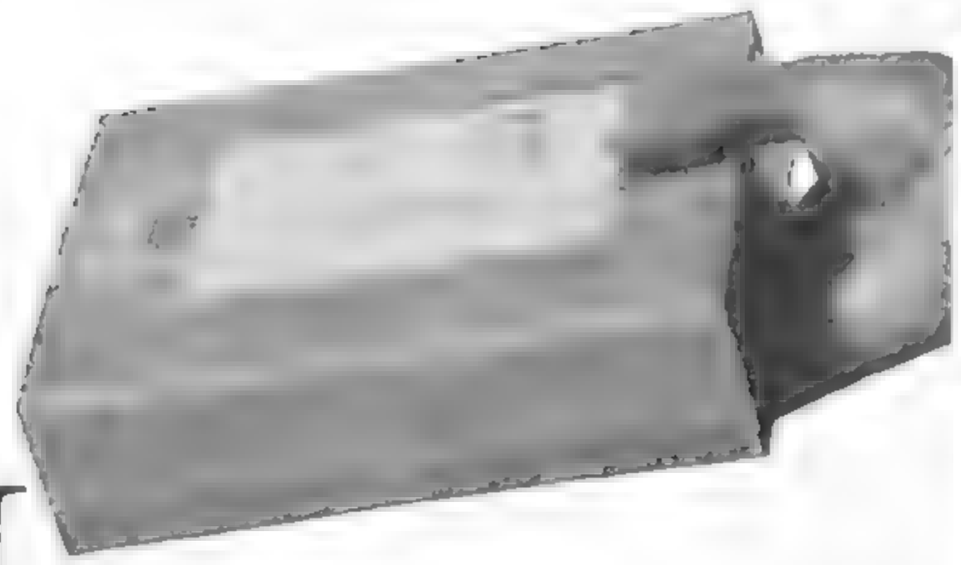

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Henry Seidel Canby

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Dorothy Canfield

Christopher Morley

Wm. Allen White

Over 4,000 of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club. They have done so, because this service (which costs nothing) at last enables them to keep abreast of the best books of the day.

The average person *fails to read* most of the important books. He misses them, because he is either *too busy* or *too neglectful* to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read *that* book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized; *each month you receive the outstanding new book published that month—or some other book which you have specified that you wanted.* You get this book without fail. You don't overlook it, or forget it.

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? The Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

Each month, the new books, *of all publishers*, are presented to them. From these, by a majority vote, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals of such good judgment and such differing tastes, is *likely* to be a book few people will care to miss reading.

Subscribers, however, are not obliged to accept the choice of the Committee. Tastes vary greatly. Before the book comes to you, you receive a carefully written report, telling what sort of book it is. If you don't judge that you will like it, *you specify that some other new book be sent instead.* You make your choice from a list of other important new books, *which are also carefully described to guide you in your choice.*

On the other hand, if you let the "book-of-the-month" come to you and find you are disappointed, *even then you may exchange it for any other book you prefer.* In other words, you are given a guarantee of satisfaction with any book you obtain upon the recommendation of the Committee.

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(Continued from Page 186)

And now we come to what is generally considered the final test of a nation's maturity, the production and reproduction of art, although I am by no means convinced that this is so. The Swedes, I am sure, are an extremely intelligent, sensitive and advanced people, and yet artistically they are not especially articulate. The Romans were a mature people, but they were not artistic. The English are a mature people, and yet they have always been singularly lacking in every art save the arts of the written word—prose and poetry. They not only have been lacking—they have been viciously inartistic. But suppose we agree with the common belief; if we do I do not see that we suffer by comparison.

Of the four fairly great playwrights alive today, one is an American, O'Neill, one an Italian, Pirandello, one an Englishman, Shaw, and one an Austrian, Molnar. In the second flight, we are well up with the English and the French. There is only one great poet, and he happens, as is usually the case, to be an Englishman—Masefield. There is no really supreme novelist, but in this respect we are maintaining our own and steadily improving. Willa Cather, Hergesheimer, Ernest Hemingway, Dreiser, Ellen Glasgow are a fairly shining galaxy, to mention only a few. The last great English novelist was, of course, a Pole.

In painting, since there is an interregnum in greatness, there are no painters to be compared, and the same holds true of music; but in the rank and file of these arts, and in the promises held forth, we are at a high level. In the arts of architecture and medicine we are obviously not immature, while in the reproduction of all the arts we have suddenly leaped into first place. This, of course, is natural. We are the richest nation in the world, therefore we will begin first to reproduce more beautifully than any other; secondly, to teach more adequately, and finally to produce more gorgeously. This is the history of all great nations. Years ago, before our English cousins began to hate us as blindly as they do at present, Lowes Dickinson predicted within a few decades just such a renaissance, and today signs are everywhere evident.

But I will close my categories for lack of space; I will leave my theories for others to develop. We are children, all of us; we are mongrels, all of us. For America I claim no superiority; there is no intentional chauvinism here; I am excessively humble about the faults of America and Americans. I detest these faults more than most. I am merely asking for fair-mindedness, merely, to use an excellent locution, asking for an even break—something that America at present is not getting either from Europe or from many Americans. Particularly, I am asking this from Americans, for they should know better. Perhaps the day for their knowing better is dawning.

The growing European dislike of us—a dislike that has spread even to Belgium, whom we picked up out of the mud—internationally is a tragedy, but for us domestically it may be a blessing. If the apologetic American is kicked about sufficiently, even he or she may achieve after a while some degree of quiet dignity.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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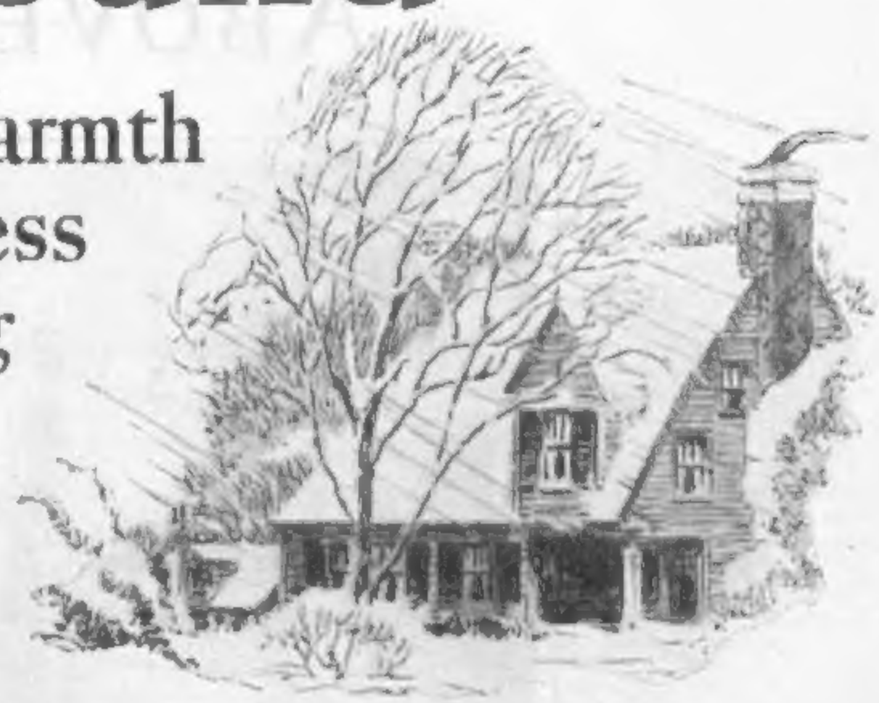

INTO that new home of yours are going years of planning and saving. Make it a *modern* home . . . snug and warm in any winter weather, refreshingly cool on sweltering summer days and nights. Save from ¼ to ⅓ your fuel money every year!

Don't depend on the usual building materials *alone*. Wood, masonry, hollow-tile, building paper, wallboards, plaster and roofing are good materials for their purposes, but do not mistake them for *insulators*.

Without a special heat-stopping, or insulating material, furnace heat leaks *out* and sun heat beats *in* . . . *right through walls and roofs*.

Such a material is now available for *every* home, new or old. It is called Celotex. Already, more than 119,000 families are enjoying the new comfort and money-saving this amazing material brings.

Celotex is manufactured in broad strong boards from one of the toughest fibres known. It offers you properties never available in a building material before.

EFFECTIVE INSULATION *plus added strength*. For Celotex *combines* effective insulation with structural strength. Walls sheathed with Celotex are stronger than wood sheathed walls and Celotex is many times more effective in stopping heat and cold than any of the usual building materials. Celotex also shuts out wind and dampness . . . quiets noise.

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GET ALL *the facts*. So important are the advantages Celotex offers that it would be most unwise to build or buy without full knowledge of this amazing material. Today's building standards *demand* insulation . . . and Celotex gives it most economically.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

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Celotex should always be built into both walls and roofs. **(1)** As sheathing, Celotex replaces wood lumber and building paper . . . adds strength . . . costs no more. **(2)** Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex builds stronger walls and ceilings . . . less apt to crack . . . free from lath marks. **(3)** and **(4)** Celotex is used as interior finish and attic lining either in its natural tan color or decorated. **(5)** As roof sheathing, Celotex provides insulation where it is most needed. **(6)** As garage lining it helps protect the car against freezing.

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S. E. P.—4-30-27

FOR MOTHER—CHOCOLATES THAT RISE ABOVE MERE "CANDY"

Mother's Day is eliablished in the hearts of America . . . an occasion remembered by people in every walk of life. Johnston's will be the preferred gift to Mother this year as in the pail—a gift secure in its welcome, as it always has been in its good taste. Wherever you may be, you can send Johnston's . . . . . .

YET—*OBTAINABLE in your own neighbourhood, at a shop never more than a few squares' distance*

For Mother, the famed Johnston Choice Box, specially decked for the day. Twenty-two different kinds to lend variety to the charm of your gift. The Cavalier Box, Peacock Package and Twenty-Odd assortment have also been specially boxed... reflecting outwardly, as your thought does inwardly, the true sentiment of the occasion.

SUNDAY—May eighth! Be sure to mark the date. And for Mother, on *her* day of days, select a gift that reflects—by your care in its selection—the love you bear for her.

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And for Mother's Day we have prepared special packages expressing the sentiment of the occasion ... in the usual wide variety that you have come to expect from Johnston's .... of the same high quality that has gained for Johnston's its prestige and preferment.

"... Worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world."

Johnston's

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HINTS · TO · THE · WEDDING · GUEST · WEEK · · · MAY 2ND TO 7TH

15 maids . . . and a gorgeous chest Yo! Ho! . . and a Lovely Bride

Kiss the bride, envy the groom, but pity the poor wedding-guest, the fellow who racks his brain to find the pat and proper gift for Honeymoon Lane. . . . But relief for him is at hand.

In the stores of 25,000 silverware merchants next week, the six business days will be devoted to delightfully hinting to the wedding-guest the proper "What's Whats" in wedding gifts . . . offering a silver lining to the baffling gift problem.

For example, there will be a gorgeous showing of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate . . . including the new Pieces of 8 set of table-silver at $43.50. Covers for eight in knives, forks and spoons instead of the usual short-handed "sixes." . . . With the handsome Spanish Treasure Chest of green and gold . . . $49.50.

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"The Orthophonic Victrola is indeed a great musical instrument."
—JOHN McCORMACK.

WHETHER an exacting operatic air or one of those simple, haunting melodies for which the popular tenor of Old Athlone is better known, it is vividly McCormack on the new Orthophonic Victrola. Just as truly as though you sat in the fourth row at a McCormack recital!

For the Orthophonic Victrola reproduces everything and misses nothing. The mannerisms . . . the very *personality* of the artist . . . these are re-created perfectly by Victor's new and exclusive principle of "matched impedance." Only in the living presence of the singer can you hear such music as the Orthophonic Victrola brings to your fireside.

The Orthophonic Victrola furnishes the finest music for the home. The Four-forty is $165, list price.

An unlimited source of home-entertainment

Without regard to hour, day, or season, the new Orthophonic Victrola is ready to entertain you and your friends with music of your own choosing. No matter what the type of music—operatic, symphonic, popular song or spirited dance—it will be sung or played by the world's foremost artists—*Victor* artists!

If you have not yet heard the new Orthophonic Victrola play the new Orthophonic Victor Records, you cannot conceive of the tremendous strides that have been made in the science of sound-reproduction. Critics, musicians and music-lovers have been simply amazed that any instrument could achieve such flawless realism, such naturalness of tone.

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Let your ears tell you what words cannot. Go to your nearest dealer and ask for a demonstration of the new Orthophonic Victrola. There are many beautiful models, from $95 to $300, list price. Silent electric motor ($35 extra) eliminates winding. You play . . . and enjoy.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

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